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THE NEW YORKER

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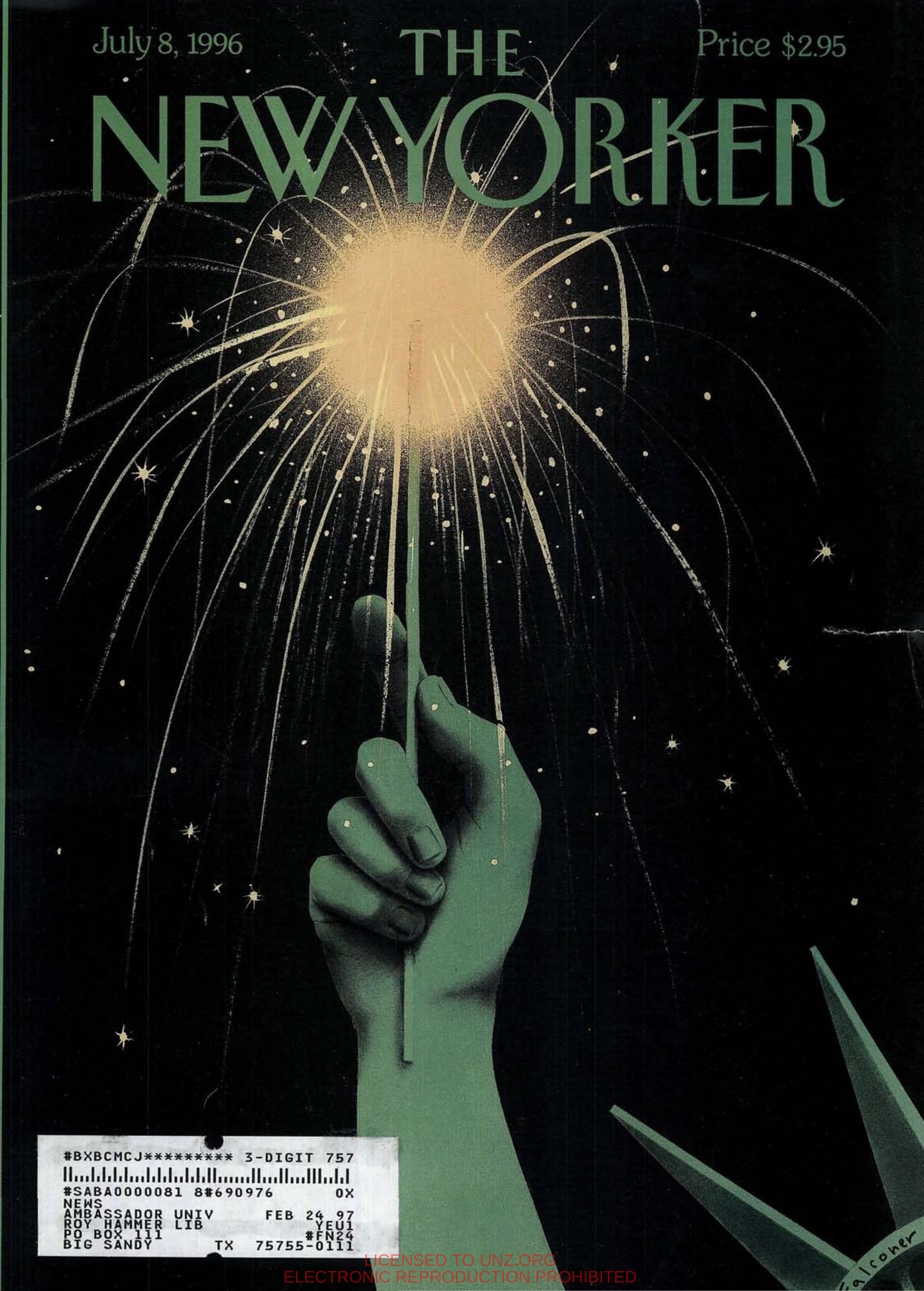

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THE NEW YORKER

JULY 8, 1996

COMMENT Beyond the Scoop . . . . *Harold Evans* 9
The real achievement of the New York *Times.*

IN THE MAIL 12

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 14

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
Filegate heads for the courts; Thomas Kuhn's science; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Annals of Medicine Conquering the Coma . . . . *Malcolm Gladwell* 34
The family of the Central Park victim and her doctor reveal the true miracle of her recovery.

Our Local Correspondents Mystery Roses of Brooklyn . . . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 41
Flowers that have been around.

Annals of Law Supreme Sacrifice . . . . *Jeffrey Toobin* 43
Laurence Tribe blew his chance to be on the Supreme Court, only to become one of its biggest influences.

PERSONAL HISTORY Stanford White's Ruins . . . . *Suzannah Lessard* 48
The great-granddaughter of the architect examines his scandalous death and what it did to the family he left behind.

THE ART WORLD Keith Haring . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 66

FICTION "La Mayonette" . . . . *Lily Tuck* 68
A hot July in France.

THE CRITICS

A Critic at Large Why we love dogs . . . . *Marjorie Garber* 72
Books Gish Jen's "Mona in the Promised Land" . . . . *Anna Shapiro* 78
Briefly Noted 79
Dancing Ballet neglects its best . . . . *Arlene Croce* 80
The Current Cinema A summer roundup . . . . *Anthony Lane* 84
Musical Events Milton Babbitt at eighty . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 88

POEMS

"Ab Ovo" . . . . *Joseph Brodsky* 38
"The Louse" . . . . *Stanley Moss* 55
"Paunch" . . . . *Paul Muldoon* 83

SHOUTS & MURMURS Un-American Activities . . . . *Bill Buford* 90

COVER *Liberated, by Ian Falconer*

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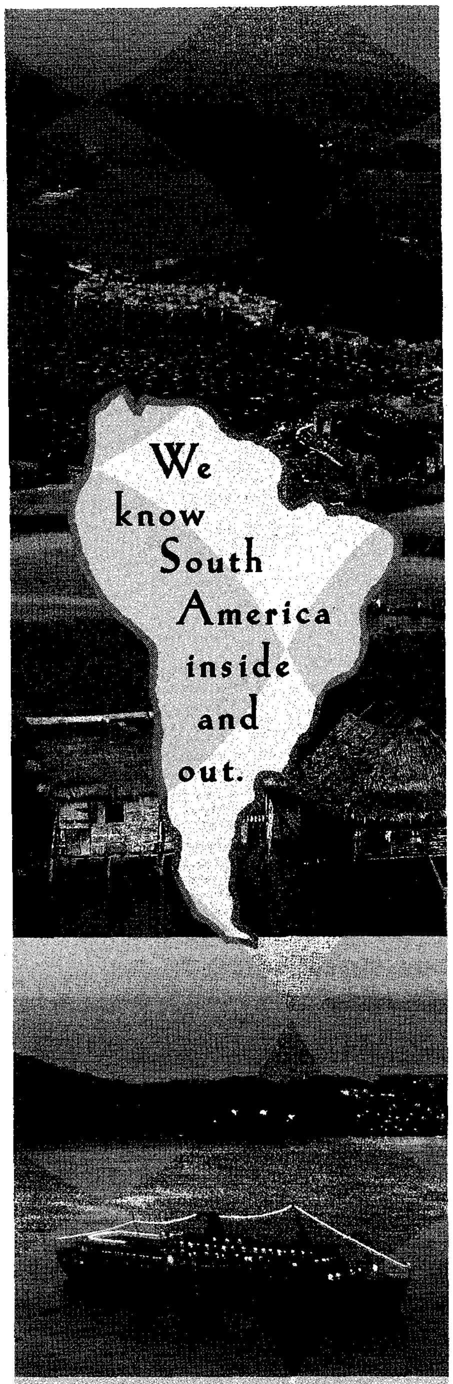

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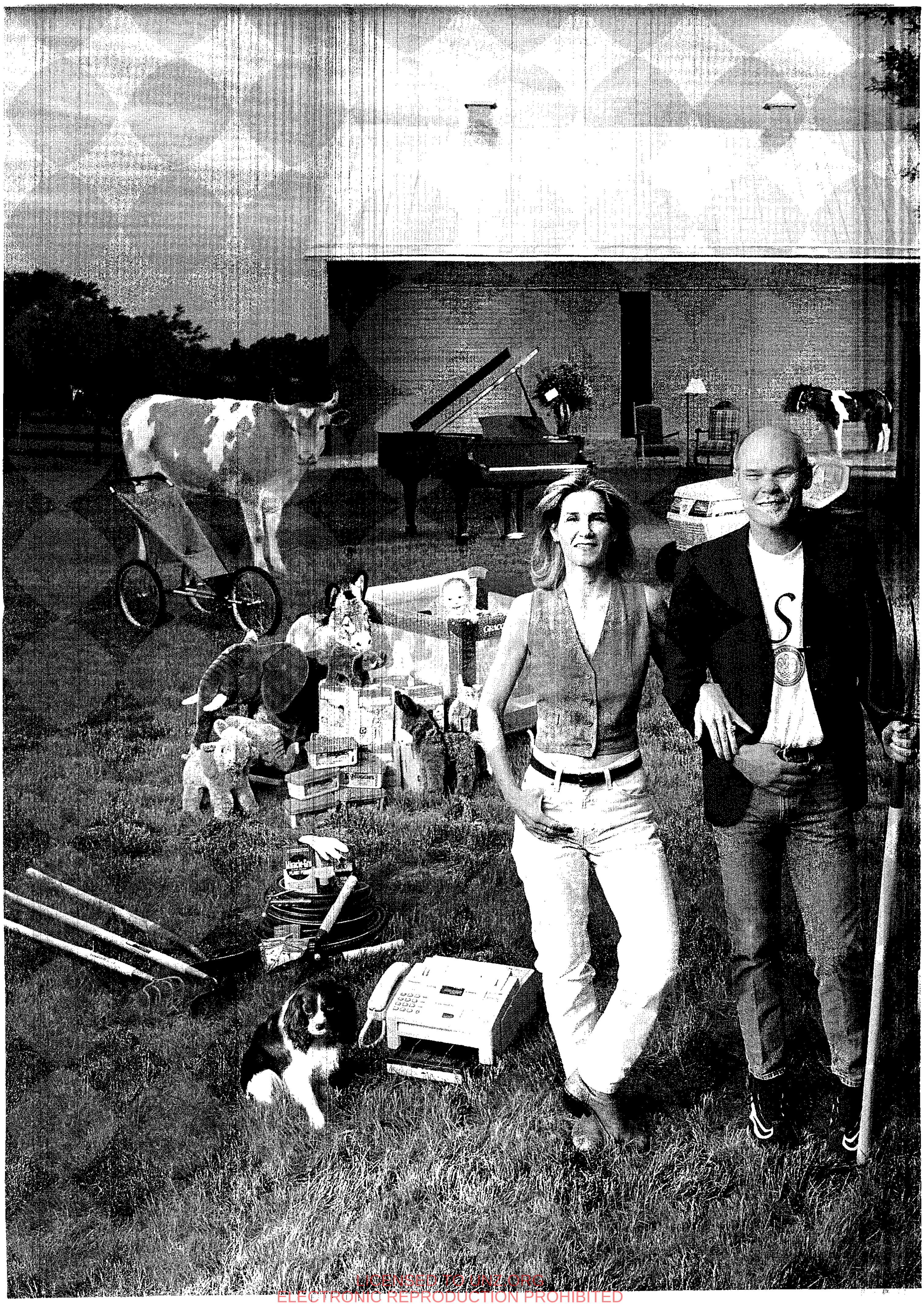

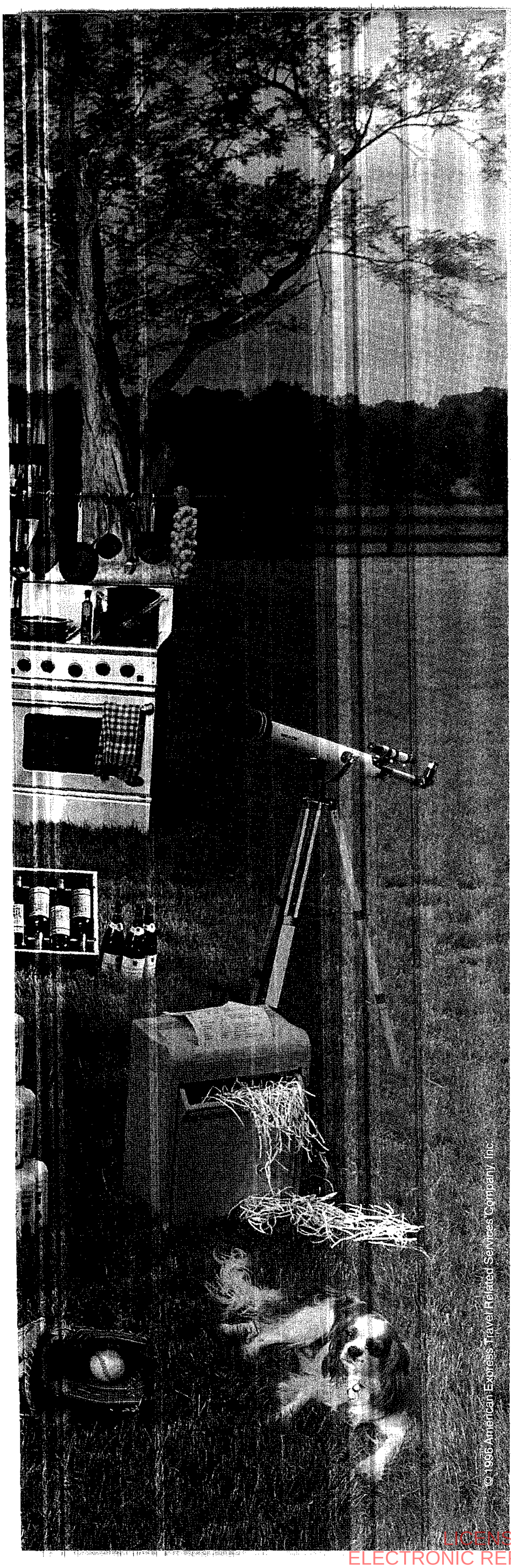

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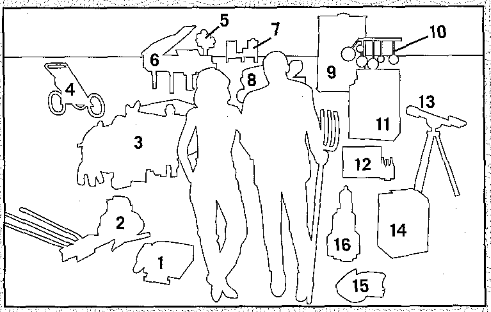

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JAMES CARVILLE
MARY MATALIN

{*Political strategists, writers, lovebirds*}

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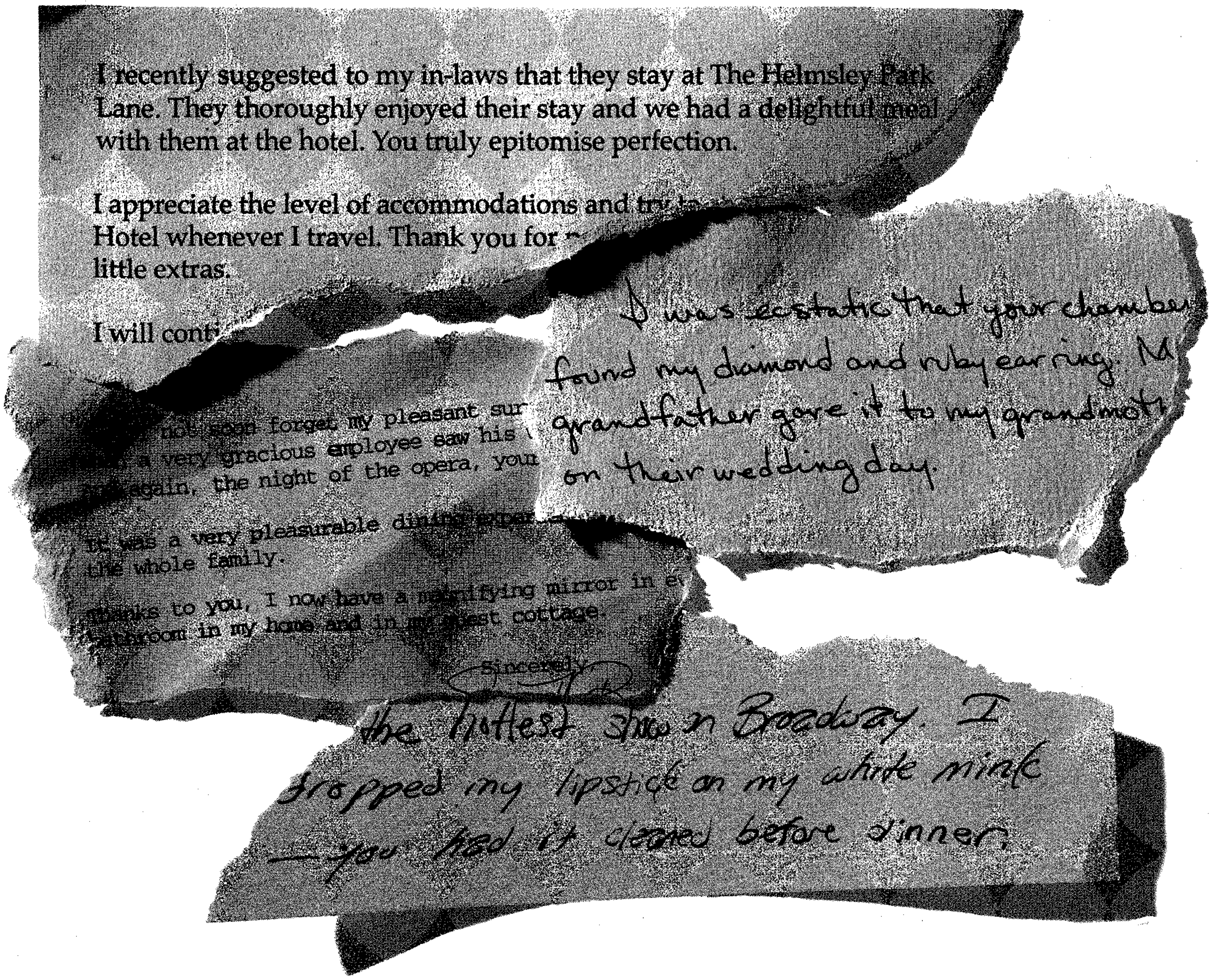

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COMMENT

BEYOND THE SCOOP

A family newspaper that's worth celebrating.

SCOOPS are the red blood of a newspaper, and the New York *Times* has enjoyed a copious flow in the hundred years it has been owned by the Sulzberger family. The excitements of revelation are being revived very enjoyably in the various exhibitions around town associated with the celebration of the paper's centenary, and in its current blushing contemplation of its own past. But if scoops distinguish and sustain a newspaper they do not define it. The greatness of the Sulzberger family's *Times*—and it is a true greatness—is to be found less in the paper's many extraordinary moments than in its far more numerous ordinary ones. The first big *Times* scoop, the exposure of the Tammany Hall corruption of William Marcy Tweed, came twenty-five years before the young Mr. Adolph Simon Ochs arrived from Chattanooga to risk everything on a failing paper bought for a borrowed seventy-five thousand dollars. And he, too, would surely have failed if he had tried to compete in sensation-mongering with Joseph Pulitzer's *World* and William Randolph Hearst's *Journal*. They would seldom let a fact stand in the way of a good story; they have their emulators today.

Ochs set out on an apparently simple mission: to "give the news, all the news, in concise and attractive form, in language that is parliamentary in good society . . . to give the news impartially, without fear or favor, regardless of any party, sect or interest involved." Even at the time, it sounded a little stuffy, a little dull. It was less eloquent than C. P. Scott's passionate pledge, in a 1921 editorial in his Manchester *Guardian*, to protect "the unclouded face of truth." It had none of the crusading dash of W. T. Stead's exclamation on taking control of the *Northern Echo*, England's first halfpenny daily, in 1871: "What a marvellous opportunity for attacking the devil!" If Stead, Bible in hand, had not gone down with the Titanic—whose sinking was another famous *Times* scoop—an encounter between him and Ochs might have made for a wonderful collision over the philosophy of newspapering. Perhaps Stead, who was a spiritualist, and whose shade no doubt now roams the Internet, would today acknowledge the sturdy vitality of Ochs's modest and prudent editorial creed.

Ochs's successors in the family ownership have all clung faithfully to the same restraints in the conduct of the newspaper and, in so doing, have presided over achievements any galloping crusader must honor. These have proceeded naturally, without bravado, from a commitment to fact, from integrity, from decency, from the professionalism of the editors and

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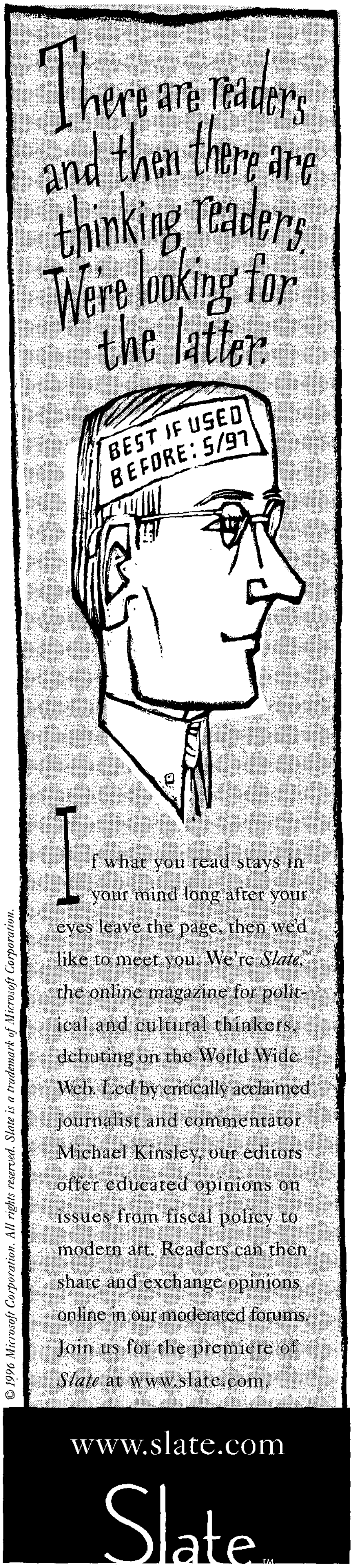

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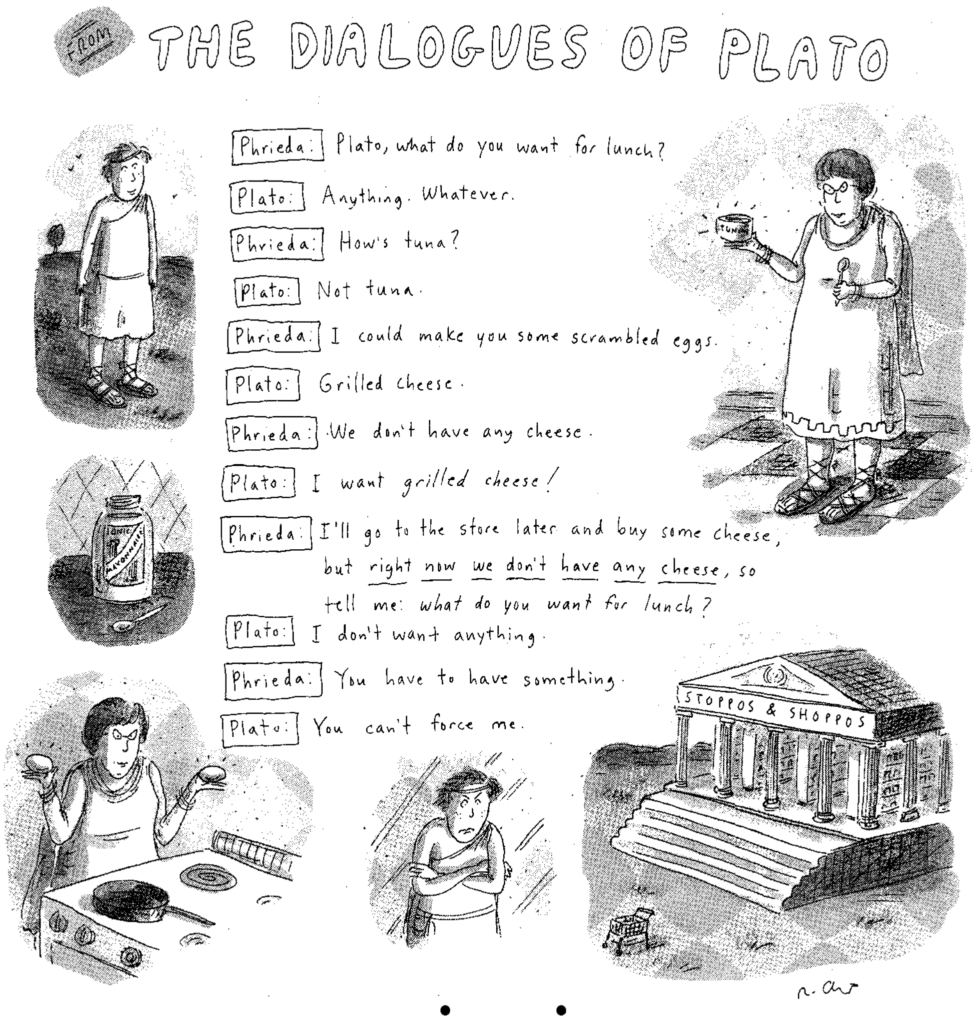
FROM
THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO
Phrieda: Plato, what do you want for lunch?
Plato: Anything. Whatever.
Phrieda: How's tuna?
Plato: Not tuna.
Phrieda: I could make you some scrambled eggs.
Plato: Grilled cheese.
Phrieda: We don't have any cheese.
Plato: I want grilled cheese!
Phrieda: I'll go to the store later and buy some cheese, but right now we don't have any cheese, so tell me: what do you want for lunch?
Plato: I don't want anything.
Phrieda: You have to have something.
Plato: You can't force me.
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staffs, and, most of all, from the recognition that at its highest levels a newspaper is not simply a personal possession or a commercial enerprise but a public trust. A great newspaper has a moral as well as a material life: any newspaper must make a profit, but if profit is its only objective it will never become great, for it can never quite earn the trust of its public.

In two famous struggles in the courts, the *Times* risked more than profit. It is imperfectly realized today how remarkable a victory the paper won in 1964 in the case of New York Times Co. v. Sullivan, when it resisted an award of libel damages to L. B. Sullivan, a city commissioner of Montgomery, Alabama, for printing an advertisement that depicted that city's brutal response to blacks claiming their constitutional freedoms. The suit was nothing less than an attempt to suppress reporting and discussion of Southern racism. And it had a fair prospect of success: the Supreme Court had always regarded libel as a matter for the states. Still, the *Times* took its chance, and it won. Its success in persuading the Court that public officials should not be permitted to hide behind the law of libel was a stunning vindication of the role of the press as an agent of democratic change. Free speech was acknowledged as not only an individual right but a collective necessity—a thought that has had a profound effect on all the advanced democracies of the world.

A comparative history of journalism would have to acknowledge that, Boss Tweed notwithstanding, the *Times* was relatively slow to resist questionable government pressure. For a number of years in the fifties and sixties, the Sulzbergers and their editors were inclined to withhold information if an appeal to suppress it was made in the name of the national interest, as they did in the case of Eisenhower's U-2 flights over the Soviet Union; and, prodded by Ike's Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, they abandoned a plan to send a reporter to Communist China. When the *Times* made those decisions, it believed itself to be in tune with the predominant sympathies of its readers; it could not be so sure about its decision, in 1971, to publish the Pentagon Papers. To someone looking back today, the *Times's* willingness to defy the government's attempt to have the Papers suppressed may seem an easy choice, since the Papers revealed deception and evasion in the origination and the conduct of the war in Vietnam. It was not at all easy in the circumstances of the period. These were classified documents, obtained by "theft," and their publication, it was strenuously represented, would damage the national security; the *Times's* longtime law firm agreed, and angrily resigned. Arthur O. Sulzberger and his managing editor, A. M. Rosenthal, for their part, did not relish the prospect of being denounced as traitors. The epic judgment of the Supreme Court that national security requires not only strength but also liberty was more than a vindication of an audacious publishing decision; it was a transforming event in the history of the republic.

The New York *Times* is not a perfect institution. It is a living, human one. It is often under attack for its reporting and its opinions. It makes mistakes (and forthrightly corrects them). But its integrity is unsurpassed. It owes much to the succession of talented and strong-minded editors who have guided its news and opinion pages. It owes most of all to the constancy of its founding family. As the examples of the Sulzbergers and the Grahams (and the Binghams and the Chandlers) show, great newspapers and great families rise (and fall) together—for a family, unlike a standard corporation, can take editorial and financial risks without incurring the wrath of stockholders bent upon maximizing return. Under the Sulzbergers, the *Times* has evolved into something more than a newspaper; it has become, over its century, nothing less than an ontological authority. Its front page is a daily calibration, and a remarkably precise and intelligent one, of public reality; its columns define the common agenda of political and cultural life. These services, though unique and indispensable, are taken for granted, just as it is taken for granted that when the switch is flipped the light will go on. It would be possible, perhaps, to imagine life without the New York *Times*. But it would not be easy, and it would not be pleasant, and one hopes it will never be necessary.

—HAROLD EVANS

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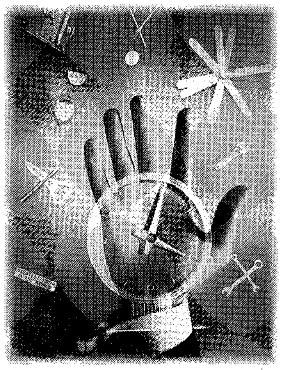

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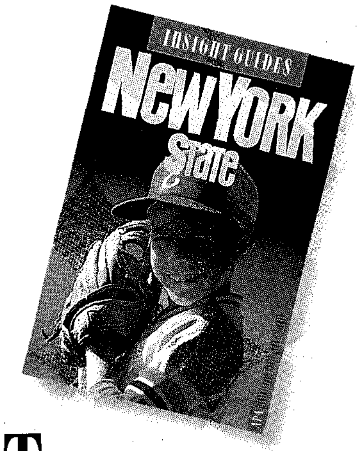

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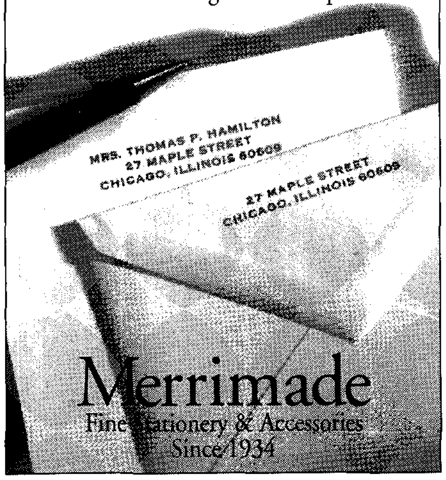

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IN THE MAIL

A WINNING SLATE?

In his article on Michael Kinsley (Annals of Communication, May 13th), Ken Auletta mentions the prediction made by Microsoft's Nathan Myhrvold that anyone who comes between the product and the customer will be " 'roadkill' on the information superhighway." But that forecast is the hype of people who don't distinguish between information and knowledge. The rest of us read books, newspapers, and magazines and rely on these sources to find, edit, and make meaningful an endless glut of information. Kinsley realized that there is a real need to have mediators between information and knowledge, and he now faces the difficult task of figuring out how to mediate in a medium that is qualitatively different from print.

JOHN GOODFELLOW, JR.
Vashon, Wash.

Mr. Auletta reports that Michael Kinsley is "a little edgy" about the "nexus of editorial and advertising" in the on-line magazine *Salon* because Borders Books & Music sponsors our book-review section. I can assure Kinsley that Borders has absolutely no editorial involvement in our book criticism. As a quick look at the negative as well as positive reviews in our Sneak Peeks section would tell him, this department is entirely the work of our writers and editors. I hope that Kinsley finds his own patron, Microsoft, to be as understanding of the separation of church and state as Borders is.

Elsewhere, Auletta writes that *Salon* was launched by David Zweig. This is only half right. The magazine was co-founded by Mr. Zweig and me.

DAVID TALBOT
Editor/C.E.O., *Salon*
San Francisco, Calif.

TOBACCO WARS

Jonathan Franzen's "Sifting the Ashes" (May 13th) is subtitled "Confessions of a conscientious objector in the cigarette wars." My Webster's defines a conscientious objector as one who objects to warfare "because he believes that it is wrong to kill." What Franzen failed to note is that he—and every other smoker—is breathing out into the night air not merely ambivalence but a considerable amount of formaldehyde and carbon monoxide that others breathe in. Secondhand smoke kills tens of thousands of people each year, and Franzen is a foot soldier in the war on these innocent victims.

SUSAN L. FELDMAN
San Francisco, Calif.

As someone who's been smoke-free for more than eight years, I share Mr. Franzen's adversarial feelings toward those who continue to puff away their own lives and the lives of those around them. However, because I accept responsibility for my actions I'll stop going to bars and restaurants before I try to sue smokers for my discomfort or for the high price of my dry-cleaning bills. I think that smokers should take the same approach, and not blame cigarette makers for their own failing health. Even in the face of persuasive advertising, no one is putting a gun to anyone's head to make them smoke; and, though it may look cool or sexy while you're doing it, no one has ever said it's good for you.

VALERIE C. MAASS
Brookline, Mass.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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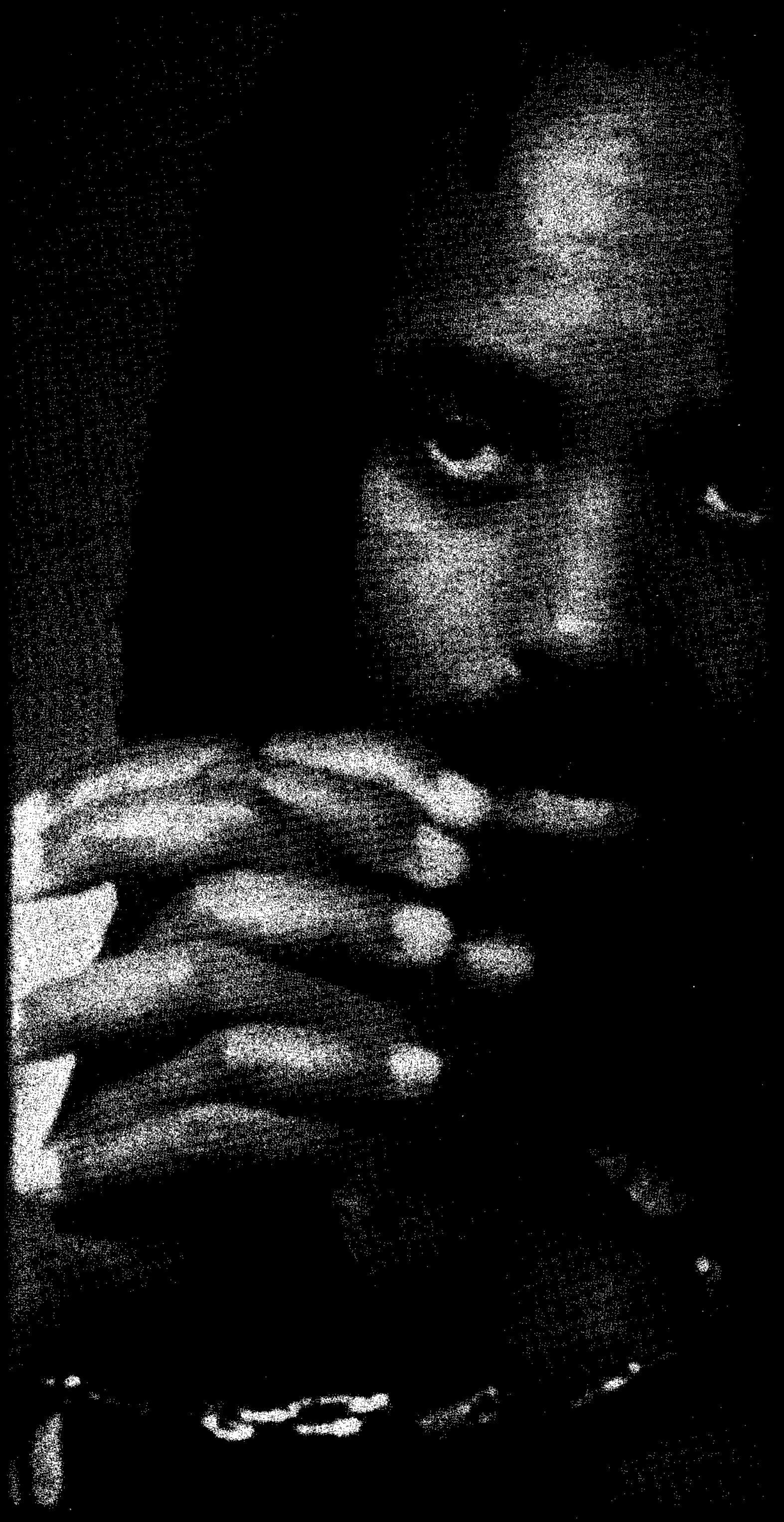
Mumia Abu-Jamal:

a case for reasonable doubt?



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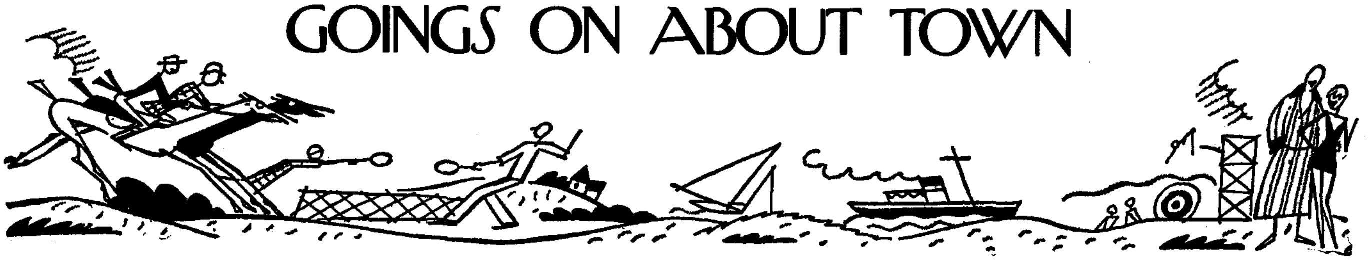


THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Aliens in America—Author and performance artist Sandra Tsing Loh's one-woman show, about her German-Chinese childhood in nineteen-seventies California. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Blueprint Series—The Ontological Theatre's annual festival for emerging directors opens July 3 at 8 and runs through July 14, with plays staged by Elizabeth Stevens, Yosi Wanunu, D. J. Mendel, and Pavol Liska. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. For information and tickets, call 533-4650.)

Chicago City Limits—The improv company takes aim at the 1996 Presidential campaign with a new revue, "Right to Laugh Party." In previews. (Chicago City Limits Theatre, First Ave. at 61st St. 888-5233.)

Grace and Glorie—Estelle Parsons and Lucie Arnaz, in a new play by Tom Ziegler, about an oversolicitous city slicker who has moved to the country and the elderly mountain woman who doesn't want her help. Directed by Gloria Muzio. In previews. (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-9393.)

Sonya—Julie Harris stars as Tolstoy's wife, in a new play about the couple's tempestuous relationship. A Phoenix Theatre production, written by Leon Katz. In previews through July 4. Opens July 5 at 8 and continues through July 21. (Phoenix Theatre, Purchase College, Purchase, N.Y. For tickets and information, call 1-914 251-6290.)

A Thousand Clowns—The 1962 comedy by Herb Gardner, starring Judd Hirsch, Marin Hinkle, and David Margulies. Scott Ellis is the director. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

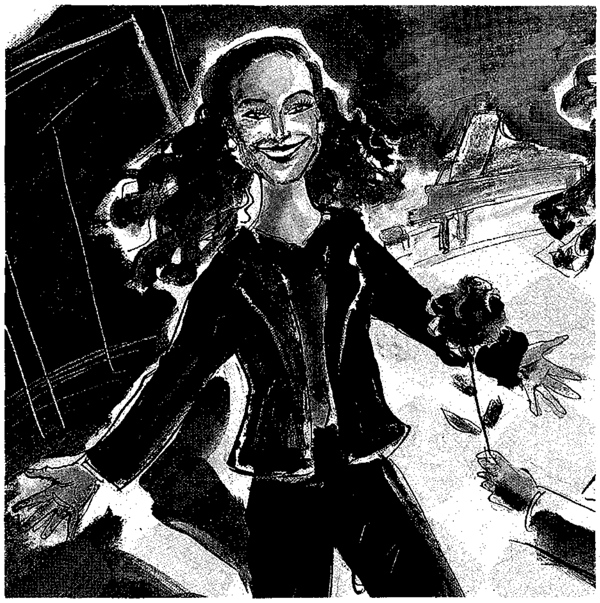
OPENED RECENTLY

Big—This adaptation of the movie that starred Tom Hanks and Elizabeth Perkins provides little joy, though Daniel Jenkins, as the twelve-year-old in a grownup's body, is sweet and likable. The dance numbers are full of grimly talented, grinning kiddies—it's like a midget minstrel show—and the trouble doesn't end there: Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire's score is melodically challenged, and John Weidman's patronizing book has lost all the movie's charm and poignancy. Directed by Mike Ockrent. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/27/96.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Boys in the Band—Its truth games are awfully creaky (and they were when it opened, in 1968—Edward Albee could have practically sued for plagiarism), but it's still hilarious and touching, and though the nine roles are essentially one-note they offer the actors some spectacular opportunities. James Lescene, as the swishy Emory, and David Greenspan, as the lethal Harold, have a field day. Mart Crowley's study of gay self-hatred no longer seems particularly shocking (except in its viciousness) or politically suspect, but the script holds up soundly in this impressive revival, which was supervised by the playwright and directed with buckets of bile by Kenneth Elliott. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9				

Bride Stripped Bare—Kate Robin's new drama, about ambitious New York art-world habitués involved in a love triangle. With Leslie Lyles, Rob Campbell, and Susan Floyd. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway, between Broome and Grand Sts. 334-9594. Closes July 13.)



Patti LuPone assumes the role of Maria Callas in "Master Class."

BEATA SZPURA

Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk—In director George C. Wolfe and dancer-choreographer Savion Glover's heroically energetic African-American musical—which charts the evolution of the African-American beat from its rural Southern beginnings to its Northern urbanization and on to its present hip-hop incarnation—the extraordinary Glover and his sensational group of young African-American tap dancers and street drummers bring joy. They bring fury. They bring history and ecstasy. (5/20/96) (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Charlie!—There's intrigue in the cosmetics industry, in Theatre Couture's musical comedy, starring Sherry Vine, Misstress Formika, and Candis Cayne. With puppetry by Basil Twist. Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

Cowgirls—By the end of this appealing, if somewhat predictable, musical comedy, three chamber musicians have been transformed into fringe-wearin', honky-tonkin' cowgirls. Mary Murfitt, the show's composer and lyricist, is hilarious as an uptight violinist learning how to shake it. Betsy Howie, who wrote the book, is also in the fine cast. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Curtains—The young director Scott Elliott, who did outstanding ensemble work last year with Mike Leigh's "Ecstasy," has done it again with this coal-black comedy by the English playwright Stephen Bill, set in a drab middle-class living room in Birmingham. The play begins with a birthday party for Ida (Kathleen Claypool), who has just turned eighty-six, and wastes no time in presenting us with the not very pretty realities of old age and the discomfort and ambivalence that the elderly cause in others. The six actors who play the members of Ida's family (among them Jayne Haynes, Laura Esterman, and David Cale) all distinguish themselves with vivid characterizations, and Betty Miller is wonderful as a helpful and extremely annoying neighbor. (6/10/96) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 339-6200.)

A Delicate Balance—Decorous suburban ennui is transformed into real angst in this bracing, astringent revival of Edward Albee's 1966 play about a family that has sacrificed much of its humanity for the sake of appearances. The cast, under the fine direction of Gerald Gutierrez, is uniformly excellent. Rosemary Harris and Elaine Stritch, as sisters whose only shared trait is an ability to get under each other's skin, are marvellous foils for each other—one with a cool, deadly elegance, the other all gritty, pretension-puncturing directness. As Harris's husband, who eventually sees the emptiness where the moral center of their lives should be, George Grizzard goes quite believably from blandly accommodating and sociable to unutterably lonely. (5/27/96) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

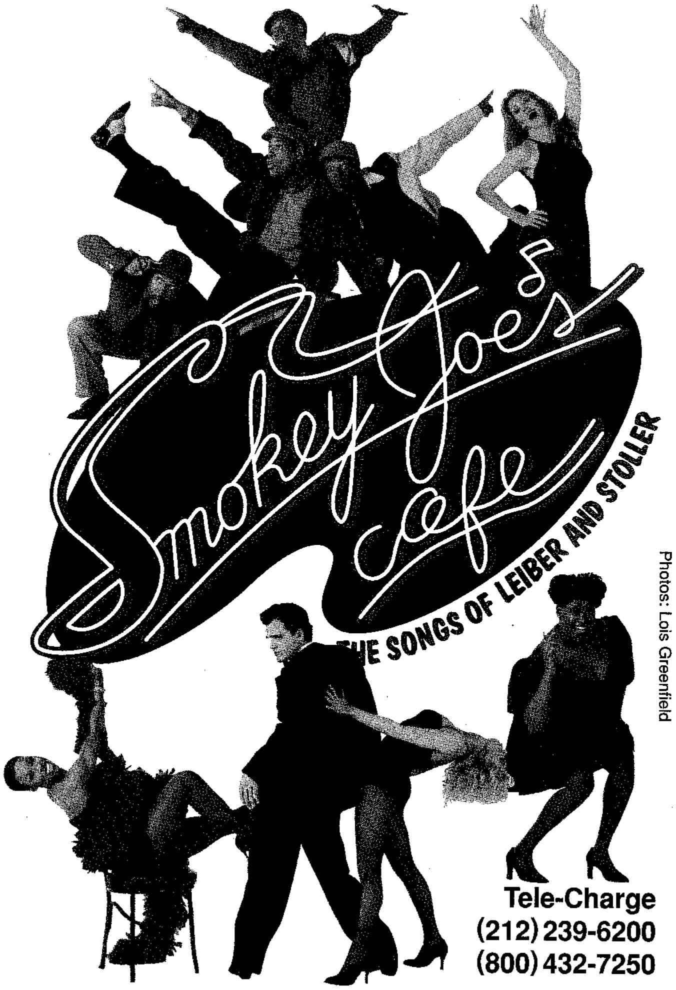
Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini's hit-and-miss movie-biz sendup. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim's 1962 musical-comedy version of a Roman farce is a joke play that begs for outrageousness, but Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival seldom enters that giddy zone of comic daring. (5/20/96) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Good—C. P. Taylor's 1981 play about a man seduced by Nazism. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 252-2511. Closes July 7.)

Heavenly Days—Zeus, king of the gods, develops an Olympian crush on a college boy vacationing in Mykonos, in John Glines's contemporary version of the Amphitryon myth. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 924-1198.)

Henry V—André Braugher portrays the King in the summer's first New York Shakespeare Festival production, directed by Douglas Hughes. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750. Closes July 14.)



Smokey Joe's cafe
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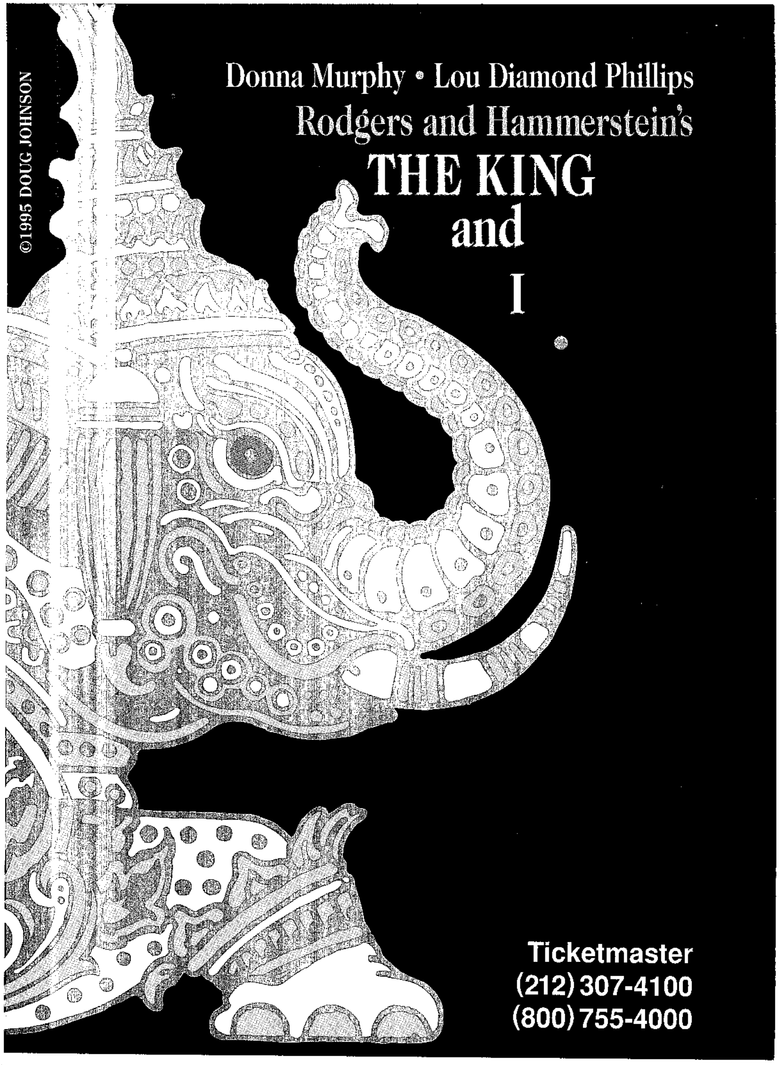

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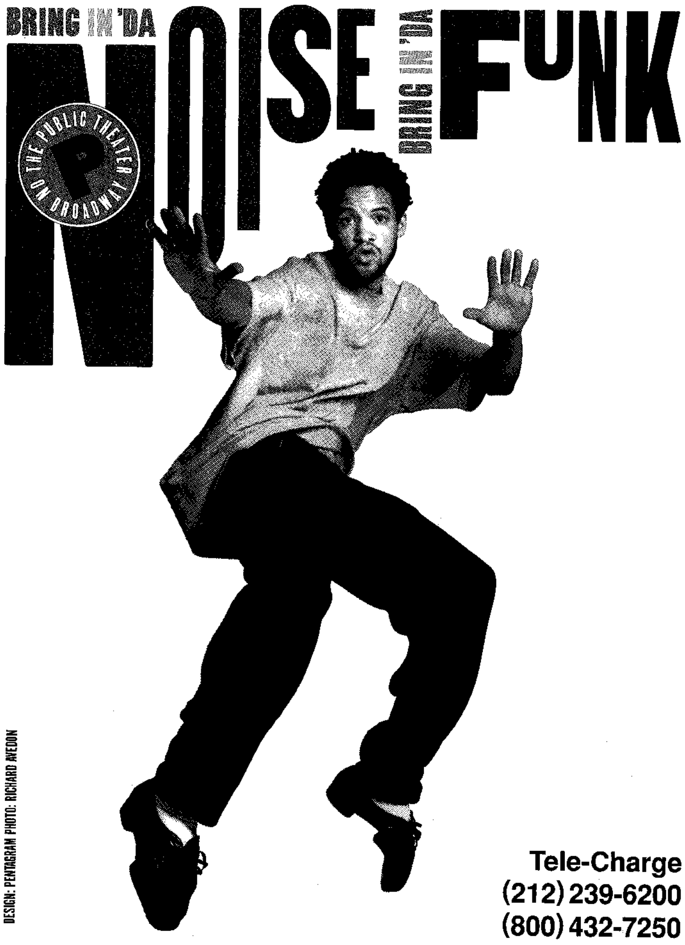

BRING IN 'DA NOISE
BRING IN 'DA FUNK
THE PUBLIC THEATER ON BROADWAY
DESIGN: PENTAGRAM PHOTO: RICHARD AVEDON
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An Ideal Husband—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a promising Cabinet member who is a potential Prime Minister. The man who saves the day is an apparent good-for-nothing, who, of course, turns out to be good for everything; he is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The play, which originally ran concurrently with "The Importance of Being Earnest," is as serious as it is frisky—it pulls the rug out from under conventional morality to find a deeper, more humane morality underneath. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

In My Father's House—A new drama by Samm-Art Williams, in which a black L.A. cop deals with the 1992 riots and their effect on his family. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-0918.)

Jasper in Gramercy Park—A comedy about an aging couple who are unusually devoted to their big, domineering dog. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 598-5325.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directed. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Love Thy Neighbor—Starbucks coffee, Princess Di, and the Internet are among the casualties in Jackie Mason's latest two-hour monologue. Stuffed into a tight black suit, the sixty-two-year-old comic prowls the stage like a rabid penguin, parcelling out tough love with equal-opportunity glee. His range may be limited, but his timing is perfect: when he responds to Jesse Jackson's call for more black accountants by citing the dearth of Jewish coal miners ("Ever see a yarmulke with a searchlight?"), the house rocks with laughter. The set, a mock Lower East Side street, is clever and unobtrusive; the Boys Choir of Harlem shows up briefly, via videotape, to sing "Hava Nagila." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Making Porn—Rex Chandler has the role of the straight star Jack Hawk in Ronnie Larsen's play about the gay-porn business. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

Master Class—Patti LuPone has taken over for Zoe Caldwell in the role of Maria Callas, in Terrence McNally's latest play. Directed by Leonard Foglia. (11/27/95) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The first of two outdoor productions by the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival, directed by Terrence O'Brien. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 1-914 265-9575.)

Papa—If Ernest Hemingway fell victim to the precarious machismo of the persona he created, John deGroot's one-man play falls victim to the cliché that persona has since become. Len Cariou is a fine, energetic actor, and he gives a valiantly gruff portrayal of the author, whom we encounter in the midst of a bender one day in 1959 (two years before he shot himself). But Cariou's effort to elevate his character's sad strutting and impotent anger gets sideswiped by the overloaded script, which has no surprises, way too many words, and not nearly enough fresh insights. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Pick Up Ax—A comedy about blackmail at a personal-computer company, by Anthony Clarvoe. (29th Street Repertory Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. 465-0575. Closes July 13.)

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's rock opera, inspired by Puccini's "La Bohème," stands every assumption of the traditional musical on its head. It can't support the narrative overload (eight separate stories are told), yet by the end of the evening Larson's talent has taken the audience to places the musical never ventures these days. (2/19/96) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.)

Seven Guitars—August Wilson's exciting new play, which flashes back to the final days of a Pittsburgh blues singer (Keith David), sends us stirring news of black life in the late forties. The seven guitars of the title are the seven memorable characters whose high times and dashed dreams Wilson turns into beautiful, complex music—a funky, wailing, irresistible Chicago blues. Lloyd Richards is the director. (4/15/96) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

CHARANGA KING: *Born in Cuba out of "white" drawing rooms, as opposed to the "black" rumbas of the streets, charanga is a lilting, surging, miniaturist festival. José Fajardo, the legendary "flauta de Cuba," is the genre's greatest living practitioner. He appears one Wednesday a month at La Maganette, 825 Third Ave., at 50th St. 759-5677.*

ALEXIS RODRIGUEZ-DUARTE

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You—Christopher Durang's 1979 comedy, starring Geraldine Librandi and directed by Mark Cannistraro. Saturdays at 8. (Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. S. 255-5438.)

The Trojan Women: A Love Story—Marin Mazzie, Tom Nelis, Sharon Scruggs, and Steven Skybell are in the cast of En Garde Arts' new site-specific production—a variation, with music, on the Greek tragedy. Written by Charles L. Mee, Jr., and directed by Tina Landau. The site is the ruins of the East River Park Amphitheatre. (F.D.R. Drive and Grand St. For information and tickets, call 279-4200. Closes July 14.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.... **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.... **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.... **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.... **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. (Closes July 14.) ... **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.... **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.... **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.... **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.... **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.... **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.... **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477.... **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007.... **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.... **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—July 3-4 and July 6 at 8: "Collideoscope," "Duet," "The Particle Zoo," and "Land's Edge." ... ¶ July 4 and July 6 at 2, and July 5 and July 8 at 8: "Untitled," "Pilobolus," "Quatrejeux," and "Day 2." ... ¶ July 9 at 8: "The Doubling Cube," "Pyramid of the Moon," "Walklyndon," and "Aeros." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through July 20.)

OUT OF TOWN

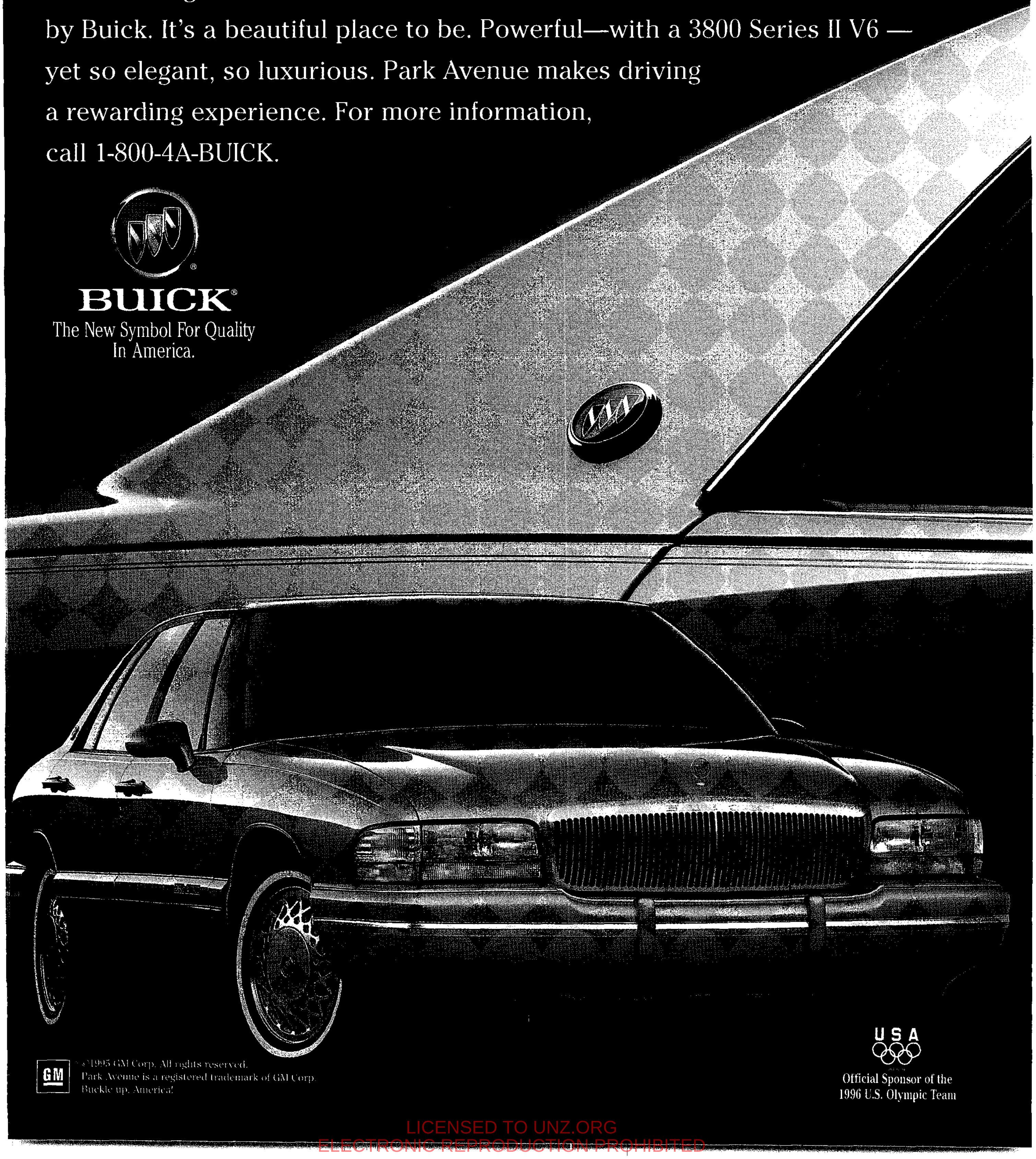
Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—*July 3-5* at 8:30 and July 6 at 2 and 8:30: Garth Fagan Dance.... ¶ July 4 at 7 and July 5 at 8: Min Tanaka and Cecil Taylor.... ¶ July 9 at 8:30: Nikolais and Murray Louis Dance. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Parliament Funkadelic—Independence Day traditionally ends with a blast, but this show is guaranteed to drop the bomb. Brilliantly guided by the perpetually eccentric George Clinton, Parliament Funkadelic has, through myriad personnel and name changes (the P-Funk All Stars, Bootsy's Rubber Band, the Horny Horns, the Brides of Funkenstein, Parlet, etc.) performed vital, danceable, thought-provoking music—"Flash Light," "Bop Gun," "One Nation Under a Groove"—for more than a quarter of a century. Clinton, a conceptual savant, built upon the hallowed bedrock of James Brown, Jimi Hendrix, and Sly Stone to create an alternative universe populated with such vibrant characters as Sir Nose D'Voidoffunk and Starchild. This concert, which commemorates the twentieth anniversary of Clinton's legendary Mothership, features bassist Bootsy Collins, keyboard wizard Bernie Worrell (Strayhorn to Clinton's Ellington), and saxophonist Maceo Parker (of James Brown fame). (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 360-2777. July 4-5 at 6.)

Yoko Ono / Cibo Matto / John Zorn's Masada—On "Rising," her powerful recent disk, Ono gives voice to a host of repressed emotions that have been brewing since the death of John Lennon. Her liner notes, which draw parallels between her childhood in Japan during the Second World War and her current life in AIDS-ravaged New York, are among the most eloquent prose you'll find in a rock album. And the music—reggae-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tinged funk, howling punk, and suffocating pop, provided by Sean Lennon and his band, IMA—provides a cathartic backdrop for her vocal fireworks, while the chemistry between mother and son makes this album her finest work since the days of the Plastic Ono Band. Though she's been demonized for decades, she's as cool and daring as she ever was; maybe now we're finally catching up with her. / Further proof of Ono's ongoing influence, the Japanese duo Cibo Matto churns out kitschy broken-English raps about food ("Beef Jerky," "White Pepper Ice Cream") over a sonic bricolage that jams together some of the most strikingly original sounds that have ever found their way onto a record. The group's stunning (if occasionally grating) début, "Viva! La Women," is one of this year's must-have albums. / From Benny Goodman and Stan Getz to Ziggy Ellman and Al Cohn, jazz has been home to prominent Jewish musicians who play in an idiomatically correct manner. The Masada ensemble examines Jewish musical traditions in an improvisatory climate. While Eastern European klezmer and the free jazz of Ornette Coleman aren't often mentioned in the same breath, in Zorn's hands their similarities—wrenching dirges, modal melodies both lyrical and feverish—cohere and form a new music. Swollen with deep folk spirit but completely unsentimental, the project blends Zorn's gift for experimentation and play with his abiding (if often twisted) reverence for tradition. (Central Park SummerStage. July 6 at 3.)

Eddie Palmieri Octet—El barrio's supreme keyboardist has been shaking up salsa since the birth of his group, Conjunto la Perfecta, in the early sixties. In the late sixties and early seventies, he released a series of wonderful records, including "Vámonos pa'l Monte" and the phenomenal double live album "In Concert at the University of Puerto Rico," but his recordings of the past fifteen years have been sporadic and uneven. He seems to find his greatest inspiration live, and his keyboard flights of fancy are guaranteed to make your jaw drop. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn. July 6 at 8.)

Sting / Cowboy Junkies—One hesitates to encourage a rock star who adorns his arrangements with cocktail-jazz affectation, has himself photographed astride a white horse and stretching his hand toward the heavens, and wields a sword in a video. But then again, we expect this from Sting—he's the most tendentious pop icon since William F. Buckley, Jr. So we forgive him. After all, the Police were one of the greatest pop bands ever; they remain sorely missed. Meanwhile, "Mercury Rising," Sting's latest effort, turns out to be a finely crafted project, with the obligatory collection of tasty songs and instrumental interludes. / This Canadian quintet has released five albums over the past six years, quite an accomplishment for a group whose breakthrough record, "The Trinity Session" (1989), sounded as if it had been made by shy, depressive hippies who could barely get out of bed in the morning. On their 1993 record, "Pale Sun, Crescent Moon," the band appeared to have discovered caffeine and the electric guitar; their latest effort, "Lay It Down," takes that coffee-achiever spirit even further. The hushed, meditative plaint of Margo Timmins' singing and the diaristic intricacies of her brother Michael's lyrics still dominate, but the group continues to explore its rough edge. Don't expect a mosh pit, though: the Cowboy Junkies' fast songs are still slower than most bands' ballads. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 6-7 at 8.)

"Marley Magic"—Considering the immensity of his father's shoes, it's not surprising that the young David (Ziggy) Marley stumbled before he found his voice, on the 1988 "Conscious Party." Since then, he's matured with pride and dignity, and, at twenty-seven, he's become something of an elder statesman to a new generation. Reggae's reigning prince appears with his band, the Melody Makers, his mother, Rita, and a cast of up-and-coming performers. (Central Park SummerStage. July 7 at 8.)

TABLES FOR TWO

Gage & Tollner, 372 Fulton St., Brooklyn. (1-718 875-5181)—Dining out is like travel. You could, after all, go Italian, West Indian, Deep South, Pacific Rim, and so on. But sometimes you just want to go Brooklyn. There, at the borough's oldest restaurant (founded during the Hayes Administration), the barkeep confesses, in flawless Brooklynese, an ambition to act in Shakespeare. From across the marble countertop, a man the shape of his unlit cigar interrupts: "Hey, you look good tonight. What happened?" When your party arrives (note: out-of-town relatives are always gratified when New York turns out to be just like the movies), the tanned maître d' escorts you through the restaurant's grand arcade, filled with mirrors and brocaded wallpaper, cut-glass gas lamps, and immovable mahogany tables.

The food is equally dramatic and forthright. The Seafood Extravaganza appetizer, for example, with its gorgeous mosaic of mollusks and crustaceans cavorting on two tiers of crushed ice, has a bold-faced swank that seems to date from the same club-car era as the side dishes (creamed spinach, Harvard beets). The mainstays of the menu are steak and seafood, and you don't need a postmodern palate to appreciate their basic virtues: succulence and muchness. Such simplicity is not historically accurate—a waiter brought out a menu from 1949 which offered four varieties of rarebit, seventeen styles of potato, twenty-five preparations for Saddle Rock oysters—but time, it seems, is a good editor. (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner; Saturdays for dinner only. Entrées $17-$33.)

The Cure—Best known for the smudged red lipstick and bird's-nest coif of its leader, Robert Smith, this English band has gone, over the course of a seventeen-year career, from alternative mope rockers to arena-packing titans. Much of the band's success has to do with Smith's distinctive voice, a playful feline hiccup, which makes his gift for gloom sort of charming. The Cure has also proven itself wildly versatile: "Wild Mood Swings," the group's latest effort (after a four-year hiatus), finds Smith punctuating his standard minor-key drones with mariachi references and funky wa-wa guitar work. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. July 8 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—July 5: **BUSTER POINDEXTER AND HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Dining.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—July 5: Pezfarm.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow, graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel dungeon deep in the heart of the meat district, catering to left-of-center pop and experimental jazz.

Downtime, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. S. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The fabulous **DRESSING ROOM DIVAS** are in the house every Saturday night.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—July 3: You and What Army. July 9: Modern folk with **JONATHA BROOKE** and **RUFUS WAINWRIGHT** (son of Loudon Wainwright and Kate McGarrigle). The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Flannery's, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. July 6: **ORBITAL.** More than just computer banks, keyboards, and a fancy light show, this British techno duo (no guitars or vocals) puts on a live performance that has been so well received that the band is often invited to headline massive European raves; Orbital has just released its fourth and finest album, "In Sides."

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

La Maganette, 825 Third Ave., at 50th St. (759-5677)—Charanga master **JOSÉ FAJARDO** appears on irregular Wednesdays. Dining.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 8: **PETE DROGE.**

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** plays on Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for "big sky") performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, a horse trailer has been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, sometimes, throwing.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and the bossa nova. July 3: **YELLOW-**

MAN. July 5: Haitian pop with **BOUKMAN EKSPERYANS.** Dining.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—July 6: Old-school rapper **KRS-I.**

WEBSTER HALL, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **PHILLIP OFFICER** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, Fridays and Saturdays to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. July 6: The Ed Cherry quartet. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through July 7: guitarist **STANLEY JORDAN** and saxophonist **BILL EVANS.**

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through July 7: the **TOM HARRELL** trio. Harrell possesses a warm, masterly sound that puts him in league with the likes of Art Farmer and Clark Terry. A mature stylist, he produces perfectly chiselled melodies rather than rote licks, and his solos leave the room with you. Dining.

CAJUN, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays feature the New Atlantic Jazz Band.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpet in the V.I.P. room upstairs. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. **JON HENDRIKS** (through July 7) is the grand old man of scat. Where he gets his vigor and enthusiasm from is anybody's guess, but at seventy-five, he remains a generous performer. And his talented cohorts help him rekindle the tongue-twisting hurdles of his celebrated Lambert, Hendriks, and Ross days.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 8: The **DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND.** He may have had his thunder stolen by the neo-con explosion, but Murray, the great hope of the eighties, is still a contender, and still capable of toppling buildings with his galvanic tenor-saxophone work.

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Vocalist **KENNY RANKIN** (in through early July) performs standards by Cole Porter, Sammy Cahn, and the Gershwins. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band, Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

SMALLS, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming players jamming late into the night.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. Through July 7: The Bill Saxton quartet. The **BRUCE BARTH** quartet takes over on July 9. Having made his mark as the pianist in Terence Blanchard's band, Barth has entered the fray on his own. He's a young modernist forging his way on the path of neo-con heroes like Herbie Hancock. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 7: the **JACKIE MC LEAN** quintet. In the fifties, alto saxophonist McLean was a sideman with Miles Davis; by the sixties, players like the iconoclastic Ornette Coleman were working for him. Having kept himself in the fray for decades, McLean is now a compendium of modern jazz: he makes the distinctions between bop, hard-bop, and modal playing disappear. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor.

ZINC BAR, 90 W. Houston St. (477-8337)—July 3-4: The talented, transplanted Canadian guitarist **PETER LEITCH** has loosened up lately. His rhythmic edge is now in league with his prodigious technique. With drummer **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH.**

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through July 6: Pianist Mike Jones. July 7: Piano and bass with John Bunch and Jay Leonhart. Dining.

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ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NEW YORK *TIMES* CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—"Centennial" *here refers to Adolph S. Ochs's purchase,* in 1896, of the forty-five-year-old paper. Four shows are up until the fall; see listings for the Museum of Modern Art, the American Museum of Natural History, the Morgan Library, and the New York Public Library.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Winslow Homer," a comprehensive survey of the painter's career, comprising nearly two hundred paintings, watercolors, and drawings. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ "Ancient Art from the Shumei Family Collection," antiquities from Egypt, China, Central Asia, and Iran. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ After a painstaking ten-year conservation-and-restoration effort, the Gubbio Studiolo—a masterful trompe-l'oeil Renaissance chamber, with intricately inlaid wood panels that give the illusion of open cupboards containing books, scientific instruments, and other objects—has been reinstalled. . . . ¶ "Genoa: Drawings and Prints 1530-1800." The spectacular works of the Roman Baroque have always stolen the spotlight from what was going on in the sticks; this well-curated exhibition of prints and drawings from the Republic of Genoa turns up some lesser-known masters who are by no means second-rate. While the works of Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione frequently displayed the influence of his contemporaries Rembrandt and Poussin, he was nonetheless a highly original artist. His oil-on-paper "Youth Playing a Pipe for a Satyr" is an exuberant fantasy, embodying the electric attraction-opposition of the Dionysian and the Apollonian in the Italian imagination. His white-on-black monotypes boldly prefigure Romanticism: "God Creating Adam" steals *from Michelangelo but seems to resound with* Blake. Through July 7. . . . ¶ "Picturing Paradise: Colonial Photography of Samoa, 1875-1925." Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ "Art of the Deccani Sultans." Through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Among the designers represented at the Costume Institute in "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity," a history of concealment and exposure in fashion from the eighteenth century on, are Madame Grès, Halston, Gianni Versace, Rudi Gernreich, and Mary Quant. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York" includes everything from recorders to steel drums to a theremin. Through July 28. . . . NOTE: The museum's roof garden is open (weather permitting), with sculptures by Rodin, Lachaise, Lipchitz, Caro, Smith (David), and Smith (Tony). (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"From Bauhaus to Pop." No one besides Alfred Barr has done more to make MOMA the world's premier modern-art collection than Philip Johnson: a member of its first advisory committee (starting in 1930), the first director of its Department of Architecture and Design, and the designer of the Sculpture Garden (1953) and the East Wing (1964), he has also given the collection some of its most important holdings, especially in Abstract Expressionism, Pop, and minimalism. In honor of his ninetieth birthday, the museum has put together a selection of his gifts. Many are familiar and all are topnotch, but there is a feeling of one-eachness about the exhibit: the single Abstract Expressionist gallery, for example, squeezes in Newman, Rothko, Gottlieb, Stout, Tomlin, a ravishing Guston, a wee Kline, and a Chamberlain. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "Pictures of the Times: A Century of Prints from the New York *Times*." Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ "Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation" includes a hundred and thirty paintings, and nearly as many works on paper, depicting lovers, wives, poets, art dealers, and children. Through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980-95." Through Sept. 10. (For the run of the Picasso show, the museum's hours are Saturdays through Mondays, 9:30 to 6; Tuesdays, 11 to 6; and Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30. Timed-entry tickets to *Picasso are available in the lobby and through* Ticketmaster, at 307-4545.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Africa: The Art of a Continent" includes more than five hundred sculptures, murals, ceremonial objects, pieces of jewelry, and textiles, culled from collections around the world. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ "In/Sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present." Through Sept. 22. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy," a display of the ninety-one-year-old painter's notorious satirical suite: "Shore Leave" (1933), "The Fleet's In!" (1934), and "Sailors and Floosies" (1938). Through Sept. 1. (A show of the artist's recent drawings is at DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., through July 26.) . . . ¶ "An American Story," a chronological survey of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, both well known and obscure, from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ A stylized, gardenlike installation of video sculptures, by Shigeko Kubota. Through Aug. 25. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition that explores the relationship between scientific research and its presentation in the media, specifically, the New York *Times*. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ The Hall of Vertebrate Origins has reopened, its dropped ceiling removed to reveal Calvert Vaux's skylit design. All the better to see the dunkleosteus, a sixteen-foot-long hanging model of an armored fish, based on the four-foot-long *fossil of its head, with self-sharpening jaw*bones. . . . ¶ Large-format black-and-white and color photographs documenting a hundred endangered North American plants and animals. . . . ¶ "Amber: Window to the Past." (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." An intelligently curated, wonderfully intriguing exhibition of Latin American art from the sixteenth century through the early twentieth, focussing on the interpenetrations of native and colonial cultures. Most of the three hundred often awkward but also beautiful and even noble objects—paintings, textiles, silverware, furniture, religious articles—have been gathered from the museum's collection; they attest to the uneasy yet surprisingly successful accommodation that artists in the viceroyalties of Peru and New Spain made with European styles and motifs. Through Aug. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Worlds Within Worlds." As long ago as the Sung dynasty (960-1279), Chinese artists and scholars collected fantastically shaped rocks both for their formal beauty and as aids to inspiration; seventy choice specimens are on display. Through Aug. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers," a stunning exhibition consisting of eighty glimpses of perfection by Chinese ceramists from the fifth century to the fifteenth. The fanciful title derives from the names Chinese scholars gave some of the more exquisite techniques: "hare's fur" is mimicked by ineffably delicate streaks of rust across a luminous black ground; "tortoiseshell" describes a chocolate-brown glaze suffused with amber and buff. Some amazing southern Sung dynasty stoneware tea bowls are decorated with dainty silhouettes, such as a blossoming plum in midnight blue, which explodes and melts like a nebula. Through July 6. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—The house of the English architect Sir John Soane (1753-1837) is certainly London's most eccentric museum, and possibly its most charming; now a fascinating sliver of it is on loan here. "Soane: Connoisseur & Collector" comprises some of the finest drawings and architectural models from the collection, including works by Piranesi, Wren, and Reynolds, and five glorious watercolors from its nine thousand sheets by the Adam brothers. A watercolor of Holy Trinity Church, in Marylebone, by Joseph Michael Gandy (Soane's first draftsman), is a lavishly dramatic cutaway with two little figures in the foreground unscrolling the floor plan, and an elevation of the façade miraculously floating in a rainbowed sky. Through July 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities." Much of the work here alternately embraces and eviscerates stereotypes, often with a confrontational and sardonic temper. Elaine Reichek embroiders a faux-Colonial sampler with the quip "If you think you can be a little bit Jewish, you think you can be a little bit pregnant"; Cary Leibowitz's text painting baldly asks, "I'm a Jew, how 'bout U?"; Rhonda Lieberman, in collaboration with Leibowitz, fashions Hanukkah items from Chanel accessories. The show has some of the dourness typical of exhibitions that address identity politics, but the prevailing mood suggests a bunch of Borscht Belt comics going for advanced degrees at CalArts. Through July 14. . . . ¶ "Marc Chagall, 1907-1917." A selection of oils, gouaches, and drawings from the painter's early years in Vitebsk, St. Petersburg, and Paris. Through Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 10 to 5:45.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Nothing would have pleased the Victorian artist-philosopher William Morris more than to be called a Renaissance man, except, perhaps, to be called a medieval man. He was inspired by preindustrial ideals, yet in his holistic outlook he was thoroughly modern—the halfway point between Leonardo and Buckminster Fuller. "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition," which is taken largely from the Morgan's own superb collection, presents every aspect of his career: drawings for book illustrations and stained glass, vibrant wallpaper and fabric designs, socialist manifestos, and, of course, exquisitely printed books from his Kelmscott Press, many of them in ornate, elegant bindings. The exhibition is sprinkled with evocative photographs of Morris's home, Kelmscott Manor, by Frederick H. Evans; a dramatic shot of the ancient four-poster that Morris was born in, shimmering with sunbeams, is in its way as powerful as any of his own works. Two smaller exhibits complement the main show. "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts" comprises some of the finest illuminated books from the artist's collection, including an early English bestiary, adorned with an amusing elephant, and a magnificent thirteenth-century French Bible. "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings," in the library's cloister gallery (appropriately), includes a portrait of Jane Burden by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a poignant adolescent self-portrait by Charles Fairfax Murray, and an astonishing study by Morris and Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones for their tapestry of the goddess Flora, as brilliantly finished as the medieval illuminations they so venerated. All three shows through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ "Documenting the Times: Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York *Times*." Through Sept. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of the Contemporary Doll" features examples in all sorts of mediums by such artists as Jane Cather, Nancy

Wiley, Akira Blount, and Lawan Angelique. . . . ¶ Antique and contemporary quilts from the museum's collection, representing all of the major quilt-making traditions, are on view in a show called "An American Treasury." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

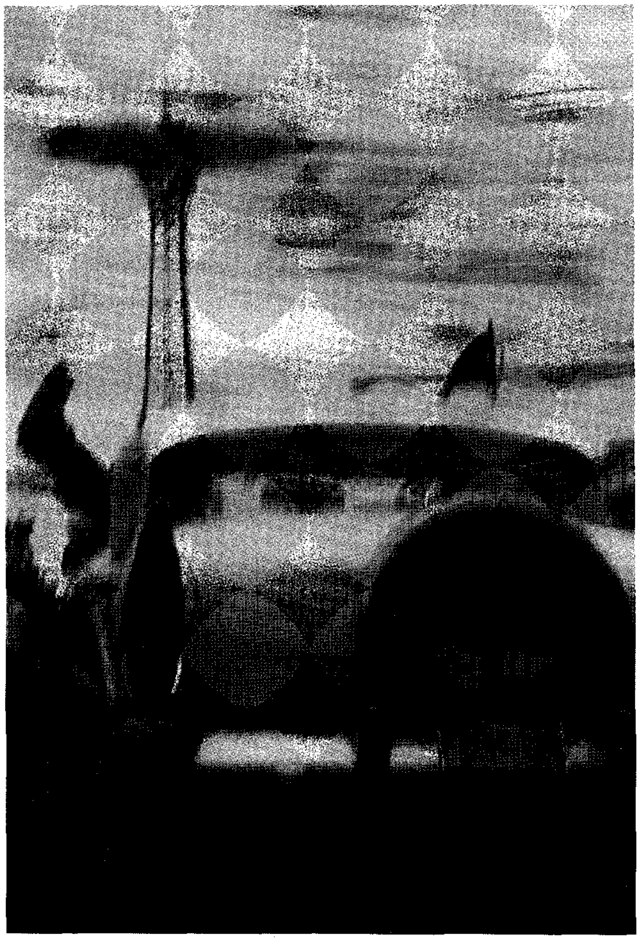
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York" features more than four hundred paintings, prints, photographs, costumes, and other objects, from the museum's collection and on loan from many other institutions. . . . ¶ "Currier & Ives, Printmakers to the American People." Through Aug. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green—"Partial Recall: Photographs of Native North Americans" includes historical photographs, with commentaries by writer Leslie Marmon Silko, artist and curator Gerald McMaster, and painter Jaune Quick-To-See Smith. Also on view are works by contemporary Native American photographers Jolene Rickard, Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie, and David Neel. Through July 21. . . . ¶ Twenty photographic and mixed-medium works make up "Ancestral Memories: A Tribute to Native American Survival." Through July 21. (Open daily, 10 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—"Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897-1917," an exhibit of paintings and works on paper by Robert Henri, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, William Glackens, George Bellows, and George Luks. Through Aug. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue, 1896-1996." Through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Visitors to "The Global Library—http://www.nypl.org" can step up to one of fourteen computer stations and embark on a guided tour of the World Wide Web. (Or, if you prefer, you can visit the exhibit's Web site from home.) Also on view are a host of nonvirtual objects, such as Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Chinese woodblock prints, a Gutenberg Bible, and the 1727 "New England Primer." Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ "The Hand of the Poet," a display of original manuscripts by masters from Donne to Eliot. Through July 31. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Larry Sultan: Pictures from Home," a large series of recent photographs of the artist's parents, rephotographed and enlarged stills from home movies, and stories and reflections about the whole family thang. Through July 7. . . . ¶ The Gertrude Ederle Amphitheatre, the 1939-40 World's Fair ruin that is in the process of demolition, is the subject of a Dennis Adams installation. Through July 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)



"Mermaid Parade, Coney Island" (1995), by Lynn Butler, at Leica (See Photography).

Queens Museum at the Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights—"Richard Rothman: Studies fom Nature." Selections from an ongoing series of photographs about the marginalization of nature, made during frequent swings through the outer boroughs and New Jersey. "Sound Wall, Queens" (1995) is one of several quick, sharp essays: a broken, denuded sycamore rises from the curb in front of a gridded cement sound wall, which protects a similarly rectilinear (and windowless) office building. Power lines float above the tree, completing the circuit of collusion against nature; a wavy line carved into the wall in an attempt to echo the natural world ends up mocking it. "Front Yard with Ailanthus, Brooklyn" shows a stubby, unbranched sapling (of the now disappearing species celebrated in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn") and an old stump sharing a vest-pocket patch of dirt. Rothman's brand of black-and-white visual description isn't just straight documentary and it's not overly poetic: it's got a prosaic lilt, with alternating passages of bleak naturalism and wary optimism. More complex tableaux, like "Tall Tree and American Flags, Astoria," "Housing Projects with White Shutters," and "Graves, Queens," richly repay the extended reading required. Through Aug. 10. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 7 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4. For more information and for directions, call 1-718 899-0700.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Summer hours: unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Mercedes Matter / Kit White—Modernism the old-fashioned, obsessive way: elegantly composed, exquisitely painted still-lifes, at some moments suggesting Cézanne's pencil-and-watercolor drawings, at others, Hans Hofmann's transitional works. The artist is a master paint handler, but the more she works them, the less they work. . . . ¶ The New York Studio School (8 W. 8th St.), which Matter founded, has a show of her drawings from the past ten years, through July 13. / Delicately colored, boldly designed abstractions in a Twombly vein. "Field of Saints" features some ominous spurting organs that describe, rather than explore, primal forces. Both shows through July 5. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—A neat little conspectus of the artist's career from the early fifties until 1975, when he started to run out of smart ideas. The early camp is particularly fetching: drawings of ladies' shoes and boys in blue jeans, and a hilarious screen for a window at Bonwit's with a recipe for molded strawberry Jell-O scrawled across it in his mother's hand. Not to mention Campbell's soup cans, Marilyns, dollar bills, an electric chair, and a very chic Mao. Through July 5. (Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Paintings and collages from the fifties by Agnes Martin, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Anne Ryan. Through July 12. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**PAUL CADMUS,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 26. . . . **JACQUELINE DONACHIE,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Through July 12.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Julio Galán—New paintings, some incorporating mixed-medium elements, by the well-known Mexican eccentric; though they are primarily fantasy images of Latin American women, the erotic currents that coursed through much of his earlier work now seem hushed. But a cuckoo south-of-the-border surrealism remains his guiding imperative. He has tarted up these pictures with collage elements: a shock of fake blond hair adorns one of his sullen ladies, and beneath her head, floating in murky space, is a sacred heart fashioned out of a soiled and tawdry little pillow, pierced not by nails but by a hat pin. Through July 13. (Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**DALE CHIHULY,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Through July 26. . . . **JACKIE MC ALLISTER,** Nordanstad, 289 Hudson St. Opens at 1; through July 6. . . . **EDWARD RUSCHA,** Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. Open Saturdays until 7; through July 27.

OTHER VENUES

"America's Smithsonian"—While there's no place like home, we can forgive the Smithsonian for dissenting—it's been stuck on the Mall for a hundred and fifty years. A two-year barnstorming tour of three hundred objects from the Institution's collection has arrived in Manhattan. Among the travellers: one of several pairs of Dorothy's ruby slippers (these worn by Judy Garland when she danced); the Apollo 14 command module; the Wright Brothers' biplane Vin Fiz; the top hat President Lincoln wore to Ford's Theater that night; and the Canyon Diablo meteorite, about four and a half billion years old. Through July 24. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Open Sundays through Thursdays, 9 to 8, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9. Free timed-entry passes are available at the Coliseum each morning at 9; advance tickets can be reserved, for a small handling charge, at 1-800 913-8687.)

"Bicycles: History, Beauty, Fantasy"—An appreciation of the bike's evolution from 1817 to 1920, including examples of the Phantom velocipede (the first bicycle with a rubber tire), the Ariel (the first manufactured high-wheeler), and the Old Hickory Ladies' Model (made from sixteen plies of laminated second-growth hickory). Through Oct. 4. (Paine-Webber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lynn Butler—Butler takes her pictures with slow shutter speeds from anything that moves—a horse, a train, a motorcycle, an amusement-park ride. The results are views of upstate New York, Acadia National Park, in Maine, Coney Island, and other places rendered in highly impressionistic washes of color and texture. Through July 31. (Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—The Czech photographer experimented with pigment printing in the forties and fifties, and the slower process made his poetic, precisely observed still-lifes—loaves of bread and eggs, glasses of water with roses, in chromas from ochre to olive to sepia—by turns more romantic and more sombre. Trees in the gardens of Prague Castle and Troja Castle, however, are rendered in subtler tones of blue and charcoal, giving them an air of mystery mixed with modernity. Through July 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"Delirium"—Summer group shows generally shoot for a light spirit and an easily grasped theme (or none at all); this selection of portraits and a few abstract images, from 1854 to the present, has a darker cast, and it hangs together beautifully. "Delirium" has been defined broadly by curator W. M. Hunt as anything from ecstasy to despair to the swooning, sickening feeling you get just looking at certain pictures. Hence W. Eugene Smith's famous "Mad Eyes, Haiti" (1959), of a demented-looking head emerging from (or receding into) total blackness, makes sense in proximity to Felix Meheux's 1905 image of grisly surgical incisions on the face of a cadaver. A grimacing Janis Joplin, head aslant and hair astray, is transformed into a pained goddess by Art Kane, while on the same wall Nancy Burson offers her blurred closeup of a woman with the largest bulging eyes you ever saw. Other notable pictures are reportorial (Jill Waterman, George Krause, Weegee), sexual (Saul Leiter, David Lachapelle, Robert Mapplethorpe), and experimental (Joe Mills, Gerald Slota, Eric Rondepierre). Through Aug. 17. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. . . . **Note:** A "Delirium" Web site is up, for the run of the show, at http://artnetweb.com/rmgallery.)

"The Insistent Image"—A clutch of well-known photographs (with a few anonymous pictures sprinkled in) by such blue-chip artists as Weston, Abbott, Watkins, Kertész, Cartier-Bresson, Steichen, and Lange. A smaller, more kinetic group of photographs from *Life* (John Loengard, Mark Shaw, Elliott Erwitt, Robert Riger, and others) is in the back room. Through July 26. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—A mid-careers retrospective of works by the forty-year-old twins David and Peter Turnley, the Dynamic Duo of photojournalism. They both cover the major stories (Tiananmen Square, the Berlin Wall, the Gulf War, Bosnia), but David's long-term focus is South Africa and Eastern Europe, while Peter's has been refugee camps worldwide and the fall of Communism. Through Sept. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**Steven Brock,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. Through Aug. 16. . . . **Carl Chiarenza** and **Stephan Brigidi,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Both shows through July 12. . . . **Albert Chong,** Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. Through July 20. . . . **Thomas Joshua Cooper,** Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. Through July 19. . . . **Bruce Cratsley,** A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. Open daily, 10 to midnight; through July 30. . . . **Ralph Gibson,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through July 26. . . . **George Platt Lynes,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 26. . . . **Frederic Ohringer,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through July 12. . . . **Sebastiano Piras,** Space Untitled, 135 Greene St. Open Sundays; through July 14. . . . **Bob Richardson,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Through July 6.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the American Museum of Natural History, the National Museum of the American Indian, the Queens Museum of Art, and the Queens Museum at the Bulova Corporate Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS

Goldman Band—Gene Young leads American works. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 7 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Music Festival—Virko Baley conducts the Festival Orchestra in his "Orpheus Singing" (featuring oboist Henry Schuman), as well as Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" Overture, Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht," Barber's Adagio for Strings, and Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks" Concerto. (Washington Square Park. July 9 at 8. No tickets necessary. In case of rain, the concert will be held at N.Y.U.'s Loeb Student Center Auditorium, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl.)

LISTENING BOOTH

King of Instruments—The first organ ever manufactured in the American colonies was installed at Trinity Church in 1733, and such important builders as Henry Erben and George Jardine (both of whose firms were based in New York) kept the city at the forefront of organ building during the nineteenth century. "Great Organs of New York" (B&V Recordings), a four-disk collection scheduled for release this week, documents twenty-three of the city's finest organs, in most cases through performances by the musicians who know them best—the church organists who occupy their benches week in and week out. The sonic variety is astonishing, as one might expect from a collection that is crafted to show off the idiosyncracies of instruments ranging from the humongous, early-twentieth-century, electropneumatic Skinner instruments of St. Bartholomew's and St. John the Divine to the intimate, historically informed tracker-action creations at the Church of the Transfiguration (by Fisk), St. Michael's (Von Beckerath), and St. Peter's Lutheran (Klais), not to mention the beautifully balanced 1830 Appleton organ that resides in the Metropolitan Museum. The set comes with splendid documentation, and the performances are so consistently top-rung that singling out Gerre Hancock's improvisation (at St. Thomas), Kyler Brown's rendition of Dupré's G-Minor Prelude and Fugue (at St. Mary the Virgin), and exemplary Bach playing by Richard Erickson (at Holy Trinity Lutheran) and Thomas Schmidt (at St. Peter's) hardly seems fair. (Available by calling 1-800 243-1941. $59.95.)

RECITALS

Bargemusic—July 4 at 7:30 and July 7 at 4: Rita Sloan performs Gershwin's Preludes for Piano, Mark Peskanov joins her in Copland's Violin Sonata, and violist Yuri Vodovoz and cellist Fred Sherry complete the ensemble for Dvořák's Piano Quartet in E-Flat Major. . . . ¶ July 5 at 7:30: Presenting string trios by Beethoven (in D Major) and Dohnányi (in C Major), as well as Mendelssohn's B-Flat-Major Viola Quintet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061.)

Summergarden—This season, the Museum of Modern Art's outdoor summer festival focusses on twentieth-century Paris. In the opening concerts, Joel Sachs conducts a chamber orchestra in Michaël Lévinas's "Troisième Arcade: Le Choeur des Arches," Karen Tanaka's "Hommages en Cristal," and Honegger's Symphony No. 2. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 5-6 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sunday on the Island—The weekly series turns its attention to music for small wind ensembles, by Mozart and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. July 7 at noon.)

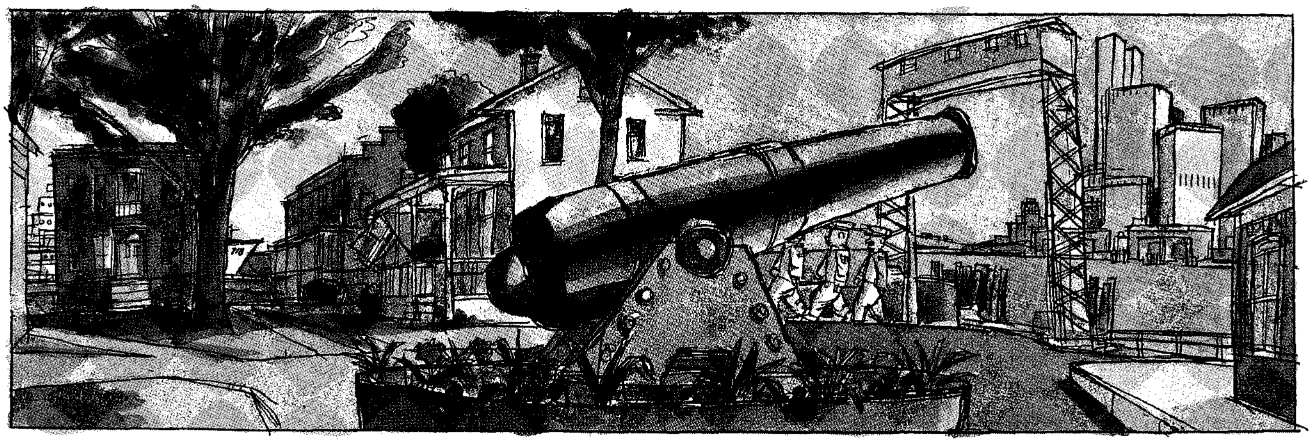
American Guild of Organists—The A.G.O. celebrates its centennial, and its annual convention, being held in New York this year, is unusually resplendent in its offerings. Between July 7 and July 11, three thousand organists will be scurrying back and forth from the convention's center of operations at the Marriott Marquis to various churches for workshops, lectures, concerts, and shoptalk. (The topics range from "A Survey of Music Notation Software Packages" to "Repertoire for Organists Without Much Practice Time" and "Pstrategies for Psinging the Psalms.") During those five days, more than sixty recitals, concerts, and worship services around town will feature performances by many leading organists, some of them playing the premières of works commissioned for the A.G.O.'s celebration. Here are several highlights of the opening days. July 7 at 3: Jon Gillock plays Messiaen's "Livre du Saint Sacrement." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St.) . . . ¶ July 8-11 at 9:15 A.M.: Daily repetitions of recitals by Cherry Rhodes (including the first performances of Joan Tower's "Ascent," at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St.), Thomas Murray (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St.), Jane Parker-Smith (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St.), and Frederick Swann (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St.) . . . ¶ July 8-11 at 10:45 A.M.: Daily repetitions of concerts by Joyce Jones (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St.), Lynne Davis (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St.), Guy Bovet (St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St.), and Marvin Mills (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.), as well as performances by the Ensemble for Early Music (in the miracle play "Daniel and the Lions," at the Church of the Transfiguration, 1 E. 29th St.), by the Brick Presbyterian Church Choir (directed by Keith Toth in Stainer's "The Crucifixion," Madison Ave. at 92nd St.), by the Princeton Singers (John Bertalot directing, at the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St.), and by Anonymous 4 (singing "A Lammas Lady Mass" and music by Hildegard von Bingen, at Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St.) . . . ¶ July 8-11 at 5:30: Daily concerts at Alice Tully Hall (featuring Michael Farris, with English hornist Thomas Stacy; call 875-5050 for information) and at Temple Emanu-el (with Hunter Tillman directing the choir; Fifth Ave. at 65th St.) . . . ¶ July 8 at 9:30: A recital by Gregory D'Agostino and Kyler Brown on a new Rogers 960 organ includes the première of Milton Babbitt's "Manifold Music." (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St.) (Tickets at the door for all events. For further information, call 935-9696.)

Deep Strings—Cellist Eric Gaenslen and double-bassist Paul Harris perform duets by Rossini and Boccherini, among others. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 7 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Katya Grineva—The pianist offers an all-Chopin recital that includes the Barcarolle, six mazurkas, and the Scherzo No. 2. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. July 8 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Leo Sowerby Tribute—The American composer, a leading figure of mid-twentieth-century choral and organ music, is celebrated in a concert by organists Charles Callahan, Lorenz Maycher, Ronald Stalford, and William Watkins; soprano Jenny Stewart; mezzo-soprano Gwendolyn Jones; bass Bruce Baumer; and pianist Gail Quillman. (First Church of Christ, Scientist, 1 W. 96th St. July 8 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mostly Mozart—The festival takes a new shape for its thirtieth season, curtailed and divided into a pair of two-week spans separated by Lincoln Center's new summer festival. Other than that, you should expect nothing new from Mostly Mozart; its programmers seem intent on demonstrating just how ultra-conservative they can be. The festival opens with Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel's Concerto for Six Trumpets, as well as in Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola (with Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman) and Symphony No. 41 (the "Jupiter"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. July 9-10 at 8.)



GOVERNORS ISLAND: *The onetime private island of Britain's royal governors now feels a lot like a Midwestern campus. Until recently, about five thousand people (mostly Coast Guard personnel and their families) lived there amid the accoutrements of suburbia—golf course, movie theatre, Burger King—and three forts, none of which saw any action. On August 31, the island closes, and what happens after that is anybody's guess. Big Onion's Independence Day tour may be your last chance to check out the island's spectacular view of lower Manhattan before George Steinbrenner gets any bright ideas. (July 4 at 1. 439-1090.)*

BEN KATCHOR

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—July 3 at 8:30: Mezzo-soprano Joan Morris and pianist William Bolcom present an all-American program, including works by Berlin, Gershwin, Porter, Ives, and Mr. Bolcom. . . . ¶ July 4 at 7:30: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ July 5 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms" (with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus), as well as two works spotlighting cellist Yo-Yo Ma: "Three Meditations" from Bernstein's "Mass" and Dvořák's Cello Concerto. . . . ¶ July 6 at 8:30: André Previn leads Mozart's Symphony No. 29 and doubles as pianist in the composer's concert aria "Ch'io mi scordi di te." Mahler's Symphony No. 4 completes the program. The evening's mezzo-soprano is Frederica von Stade. . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: The Boston Symphony offers a Scandinavian program that comprises Nielsen's "Aladdin" Suite, Grieg's Piano Concerto (with Garrick Ohlsson), and Sibelius's Symphony No. 2. Neeme Järvi conducts. . . . ¶ July 9 at 8:30: Keith Lockhart leads the Boston Pops Orchestra. (Lenox, Mass. 1-413 637-5165.)

Caramoor—July 4 at 5:30: The festival celebrates Independence Day by presenting chanteuse Andrea Marcovicci in a program of love songs from the Second World War years. . . . ¶ July 5 at 8: The Bachmann-Klibonoff-Fridman Trio offers piano trios by Beethoven (the "Ghost"), Ravel, and Brahms (his Third, in C Minor). . . . ¶ July 6 at 8:30: The Orchestra of St. Luke's performs sinfonias, concertos, and arias by Vivaldi, with soprano Christine Brandes. . . . **NOTE:** The commedia dell'arte troupe I Giullari di Piazza will set the Venetian scene as they cavort about Caramoor's gardens from 5 until concert time. . . . ¶ July 7: The received opinion that Haydn was the father of the string quartet is at least partly true; though the genre may trace its genealogy to such earlier musical types as the Mannheim string trio, Haydn does seem to have lit upon the grouping of two violins, viola, and cello in the Burgenland sometime in the seventeen-fifties. In the end, the fact that he fathered the genre is less remarkable than how well he parented it: for nearly half a century, he raised it from its infancy to its exquisitely expressive maturity. It's hard to agree on how many string quartets Haydn wrote, since eighteenth-century genres are prone to overlap, and since the authorship of his early works is seriously open to question; at least listeners now realize that he penned many more than the "Thirty Famous Quartets" that made up the standard edition for generations. The Angeles String Quartet is currently engaged in a five-year recording project that will include sixty-eight Haydn quartets—or, as the ensemble puts it, "all sixty-eight," although you will have no trouble finding authorities who place the number as high as eighty-three. In a daylong Haydn celebration, the group will perform six of them, written between about 1760 and 1799. At 2: The Quartets in D Minor (Op. 9, No. 4), B-Flat Major (Op. 55, No. 3), and C Major (Op. 64, No. 1). . . . At 4: A conversation with the musicians and other panelists. . . . At 5:30: The Quartet in A Major (Op. 2, No. 1) and two in F Major (Op. 17, No. 2 and Op. 77, No. 2). (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

Glimmerglass Opera—Opening performances of the season, which continues through August 26. July 5 at 8 and July 7 at 2: "Lizzie Borden," Jack Beeson's 1965 work of latter-day verismo. . . . ¶ July 6 at 8 and July 8 at 2: "Don Pasquale." (Cooperstown, N.Y. 1-607 547-2255.)

Opera Festival of New Jersey—July 5 at 8 and July 7 at 2: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ July 6 at 8 and July 9 at 2: "Così Fan Tutte." (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. 1-609 936-1500.)

Maverick Concerts—The Blair String Quartet offers a pair of performances. July 6 at 11 A.M.: A program geared to young listeners. . . . ¶ July 7 at 3: A concert that includes Beethoven's G-Major Quartet (Op. 18, No. 2) and Brahms's Clarinet Quintet (with James Campbell assisting). (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217.)

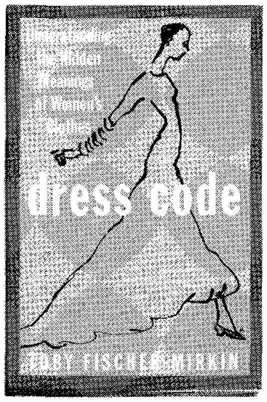
Music Mountain—July 6 at 8: The Blair String Quartet offers movements from masterworks by eight composers; James Campbell assists the foursome in Brahms's Clarinet Quintet. . . . ¶ July 7 at 3: The St. Petersburg String Quartet plays Borodin's Quartet No. 2, Shostakovich's Quartet No. 13, and (with Justin Blasdale) Brahms's G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Falls Village, Conn. For information, call 1-860 824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

By the Dawn's Early Light—July 4 at 2 A.M.: Real-estate lawyer and nocturnal historian Warren Shaw leads a candlelight tour of Revolutionary Manhattan, circa 1776, which will include a stop at the site of the war's first battle (on Golden's Hill, near Maiden Lane). (For more information, call the 92nd Street Y at 996-1100.) . . . ¶ July 4 at 10 A.M.: Actors and reënactors at Historic Richmond Town celebrate Independence Day in nineteenth-century surroundings with public speechifying and pie-baking contests (last year's winners: a strawberry-mulberry and a Colonial chocolate-walnut). And, to top it off, there's interbellum ice cream (vanilla, churned with heavy cream). (441 Clark Ave., Staten Island. For more information, call 1-718 351-1611.) . . . ¶ July 4 at 9:20 P.M.: WPLJ FM–95.5 presents "Meeting the Challenge," which will be broadcast simultaneously with the fireworks show over the East River. Pyrotechnical musical selections from Francis Scott Key (his one hit, sung by Whitney Houston), various Johns (Philip Sousa and Tesh), and Marvin Hamlisch, among others, set the pace for the explosions of silver-laced tiger tails, strobe shells, golden Kamuros, and titanium salutes in the East River sky. Agoraphiles will find the best viewing along the southbound lanes of the F.D.R. Drive, from 14th to 42nd Streets.

Readings—July 5 at 8: Poets Dereck (Infinite Analysis) Jenniere, Youphoria-Life, Mehes The Naked I, Deshawn Ward-Maxwell, and other members of the Social Outcasts read from (or sing, or present, as appropriate) their work. (Downtown Art at Judson Church, 241 Thompson St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 8 at 8: Susan Straight reads from her recent novel, "The Gettin Place." (Barnes & Noble, Broadway and 82nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 8 at 8:30: E. Annie Proulx ("The Accordion Crimes") and Richard Ford ("Independence Day") read from their work. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

What do your clothes say about you?



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THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Independence Day—Will Smith, Bill Pullman, and Jeff Goldblum save the world from invading aliens in a thriller directed by Roland Emmerich, who co-wrote the screenplay with Dean Devlin. Opening July 3. (Chelsea Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th St. East, Village East Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

Phenomenon—John Travolta is a small-town auto mechanic who suddenly develops the intelligence of a genius. With Kyra Sedgwick, Forest Whitaker, and Robert Duvall. Directed by Jon Turteltaub. Written by Gerald DiPego. Opening July 3. (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Guild, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Who Killed Pasolini?—Writer-director Marco Tullio Giordana's drama about the murder of the Italian filmmaker, in 1976. In Italian. Opening July 3. (Film Forum.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 26.)

The Cable Guy—Jim Carrey stars in Ben Stiller's black comedy about an over-friendly cable-TV technician. With Matthew Broderick, Leslie Mann, and George Segal. Written by Lou Holtz, Jr. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's eccentric rural comedy is based on a 1932 novel by Stella Gibbons. The bright, sophisticated young heroine, Flora Poste (Kate Beckinsale), goes to live with obscure relatives in Sussex, and, appalled by their ignorance and their dour inertia, sets out to change their stubborn ways; she's Jeeves in skirts, subverting the blind workings of Fate to her own ends. Beckinsale keeps her composure while veteran character actors—Eileen Atkins, Sheila Burrell, Stephen Fry, Freddie Jones, Joanna Lumley, and Ian McKellen—attempt to dazzle her, and us, with their virtuosity. Schlesinger, working from a script by Malcolm Bradbury, maintains a steady rhythm and a light, cheerful mood.—T.R. (5/13/96) (First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Regency.)

Dragonheart—Industrial Light & Magic's latest stunning computer creation is a fire-breathing dragon, but Rob Cohen's film fails to capitalize on its twenty-million-dollar investment. Initially, the dragon slayer (Dennis Quaid) teams up with the dragon (voiced by Sean Connery) to rook unsuspecting townsfolk by faking the monster's killing, but this playful opening is a cheat: the story quickly turns its attention to an evil king (David Thewlis) and a people who must be freed. Cohen's pacing and direction are strong, but the cheerless script gives the dragon fewer and fewer opportunities for fun, and the movie dies a "Braveheart" death.—B.D. (First & 62nd Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Waverly.)

Eraser—Arnold Schwarzenegger and Vanessa Williams play the guardian and the guarded, respectively, in Charles Russell's action film about the Federal Witness Protection Program. With James Caan, James Coburn, and Robert Pastorelli. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Fargo—Everybody in Joel and Ethan Coen's movie talks with painful slowness, as if the icy Minnesota air were freezing their chops; the resulting mood is lugubrious and oddly winning. The story, about a hopeless businessman (William H. Macy) who hires a couple of crooks (Peter Stormare and Steve Buscemi) to kidnap his wife, offers the usual Coen compound of random daftness and concentrated violence. Frances McDormand has a high old time as the police chief of the town of Brainerd; decent and unhurried (her character is seven months pregnant), she brings order to the weirdness and warms it up.—A.L. (3/25/96) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Quad Cinema, 62nd & Broadway, and 23rd St. West Triplex.)

Flirting with Disaster—David O. Russell's farcical road movie sets a thirtyish New Yorker (Ben Stiller), adopted as a small child, on a cross-country search for his biological parents, accompanied by his wife (Patricia Arquette) and an adoption-agency official (Téa Leoni). Despite some expert performances—by George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore as the adoptive parents (nervous urban kvetches), and Alan Alda and Lily Tomlin as the biological ones (devious ex-hippies)—the picture remains as confused as its hero; unlike him, it never does find its identity.—T.R. (4/15/96) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Heavy—The hero of James Mangold's low-budget independent film is a fat, balding, terribly shy man named Victor (Pruitt Taylor Vince), who makes pizzas at an upstate New York roadhouse owned by his mother (Shelley Winters). In a more conventional picture the sight of a middle-aged sad sack living with Shelley Winters would be enough to send viewers sprinting for the exits, but Mangold (who also wrote the script) establishes a mood that dispels the possibility of either pathos or hysteria. He's alert to the lived-in beauties of the upstate landscape, and his images have a restrained, laconic lyricism that captures both the romantic lushness and the gray loneliness of the setting. This is a little-people movie that's modest in the right way: it's less interested in striking attitudes toward its disappointed characters than in simply observing the texture of life in their particular nowhere. Also with Liv Tyler, Deborah Harry, and Evan Dando. Cinematography by Michael Barrow.—T.R. (6/17/96) (Film Forum.)

The Horseman on the Roof—Jean-Paul Rappeneau's costume picture stars Olivier Martinez as Angelo, an Italian on the run in the Provence of the eighteen-thirties. The grand plot turns on a cholera outbreak; Angelo has to rush from one disaster area to the next, doing good works while trying to evade the dastardly Austrians pursuing him. Finally he descends from a roof into the house of a woman so pale, mysterious, and desirable that she can, under French law, be played only by Juliette Binoche. The actress does a fine job, but the fact that the suffering couple are doomed never to consummate their passion—she's looking for her *husband*, of all people—says it all about the movie's weak nerve. In French.—A.L. (6/10/96) (Quad Cinema.)

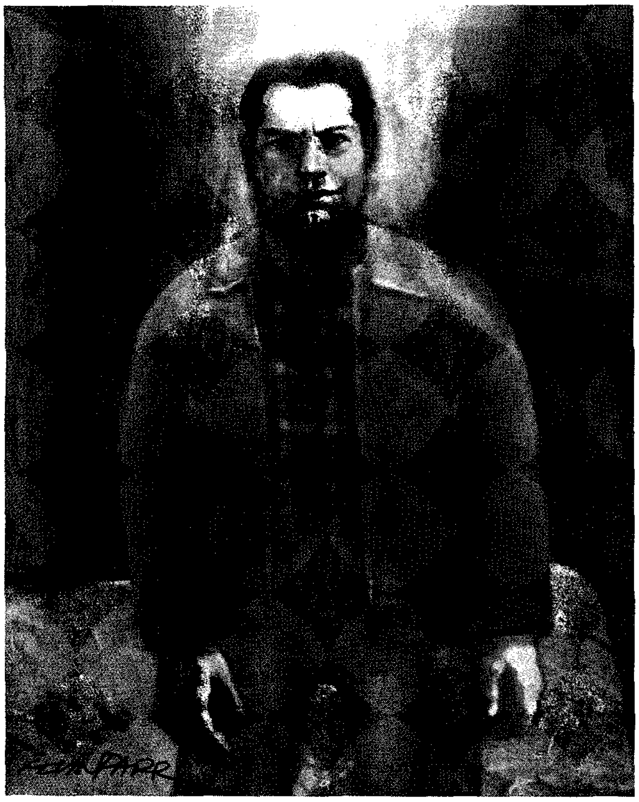
The Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated musical version of Victor Hugo's novel, with voices by Tom Hulce, Demi Moore, Kevin Kline, and Jason Alexander. Directed by Kirk Wise and Gary Trousdale. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema II, Cinema 3rd Avenue, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Village Theatre VII.)

I Shot Andy Warhol—The story of Valerie Solanas (Lili Taylor), the deranged woman who, in 1968, ambushed Warhol at the Factory and nearly killed him. The director, Mary Harron, tries to depict Solanas as a complex, tragicomic figure, but the protagonist can't bear the weight that the film puts on her, and Taylor's monotonous performance doesn't do much to lighten the load. The languid-hysterical Factory atmosphere feels accurate, though, and so does Jared Harris's witty portrayal of Warhol. Also with Stephen Dorff (as Candy Darling), Michael Imperioli (Ondine), and Donovan Leitch (Gerard Malanga).—T.R. (5/13/96) (Angelika Film Center.)

Lone Star—Writer-director John Sayles's multigenerational drama about life along the Texas-Mexico border, starring Chris Cooper, Elizabeth Peña, Kris Kristofferson, and Matthew McConaughey. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 68th St. Playhouse.)

The Low Life—A black comedy that centers on an aspiring writer (Rory Cochrane) and his friends in Los Angeles, directed by George Hickenlooper. (Quad Cinema.)

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Absolutely not. Sönke Wortmann tries to bring Hollywood lightness to German film in this comedy about a philanderer named Axel who gets kicked out by his girlfriend and ends up crashing with a gay man, and the result combines Neil Simon's corniest plotting and Billy Wilder's cheapest cynicism, without either one's gift for a gag. The rather obvious contemporary twist is that it's the gorgeous, blond Axel (Til Schweiger), and not a woman, who becomes everyone's love object, but once this is established Wortmann doesn't have much to say. The heterosexuals are selfish and uninteresting, and most of the gays are hysterical hams. The only likable character is the lonely gay man (Joachim Krol) who takes Axel in; with his superior acting Krol suggests that there's a new category of people—decent gay men—for straight hunks to prey on. In German—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)



KEVIN PARR

Opening July 3, John Travolta in "Phenomenon."

Mission: Impossible—This action blockbuster's obvious selling points are nostalgia for the long-running TV series and the presence of a big star, Tom Cruise, but the real star here is the director, Brian De Palma. His elegant, baroque, multilayered style is so perfectly suited to the material that even the most blatant commercial strategies of David Koepp and Robert Towne's screenplay somehow wind up playing to his strengths. Also with Jon Voight, Emmanuelle Béart, Ving Rhames, and Vanessa Redgrave.—T.R. (6/3/96) (Astor Plaza, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Moll Flanders—Robin Wright is the eighteenth-century Londoner in an epic written and directed by Pen Densham, based on the novel by Defoe. With Morgan Freeman, Stockard Channing, John Lynch, and Brenda Fricker. (First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Waverly.)

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—The latest demonstration of Parisian decorum from the French director Claude Sautet. Nelly (Emmanuelle Béart) leaves her marriage and goes to work for Arnaud (Michel Serrault), a former judge who is writing his memoirs. The two tiptoe toward love, then pull back. The movie is played (as you would expect) with watchful finesse, particularly by the morose and sardonic Serrault, but you sometimes long for a little wildness; Béart's character should be driving men crazy, but what does she do? She *interests* them. In French.—A.L. (4/22/96) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Nutty Professor—Eddie Murphy and Jada Pinkett star in Tom Shadyac's remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis comedy. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Art Greenwich Twin, Baronet, Coronet, Lincoln Square, National Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and 34th Street Showplace.)

The Phantom—An attempt to revive the Saturday-matinée comic-book serial—but Simon Wincer's direction lacks the thrill of the earlier cliffhangers, even with the aid of an "Indiana Jones" alumnus, scriptwriter Jeffrey Boam. It's too bad, because this well-produced adventure has handsome thirties styling, the simplified plot of a good children's film, and some nifty tongue-in-cheek acting: Billy Zane gives a winning, heroic performance as the hunk in purple tights, while Treat Williams hams up his villain's role with arch humor and dash. The picture is light entertainment that will look fine on videocassette, but the enterprise could have been really successful if Wincer had established an exciting rhythm. The energy is there, but the movie never takes off.—B.D. (First & 62nd Cinemas, State, and Waverly.)

The Postman—Antonio Skármeta's bittersweet 1985 novel, "Burning Patience," on which this movie is loosely based, told the story of Mario, a lonely postman who delivers mail to Pablo Neruda on Isla Negra, the corner of Chile where the poet spent much of his later life. In Michael Radford's lovely but sanitized version, the action has been moved to picturesque Italy. As Neruda, the great Philippe Noiret somehow conquers being dubbed in Spanish-accented Italian; as Mario, the late Italian comedian Massimo Troisi is painfully affecting. In Italian.—S.K. (Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

The Rock—In Michael Bay's long, sadistic, and

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aggressively stupid action movie, Sean Connery and Nicolas Cage break into Alcatraz to dislodge a group of terrorists—commanded by Ed Harris—who have occupied the island and have aimed missiles filled with deadly nerve gas at San Francisco. The picture, which was produced by Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, is designed to provide non-stop mindless fun, like a "Die Hard" movie, but Bay's manic, rhythmless direction turns the action sequences into incoherent spasms of violence. And there's not much pleasure in watching three resourceful actors doing time in a Simpson-Bruckheimer production; by the end, they all look like broken men.—T.R. (6/17/96) (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 2, Embassy 3, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's new picture is set in the Tuscan countryside outside Siena, which the director rescues from lingering prettiness with some startling, impatient editing. Liv Tyler plays the teen-age heroine, Lucy, who comes to a villa full of languid expatriates—among them a sculptor (Donal McCann) and a dying playwright (Jeremy Irons)—where she will lose her virginity and find out who her real father is. Neither of these events is surprising, let alone gripping, and the film slowly dwindles into a record of the rich at play—poolside Henry James. The screenplay, brittle and precious, is by Bertolucci and Susan Minot.—A.L. (6/10/96) (Angelika Film Center, Beekman, and Lincoln Square.)

Striptease—A comedy in which Demi Moore plays a divorced Miami mother who needs funds to regain custody of her daughter (Rumer Willis) and turns to topless dancing to earn them. Directed by Andrew Bergman. (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Twister—Another hectic thriller from Jan De Bont, who had a runaway hit with "Speed." The new movie is, if possible, even more content-free; all you get is a bunch of terrifying tornadoes, pursued with glee by a married pair of professional storm chasers, Bill (Bill Paxton) and Jo (Helen Hunt). These two are supposed to be getting a divorce, but you don't really care what happens to them, or to the unfortunate Melissa (Jami Gertz), who aims to take Jo's place—you're too busy having your mind blown by the houses, cars, and cows tumbling across the skies.—A.L. (5/20/96) (Criterion Center, Gemini, and Lincoln Square.)

Vive l'Amour—An interesting film—with both the promise and the limitations that that word implies. The backdrop is Taipei, an overbuilt, arid hive of glass and steel, in which the three main characters hold down heavily symbolic jobs: May (Yang Kuei-Mei) sells real estate, Ah-Jung (Chen Chao-Jung) is a transient street vendor, and Hsiao-Kang (Lee Kang-Sheng) sells drawer space in a crematorium. The plot, to the extent that there is one, begins when May accidently leaves the keys in the door of a large, unoccupied apartment that she's trying to sell, and Ah-Jung and Hsiao-Kang independently sneak in. Occasionally they run into each other, but this is a movie about anomie and solitude, so most of the time they're alone—taking baths, turning cartwheels, contemplating suicide, and masturbating. The memorable and often funny images begin, after a while, to seem voyeuristic and cruel. Written and directed by Tsai Ming-Liang—who betrays the film's latent self-importance by ending it with his signature in the lower-right-hand corner. In Mandarin.—S.K. (Angelika 57 and Quad Cinema.)

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's low-budget independent movie pitilessly chronicles the indignities visited on an unpopular seventh grader by her vicious classmates and her grotesque family. The picture wallows in the details of her daily persecution without ever quite settling on a coherent attitude toward it. As the film grinds on, it grows steadily nastier and more hysterical: in one scene near the end, the filmmaker actually ridicules a mother's grief at the kidnapping of her youngest child.—T.R. (5/27/96) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

ACROSS THE SEA OF TIME: Lincoln Square. . . . **ANGELS & INSECTS** (reviewed in our issue of 1/29/96): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **ANTONIA'S LINE:** Cinema 3 and Quad Cinema. . . . **CITY HALL** (2/19/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE CRAFT:** Criterion Center. . . . **DEAD MAN:** 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **DEAD MAN WALKING** (1/8/96): Manhattan Twin. . . . **EDDIE:** Embassy 4 and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **EXECUTIVE DECISION:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FEAR:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FLIPPER:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MIGHTY APHRODITE** (10/30/95): 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **ONCE UPON A TIME . . . WHEN WE WERE COLORED:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE QUEST:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **RUMBLE IN THE BRONX:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **A THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE:** Criterion Center. . . . **TOY STORY:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **THE TRUTH ABOUT CATS AND DOGS:** First & 62nd Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

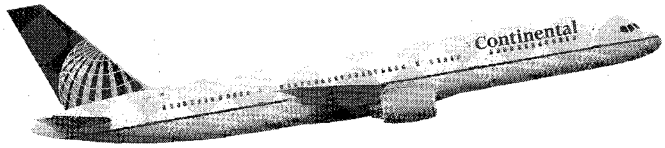
The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter.—P.K. (Bryant Park; July 8.)

The Candidate (1972)—A liberal California senatorial contender (Robert Redford) allows his handlers to dilute his message in their attempt to unseat the conservative incumbent (Don Porter). The director, Michael Ritchie (once a television coach for a real-life senatorial candidate) captures "buzz" and "spin" years before the terms were coined or the concepts defined. His technique has savvy and sparkle, and the actors—including Redford, Peter Boyle as his campaign manager, Allen Garfield as his media expert, and Melvyn Douglas as his ex-governor father—are masters of sharp, knowing suggestion. Wonderful in its details, the script by Jeremy Larner (author of "Nobody Knows," a memoir of Eugene McCarthy's Presidential campaign) errs in making the hero a charismatic yet unformed enigma. The resolution, or lack of it, is overly flip and easy. But the film's cynicism about TV-age politics has worn all too well.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; July 3-4.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts, with on the one side the intuitive, lyric understanding between the two children and on the other the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without this element of gross caricature, we might dissolve in tears. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 7-8.)

I Walked with a Zombie (1943)—The producer, Val Lewton, specialized in economical and literate (if sometimes stilted and pretentious) horror movies; this enveloping mood piece about love, revenge, and voodoo shows off his team in peak form. A riff on "Jane Eyre" which prefigures "Wide Sargasso Sea," it stars Frances Dee as a Canadian nurse who takes a job tending the ambulatory, mentally dead wife (Christine Gordon) of a West Indian plantation owner (Tom Conway). Lewton's screenwriters, Curt Siodmak and Ardel Wray, knew how to make the occult and the psychological converge, while the director, Jacques Tourneur (a master at orchestrating shadowy forms), gave the supernatural a poetic elegance. With James Ellison as Conway's drunken half brother, Edith Barrett as the half brothers' mother, and Sir Lancelot as the calypso singer who serves as Greek chorus.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; July 5 and July 7.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler shot, directed, wrote, and co-produced this staggeringly ambitious, Godardian blend of fact and fiction about the disillusionment of a TV cameraman (Robert Forster) and his involvement



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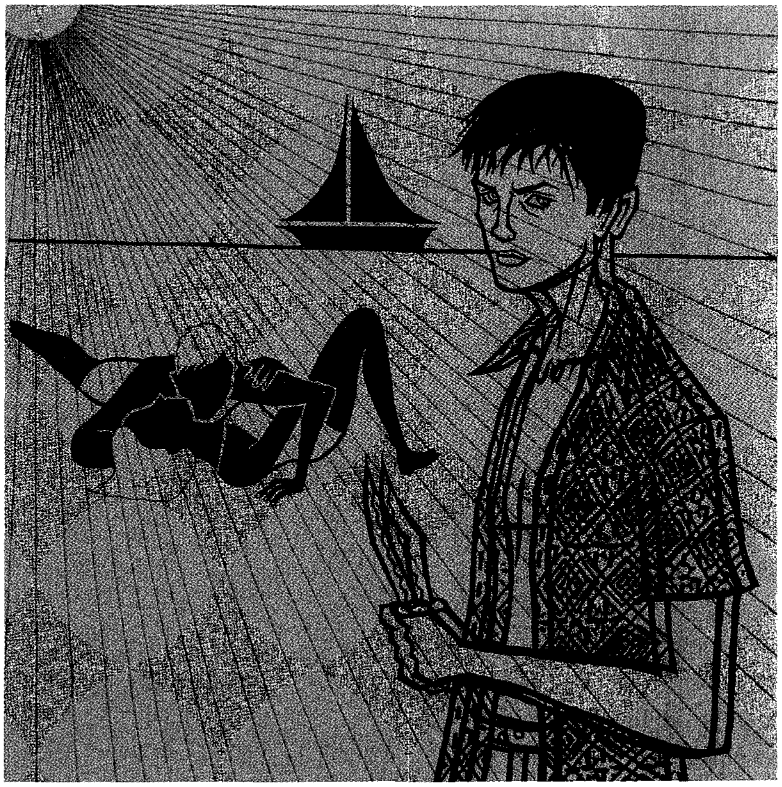
with a transplanted Appalachian mother and son (Verna Bloom and Harold Blankenship) before and during the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Although the characters are skimpily developed, Wexler has an uncanny talent for analyzing actual events visually, on the run, with maximum limpidity. No one employed the freewheeling camera style of the sixties to greater effect. In the most emblematic sequence, the riot squads shoot tear gas at the protesters outside the Convention as a voice exclaims, "Look out, Haskell, it's real!"—M.S. (Film Forum 2; July 3-4.)

Phantom of the Opera (1943)—Someone at Universal had the brainstorm of redoing the 1925 silent Lon Chaney horror picture and taking advantage of the fact that it was set in an opera house to make it not only a sound picture but a high-toned musical. The result is this flaccid, sedate version, directed by Arthur Lubin, with Claude Rains as the faceless horror and Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster as the singing pretty people. Even masked, Rains is more expressive than they are; they seem too polite, too nice to show a trace of personality. But there's something in the morbid kitschy material that really hooks people, and there was a surprisingly scared, enthusiastic response to this bummer.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 5 and July 7.)



At the Paris, Alain Delon in René Clément's "Purple Noon."

HIROSHI TANABE

Purple Noon (1960)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. When Delon tries on Ronet's clothes, it's clear that they look better on him. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. All it has going for it is this sensuous, kicky atmosphere; you feel as if you're breathing something beautiful and rotten. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girlfriend. Adapted from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley." Cinematography by Henri Decaë; music by Nino Rota. In French.—P.K. (Paris.)

La Symphonie Pastorale (1946)—André Gide supervised this too little known version of his early, subtly disquieting novel. The director Jean Delannoy is, as usual, careful and literal, and this time his sensitivity enables Pierre Blanchar and Michèle Morgan to give perhaps their most memorable performances; the film itself is emotionally overwhelming. Blanchar plays a Swiss pastor who finds an ignorant, neglected blind girl (Morgan) and teaches her to live without sight. The pastor's passion for the blind girl destroys his wife and family, and when the girl gains her sight she realizes the damage she has caused and becomes tormented and withdrawn. The film is about the spiritual and psychological blindness that people cannot overcome. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 3-4.)

Words and Music (1948)—Double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers are just fine. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Lena Horne, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Norman Taurog directed. The roughly two dozen Rodgers and Hart songs include "Where or When," "There's a Small Hotel," and "This Can't Be Love."—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 4 and July 8.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Films made in Hollywood between 1969 and 1975. July 3-4: "Medium Cool" (†) and "The Candidate" (†). . . . July 5-6: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese) and "Super Fly" (1972, Gordon Parks, Jr.). . . . July 7: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971, Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. . . . July 8: "Kid Blue" (1972, James Frawley) and "Dirty Little Billy" (1972, Stan Dragoti), with Michael J. Pollard. . . . July 9: "Glen and Randa" (1971, Jim McBride) and "Putney Swope" (1969, Robert Downey).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363)—From July 5: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (1971, Monte Hellman), with Warren Oates and James Taylor.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A showing of films from the museum's Martin Scorsese Collection. July 4 at 2:30 and July 8 at 6: "Words and Music" (†). . . . July 4 at 6 and July 9 at 2:30: "Lady in the Dark" (1944, Mitchell Leisen), with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. . . . July 4 at 8 and July 8 at 2:30: "Blue Skies" (1946, Stuart Heisler), with Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby. . . . July 5 at 2:30: "The Fall of the Roman Empire" (1964, Anthony Mann). . . . July 5 at 6 and July 7 at 3: "The Phantom of the Opera" (†). . . . July 5 at 8 and July 7 at 5: "I Walked with a Zombie" (†). . . . July 6 at 2: "Pursued" (1947, Raoul Walsh), with Teresa Wright and Robert Mitchum. . . . July 6 at 5: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker. . . . July 7 at 1 and July 9 at 6: "Isle of the Dead" (1945, Mark Robson), with Boris Karloff.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—A program of French films based on French novels, plays, or short stories. July 3 at 2 and 6:15 and July 4 at 4 and 8:15: "La Symphonie Pastorale" (†). . . . July 3 at 4:15 and 8:30 and July 4 at 2 and 6:15: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica. . . . July 5 at 2 and 6:15: "Léon Morin, Prêtre" (1961, Jean-Pierre Melville). . . . July 5 at 4:15 and 8:15: "Manon" (1949, Henri-Georges Clouzot). . . . July 6 at 4:15 and 7:45: "The Red and the Black" (1954, Claude Autant-Lara), with Gérard Philipe and Julien Sorel. . . . July 7 at 4:15 and 8:30 and July 8 at 4 and 8:15: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (1950, Robert Bresson). . . . July 7 at 6:30 and July 8 at 2 and 6:15: "Forbidden Games" (†). . . . July 9 at 2: "Madame Bovary" (1991, Claude Chabrol), with Isabelle Huppert. . . . July 9 at 4:15: "Le Plaisir" (1952, Ophuls). . . . ¶ Weekend showings for children. July 6-7 at 2: "Hans Christian Andersen" (1952, Charles Vidor), with Danny Kaye.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—July 6-7 at 2: "Monterey Pop" (1968, D. A. Pennebaker). . . . July 6-7 at 4: "Gimme Shelter" (1970, David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 9 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Betty Blue" (1986, Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French).

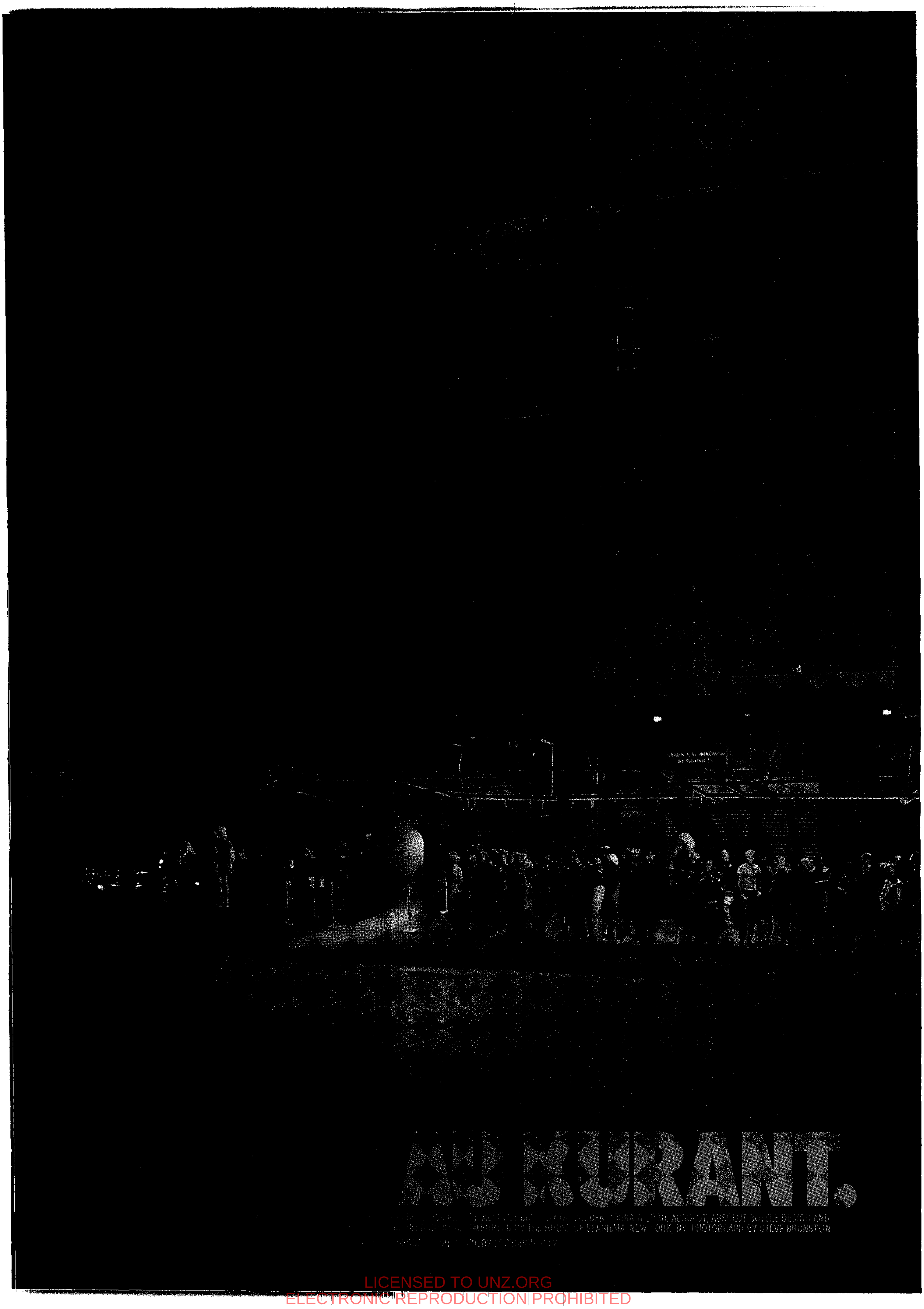
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—A series of Italian films. July 5 at 8: "Voyage to Italy" (1953, Roberto Rossellini). . . . July 6 at 2: "L'Amore" (1948, Rossellini). . . . July 6 at 7: "Europa 51" (1952, Rossellini). . . . July 6 at 9 and July 7 at 7: "Il Posto" (1961, Ermanno Olmi). . . . July 7 at 2 and 9: "The Fiancés" (1963, Olmi). . . . ¶ July 5 at 10: A program of short films by Saul Levine. . . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "Carriage Trade" (1972, Warren Sonbert).

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes, coming attractions, and newsreels. The feature on July 8 will be "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†). (Rain date is the following night.)

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On July 7 at 7, the feature will be "I'm No Angel" (1933, Wesley Ruggles), with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—A program of African films. July 3 at 3: "The Silence of the Palace" (1994, Moufida Tlatli; Tunisia). . . . July 9 at 3: "Faces of Women" (1985, Desiré Ecaré; Ivory Coast). . . . July 9 at 6:30: "I Am the Future" (1994, Godwin Mawuru; Zimbabwe).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"Karaoke" and "Cold Lazarus," the final works by writer Dennis Potter (1935-94), are being shown at the museum on a rotating basis. July 5 at 6 and July 6-7 at 2: "Karaoke" (1996, Renny Rye), with Albert Finney, Saffron Burrows, and Hywel Bennett.



AU KURANT.

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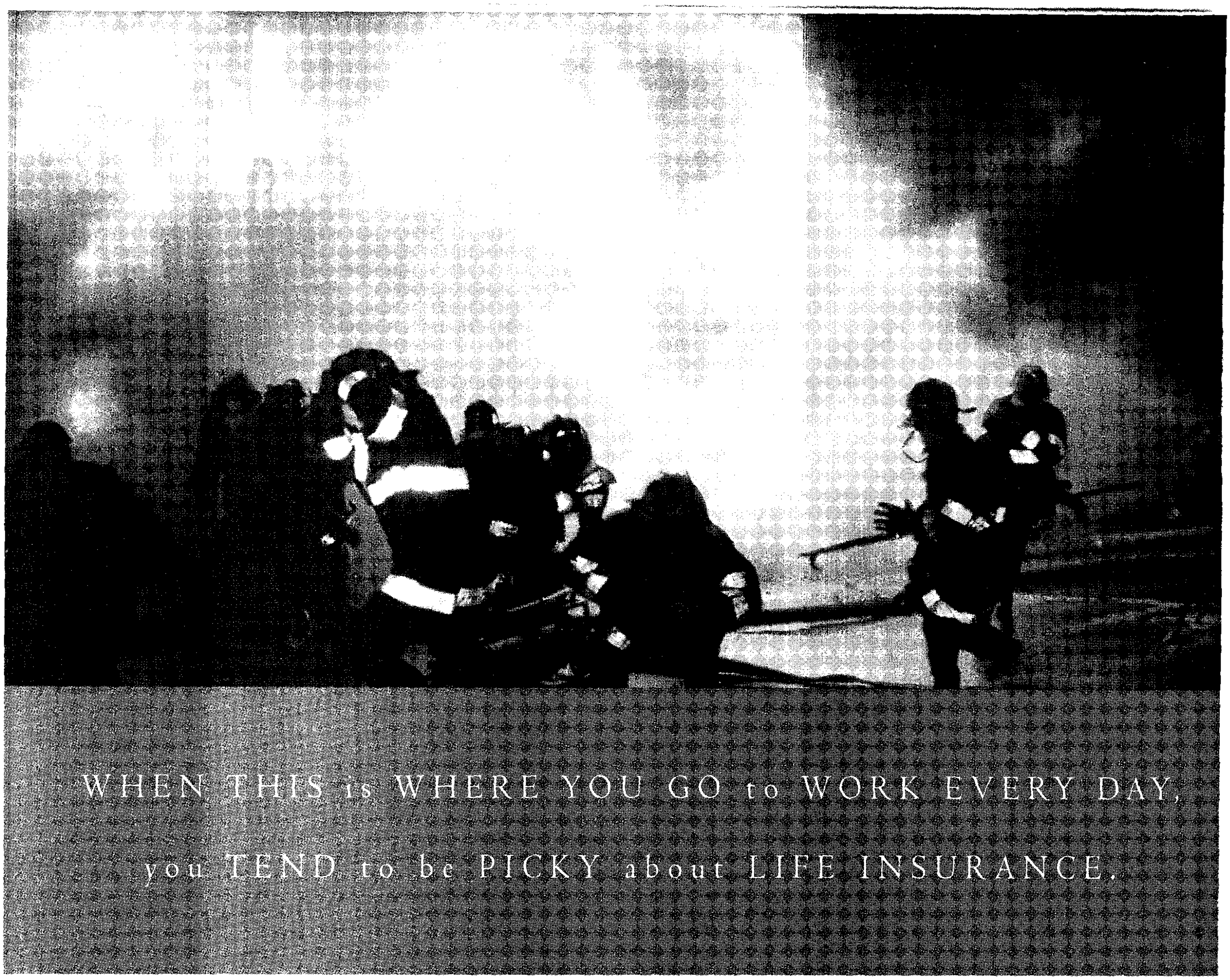
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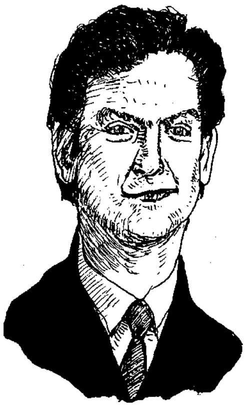
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

DID THE FEDS BREAK THE LAW?

By any reasonable standard, the White House scandal known as Filegate has managed to mutate with breathtaking speed: from "honest bureaucratic snafu" to "egregious violations of privacy" to point of Nixonian comparison to congressional circus, all in the space of a month. Now comes the next stage: a courtroom battle to decide whether the violations of privacy described so colorfully by the F.B.I.'s director, Louis J. Freeh, were not just egregious but illegal.



Marc Rotenberg

This week, in all likelihood, Marc Rotenberg, the thirty-six-year-old director of the nonprofit Electronic Privacy Information Center (EPIC), will file a lawsuit against the F.B.I. and the Justice Department. The suit will claim that, when Freeh's F.B.I. provided the Clinton White House with hundreds of sensitive background files on Reagan and Bush Administration aides, it violated the Privacy Act of 1974. Rotenberg's prospective client, an interne in the Bush White House, had initially come to him for help in obtaining her F.B.I. file, which she had been told could take years to get hold of. But Rotenberg set about persuading her that something larger was at stake. "Of course she should be allowed to see her file," Rotenberg said the other day in his office on Capitol Hill. "But what's really at issue, and what all these partisan accusations constantly obscure, is a narrower and, I think, more critical question: Did the government break the law?"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON

To Rotenberg, the answer seems fairly plain, and part of the same dismal pattern that has kept him so busy these past few years. With EPIC, which he founded in 1994, Rotenberg has come to occupy an emerging stretch of territory: the place where civil liberties and cyberspace come crashing together. On wiretapping, on encryption, and, most recently, on the Communications Decency Act, he has found himself at odds with an Administration that he had once thought promising but whose "instincts on a lot of these cutting-edge civil-liberties issues have turned out to be awful." Filegate may be low-tech, he says, but it is of a piece.

The case he hopes to make in court is straightforward. The Privacy Act holds that one government agency cannot give personal information to another without the individual's consent. Naturally, there are exceptions, most notably the one that the F.B.I. cited in its own internal report on Filegate: that information can be disclosed "for a use which is compatible with the purposes for which the information was originally collected." Yet, as Rotenberg argues, the problem with that claim "leaps up and hits you in the face. The reason you provide the information in these files—whether you've seen a psychiatrist, say—is to establish that you're not a security risk so that you can work in the White House. Fine. But now they say they can turn over this information to the *next* White House? Which isn't going to hire this person. Which may be trying to dig up dirt on them. We don't know what they're doing. All we do know is that there couldn't be a 'compatible purpose' for many of these people, because they're long gone from government."

Not surprisingly, Rotenberg's arguments are loudly echoed by many high-powered Republican lawyers whose files were requested, such as Arthur Culvahouse, Jr., Reagan's counsel and now the managing partner in the Washington office of O'Melveny & Myers. Indeed, in recent days, Republicans around the capital have been talking among themselves, in tones of outrage tinged with glee, about launching a class-action suit based on the Privacy Act.

It would, of course, be no small irony if Rotenberg and members of the G.O.P. establishment wound up sharing a plaintiff's table, considering that he is a lifelong Democrat who fondly remembers being taken by his parents to antiwar rallies led by Eugene McCarthy. While Republicans focus blame on the White House (which, for technical legal reasons, can't be sued under the act), Rotenberg finds ultimate fault with the F.B.I. "It was the F.B.I. that held the records, the F.B.I. that had the responsibility to the people whose data were collected, and the F.B.I. that disclosed the information anyway," he said, his clauses punctuated by the chime of a computer, signalling the arrival of new E-mail.

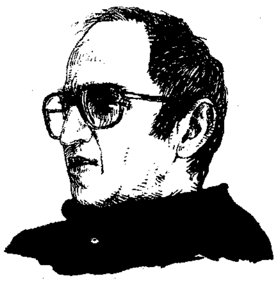
Rotenberg knows that the main political impact of a Filegate court case will fall not on the F.B.I. but on Bill Clinton. "The White House has become too close to the F.B.I.," he said. "The system works best when the two are at arm's length. But what's happened in the past few years is that a Democratic President has made great efforts to show support for law enforcement, to back the F.B.I., to bring the F.B.I. more into the

Party structure. This may be good politics, but it carries costs. And one of the costs may be that the F.B.I. starts to feel a certain coziness toward the White House, and so people drop their guard a bit.

"Whether the files case is a symptom of that, we're going to have to wait and see. When you go into litigation, it's like you're at the beginning of a maze. You never know what you're going to find when you come out the other side."

"MY JAW DROPPED"

Thomas Kuhn wrote "The Structure of Scientific Revolutions" in 1962, for a long-forgotten series of monographs called the International Encyclopaedia of Unified Science, which is ironic, in retrospect, because Kuhn's masterpiece did not really unify science at all. It broke it open, exposing the inner workings of human creativity and starting, along the way, a thousand arguments that not even Kuhn's death, two weeks ago, at seventy-three, will resolve.



Thomas Kuhn

Science, Kuhn wrote, was not about the logical and linear accumulation of knowledge, where the work of one generation builds on that of the last. It was, instead, "a series of peaceful interludes punctuated by intellectually violent revolutions." That this idea was intended to apply only to the natural sciences did not matter. It was so novel, so persuasive, and—upon the monograph's publication as a book, in 1970—so perfectly in the rebellious spirit of the times that it quickly became adopted as a kind of general theory of everything. Over the last thirty years, "The Structure of Scientific Revolutions" has sold a million copies, an astonishing number for a work of serious scholarship. "Paradigm," the word Kuhn used to describe the intellectual order that was overthrown during periods of revolution, entered the language entirely on his terms. Kuhn's idea applied to physics, but it also profoundly influenced—and irritated—sociology, history, philosophy, and economics. To find a book of analogous impact, one would have to go back to Voltaire's treatise on Newtonian physics—although as George Smith, a longtime friend of Kuhn's, who teaches philosophy at Tufts University, points out, the comparison is inexact. When it came to physics, Voltaire was in over his head; Kuhn, who had a doctorate in physics, most assuredly was not.

No one was more surprised—and occasionally dismayed—by the popularity of "Structure" than Kuhn himself. He spent much of his career defending his ideas against academic critics who argued, sometimes with justification, that he had overstated his case. Then there were those who claimed to see in Kuhn ideas that not even Kuhn himself saw. The cranks would send him scribbled, allegedly paradigmatic manuscripts, and the postmodernists used his book to suggest what he never believed: that his scientific paradigms were as faddish and ephemeral as trends in art. "I'm much fonder of my critics," he would often wearily concede, "than my fans." Later in life, Kuhn even tried to take back the word "paradigm," suggesting instead "exemplar." It was, of course, too late. "Paradigm" had become the paradigm.

But these are side issues. Kuhn will be remembered because he taught that the process of science was fundamentally human, that discoveries were the product not of some plodding, rational process but of human ingenuity intermingled with politics and personality—that science was, in the end, a *social* process. The AIDS and cancer activists who have transformed medical research in recent years are usually considered to have learned their lessons from the civil-rights movement. But that is only half right. They are also Kuhnians. More than that, Kuhn rescued our understanding of science from the philosophers, who had made the most wondrous of disciplines seem almost mechanical. Kuhn reminded us that science was exciting, that insight was born with passion and immediacy. "I gazed abstractedly out the window of my room," Kuhn wrote of the moment, in 1947, when while reading Aristotle he made his own great insight. "Suddenly the fragments in my head sorted themselves out in a new way, and fell into place together. My jaw dropped." Those who read "The Structure of Scientific Revolutions" felt the same way. —Malcolm Gladwell

THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET

George Clinton, the fifty-five-year-old Methuselah of funk, may be many things, but he's never inconspicuous. Well, almost never. One day not long ago, he stood on a ramp in the exceedingly touristy Sony Wonder Technology Lab, on Madison Avenue, his back facing a wall of television sets depicting images from TV history—J.F.K., Muhammad Ali, Mary Hartman. Clinton is almost six feet tall and has a spiky mop of red, yellow, green, pink, magenta, and black braids, yet somehow he managed to remain invisible to a school of straitlaced, J. Crewed, Connecticut preteens streaming past him. With a pair of assistants in tow, Clinton, who was wearing a navy sweatshirt that said "Funk," navigated his way upstream to the robotics exhibit. "I saw this robot the other day," he said, his deep, gravelly voice tinged with a bit of a smile, a lot of soul, and a pinch of smut. "Whatever you'd do, the robot would do. I'm thinking, Why don't you jerk off and see what the robot do?"

This week, Clinton will bring together the seemingly incompatible happenstances of being mature, loony, and employed (by 550 Music, a division of Sony) when, for the first time in twelve years, he lands his legendary Mothership in Central Park for a SummerStage Fourth of July concert. The Mothership, a giant spaceship that was first unveiled in 1976, was used in concerts by Clinton's groups Parliament and Funkadelic to advance the idea that we're all from another planet.

Moving into a quiet, darkened room dominated by a large, high-definition-television screen that showed undersea coral polyps releasing sperm to connect with eggs, Clinton spoke about the

Mothership. He believes that in 1977 it attracted the attention of higher authorities. He was driving his car along a Toronto highway with his longtime bassist Bootsy Collins when, he said, they saw a light burst out of the sky and beam down to the road a few miles ahead of them. He jokingly told Collins, "They comin' after us for the Mothership." A few minutes later, Clinton said, he turned off the highway, and the light shot down through the trees and landed about two blocks in front of him. "Johnny B. Goode" was on the radio, and when Clinton reached to turn it off the light struck the opposite side of the street. Before he could speak, it hit the hood of the car on the driver's side. "It was goldish-lookin', and beaded up like mercury out of a thermometer and boiled up like water and dribbled off the sides," he recalled. "*Something* happened to us.

"I know how fucked up it sounds," Clinton said earnestly. Then, making a conversational leap that may or may not have been abrupt, he went on, "Even if none of this shit that I'm talking about is shit, I got a legitimate gig for a while now. When you're fifty-five years old, you ain't supposed to be in the game. And with or without all the crazy shit, *I got a job*."

BUS WINDOW

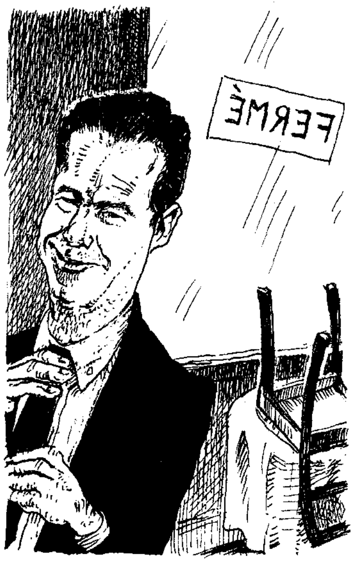
A family eats dinner,
Television on,
In a lone
Aluminum house.
The back porch is
Lit by a yellow
Bulb (keeps insects
Off the grill),
And a boy,
Jaundiced by the
Light, either pets
Or beats a brown dog:
It's hard to tell which,
Doing sixty.

—ANDREW POPE

THE LAST SUPPER

LAST Monday night, someone asked the bartender at Bouley what he would be doing now that the restaurant was closing. "Oh, all sorts of stuff," the bartender said, rattling a shaker of something-on-the-rocks. "For one thing, there will be a lot of sleeping going on." Someone asked the reservations manager the same thing: he's working on a play. The pastry chef is going to Europe to eat bread. The maître d' is going to work at Lespinasse. Another waiter is going camping in British Columbia with his mother. David Bouley, the chef, is going to taste food all over the world for a year and then come back and open a new Bouley food empire—formal restaurant, bakery, cooking school, café, nutrition center, and retail store—on Duane Street, in Tribeca. The patrons, who for nearly a decade have eaten at what many people consider the best restaurant in New York and will have to wait at least a year until David Bouley reopens, are going to . . . lose weight. Some patrons are in deep denial. Where will they go now? A smooth-haired man in a silky blue blazer: "To eat? I don't know! I'm in mourning! That's 'm-o-u-r-n-i-n-g,' not 'morning.' Tonight, I should have worn a black suit."

For the last supper at Bouley, the chef and his top staff have gathered the night's diners. A friend, an influential editor, an ambassador, Bianca Jagger, a chef who flew in from Oregon, a businessman who cut short a trip to Japan to come. The loyalest of the loyal customers. Big shots from the food world. One of the restaurant's fish suppliers: "Bouley was an important account—I guess we'll take our children out of private school." The feelings of the uninvited are probably hurt—after all, Bouley has many admirers but only twenty-nine tables. Altogether, only about two hundred people can have the farewell dinner of tomato terrine, South Carolina shrimp, Cape Cod squid, West Coast oysters, scuba-dived sea scallops, foie gras with lemon thyme, soft-shell crab in almond tempura, organic quail, sea bass with spicy baby-carrot juice, duck in a salt crust, hot chocolate soufflé, tiny cookies, and handmade chocolate mice.



David Bouley

Throughout the evening, the phone rings and rings. "Hello, this is Bouley. . . . Reservations are closed, sir. . . . Till next year, sir. . . . Yes, we look forward to seeing you then. Hello, Bouley. . . . We're closing, I'm afraid. . . . About eighteen months, sir. . . . No, we can't take reservations yet for the new restaurant. Hello, Bouley. . . . You'd like to reserve a table for this December? Unfortunately, we'll be closed. Hello, Bouley. . . . Yes, I'm afraid we're fully committed tonight, madam. . . . Yes, this *is* our last evening. . . . Tonight, yes. Hello, Bouley. . . . Yes, this is it, sir. The show is over, sir. We're closing as of today."

At eight, the dining room is clinking and clattering—cup against saucer, silver against china, Chanel cufflinks against wood. The *pop* of champagne. The rustle of waiters. At eight-thirty, a delivery guy comes in with a package. Chinese takeout? "Flowers for David," the maître d' says. "He got a lot of these today." A patron stops by the maître d's stand: "End of an era, isn't it? By the way, is that flower display for sale? I've always loved it." Near midnight, David Bouley wanders into the dining room, something he usually doesn't do. He looks a little like Dirk Bogarde—or how Dirk Bogarde would look if he had got up at 5 A.M., ridden his motorcycle for a while, and then cooked all day. "You deserve a break, David," someone says, waving a fork in an accidentally menacing way. "But just a little break. Please." Now, from the maître d's stand, there is a roar of greetings. "My God, I've talked to this guy once a week for ten years!" a customer is shouting, pumping the reservations manager's hand. "I never met him in real life until today!" ♦

"Did the Feds Break the Law?," John Heilemann; "The Brother from Another Planet," Touré; "The Last Supper," Susan Orlean.

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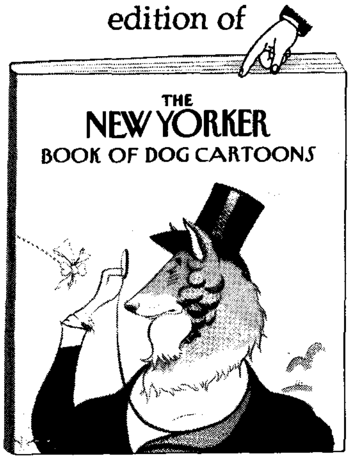

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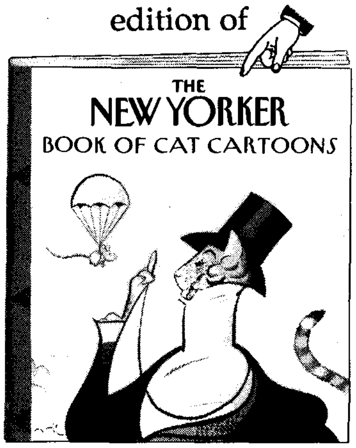

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

CONQUERING THE COMA

What does it take to save the life of a coma patient like the Central Park victim? Not a miracle, as her family and doctor explain.

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

On the afternoon of Tuesday, June 4th, a young woman was taken by ambulance from Central Park to New York Hospital, on the Upper East Side. When she arrived in the emergency room, around four o'clock, she was in a coma, and she had no identification. Her head was, in the words of one physician, "the size of a pumpkin." She was bleeding from her nose and her left ear. Her right eye was swollen shut, and the bones above the eye were broken and covered by a black-and-blue bruise.

Within minutes, she was put on a ventilator and then given X-rays and a CAT scan. A small hole was drilled in her skull and a slender silicone catheter inserted, to drain cerebral spinal fluid and relieve the pressure steadily building in her brain. At midnight, after that pressure had risen precipitously, a neurosurgeon removed a blood clot from her right frontal cortex. A few hours later, Urgent Four—as the trauma-unit staff named her, because she was the fourth unidentified trauma patient in the hospital at that time—was wheeled from the operating room to an intensive-care bed overlooking the East River. She had staples in her scalp from the operation, and her chest and arms and fingers were hooked up, via a maze of intravenous lines and cables, to monitors registering heart rate, arterial blood pressure, and blood-oxygen saturation. She had special inflatable cuffs on her legs to prevent the formation of blood clots, and splints on her ankles, since coma patients tend to point their toes. Four days later, after she was identified and her parents and her two sisters arrived at her bedside, one of the first things the family did was to put two large pictures of her on the wall above her bed—one of her holding her niece, and the other of her laughing and leaning through a doorway—just so people would know what she really looked like.

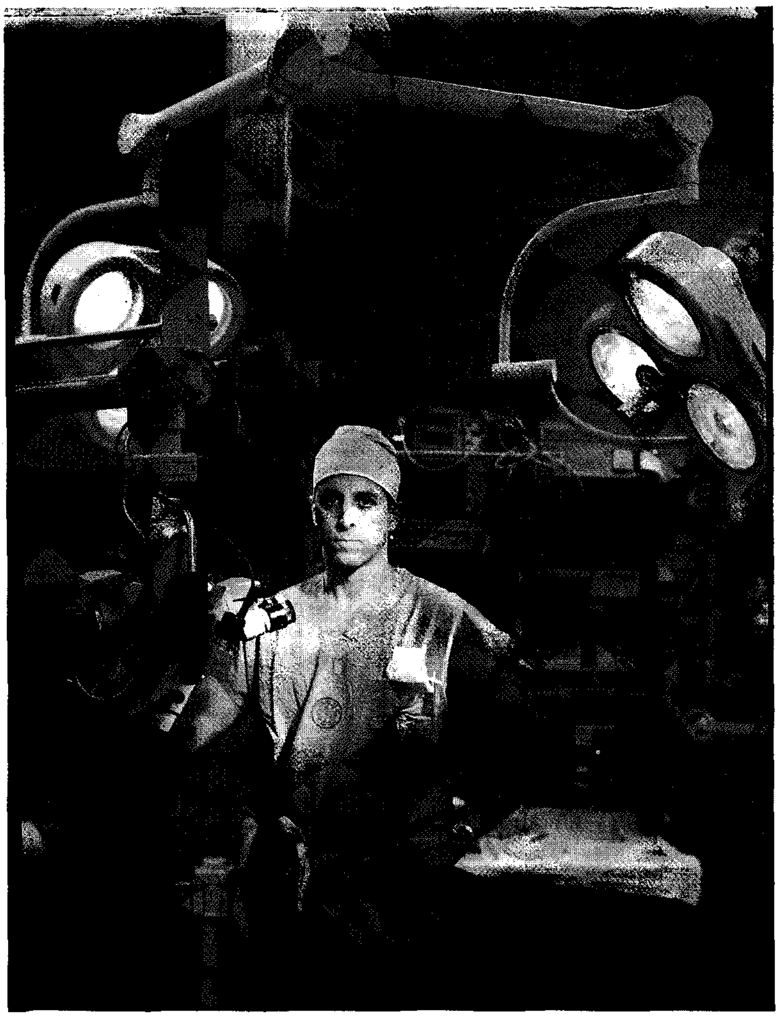
Urgent Four—or the Central Park victim, as she became known during the spate of media attention that surrounded her case—came close to dying on two occasions. Each time, she fought back. On Wednesday, June 12th, eight days after entering the hospital, she opened one blue eye. The mayor of New York, Rudolph Giuliani, was paying one of his daily visits to her room at the time, and she looked directly at him. Several days later, she began tracking people with her one good eye as they came in and out of her room. She began to frown and smile. On June 19th, the neurosurgeon supervising her care leaned over her bed, pinched her to get her attention, and asked, "Can you open your mouth?" She opened her mouth. He said, "Is your name ——?" She nodded and mouthed her name.

"I'm at the foot of her bed, her cheering squad," her mother recalls. She is a striking woman, with thick black hair and luminous eyes, and her voice grows animated with the memory. " 'Go! Go! You're doing great! Go!' And the doctor says, 'Do you want me to pinch her again?' And I'm yelling at her. I'm telling her, 'Say no, get out of here, go!' "

And her daughter mouthed, "Go."

There is something compelling about such stories of medical recovery, and something undeniably moving about a young woman fighting back from the most devastating of injuries. In the days following the Central Park beating, the case assumed national proportions as the police frantically worked to locate Urgent Four's family and identify her attacker. The victim turned out to be a talented musician, a piano teacher beloved by her students. Her alleged assailant turned out to be a strange and deeply disturbed unemployed salesclerk, who veered off into Eastern mysticism during his interrogation by the police. The story also had a hero, in Jam Ghajar, the man who saved her life: a young and handsome neurosurgeon with an M.D. and a Ph.D., a descendant of Iranian royalty who has an athlete's walk, strong, beautiful hands, and ten medical-device patents to his name. If this were the movies, Ghajar would be played by Andy Garcia.

But the story of Urgent Four is not the standard tale of the triumph of medicine and the human spirit. To think of this as an episode of "E.R." is to diminish it. The typical narratives of recovery are about exceptional people in exceptional circumstances, and that is why the narratives are both irresistible and, finally, less than consoling. Brilliant doctors and new technology can work miracles. But what if your doctor isn't brilliant and your hospital doesn't have the newest technology? If the principal failing of the American medical system is that it provides one standard of care for the fortunate and another for everyone else, the typical story of medical triumph ends up as a kind of indictment, a reminder that miracles are apportioned by privilege and position. The case of Urgent Four is different. The profession that saved her life is in the midst of an ambitious transformation, an attempt to insure that you do not have to be ten minutes away from one of the best hospitals in the country in order to survive a vicious beating. One of the leaders of the movement, in fact, is the doctor who saved Urgent Four's life, and he has held up the care she received as an example of what ought to be routine in the treatment of brain injury. That makes the lesson of the Central Park victim and her remarkable recovery exactly the opposite of the lesson of the heroic medical dramas on television. Recovery need not be remarkable. The real medical miracle is the kind that can be repeated over and over again.



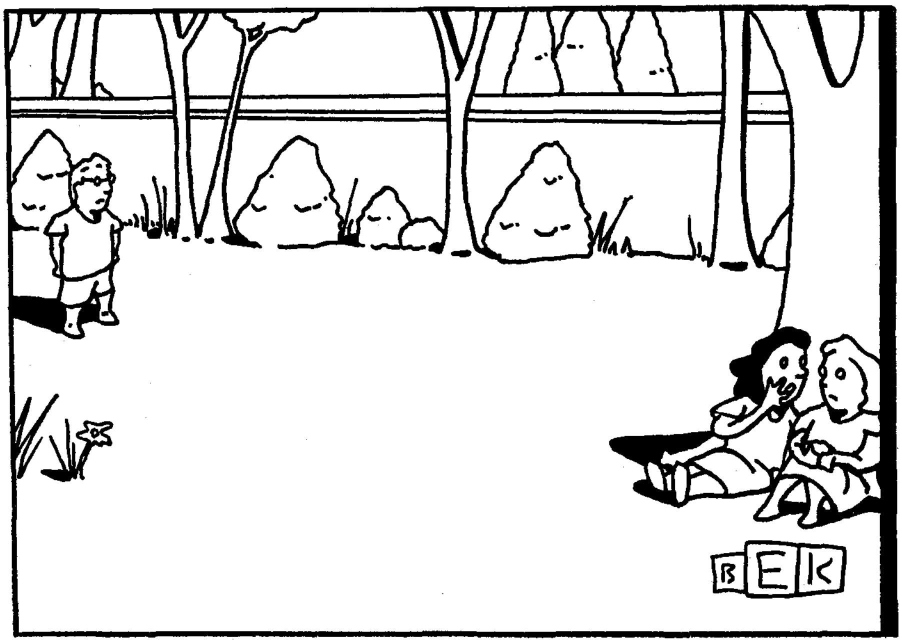
The brain-injury specialist Dr. Jam Ghajar: Why would most American hospitals not have followed the best course of treatment?

TOMAS MUSCIONICO/CONTACT PRESS IMAGES

When Urgent Four was attacked in Central Park, her assailant smashed her forehead on the smooth, hard surface of the sidewalk with such force that the bones above her right eye were shattered. Then, as if he didn't consider his task completed, he turned her over and began again, pounding the back of her head against the ground hard enough to fracture her skull behind her left ear. The ferocity—and the thoroughness—of the attack bruised the muscles between her scalp and her skull, causing her scalp to swell. What was more serious was that in response to the trauma her brain also began to swell, pressing up against the inside of her skull. In any trauma patient, this swelling, which increases what is known as intracranial pressure (ICP), is the neurosurgeon's chief concern, because the continuing rise in ICP makes it harder and harder for the body to supply the brain with an adequate amount of blood. Upon autopsy, ninety per cent of coma patients show clear signs of stroke: their brains quite literally starved to death.

This is why when Urgent Four was brought to the New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center complex the neurosurgical resident on duty inserted a catheter through her skull to siphon off excess cerebral spinal fluid. In cases of trauma, this clear fluid, in which the brain floats, flows into a cavity that is called the ventricle, in the center of the brain, and the hope was to empty the ventricle, reducing the pressure inside the skull. This is also why the trauma staff kept a very close eye on the pressure gauge attached to that catheter during the first few hours after Urgent Four was admitted. According to the index used by neurologists, a healthy person's ICP is between zero and ten. Urgent Four's was at twenty, which is high but not disastrous. A further rise, however, would put her in the danger zone. At nine o'clock Tuesday night, that is exactly what happened: Urgent Four's ICP abruptly surged into the fifties.

The physician in charge of her case, Jam Ghajar, is, at forty-four, one of the country's leading neurotrauma specialists. On his father's side, he is descended from the family that ruled Persia from the late seventeen-hundreds until 1925, and his grandfather on his mother's side was the Shah of Iran's personal physician. Neurosurgeons, Ghajar says, with a smile, are "overachievers," and the description fits him perfectly. As a seventeen-year-old, he was a volunteer at U.C.L.A's Brain Research Institute. As a first-year resident at New York Hospital, he invented a device—a tiny tripod to guide the insertion of ventricu-



"They never change. It's just that as we get older we develop a higher tolerance for dorks."

• •

lar catheters—that made the cover of the *Journal of Neurosurgery*. Today, Ghajar is the chief of neurosurgery at Jamaica Hospital, in Queens. He is also the president of the Aitken Neuroscience Institute, in Manhattan, a research group that grew out of the double tragedy experienced by the children of Sunny von Bülow, who lost not only their mother to coma but also their father, Prince Alfred von Auersperg, after a car accident, thirteen years ago. Most days, Ghajar drives back and forth between the hospital and the institute, juggling his research at Aitken with a clinical schedule that keeps him on call two weeks out of every four. "Jam is completely committed—he's got a razor-sharp focus," Sunny von Bülow's daughter, Ala Isham, told me. "He's godfather to my son. I always joke that we should carry little cards in our wallets saying that if anything happens to us call Jam Ghajar."

Ghajar spent all day Tuesday, June 4th, at Jamaica Hospital. In the evening, he returned to the Aitken Neuroscience Institute, where a colleague, Michael Lavyne, told him of the young woman hovering near death across the street at New York Hospital. At seven o'clock, Ghajar left his office for the hospital. Two hours later, with Urgent Four's ICP at dangerous levels, he ordered a second CAT scan, which immediately identified the culprit: the bruise on her right frontal cortex had given rise to a massive clot. At midnight, Ghajar drilled a small hole in her skull, cut out a chunk three inches in diameter with a zip saw, and, he said, "this big brain hemorrhage just came out—*plop*—like a big piece of black jelly."

But the task was only half finished. The rule of thumb for a trauma patient is that the blood pressure has to be kept at least seventy points higher than the ICP or the flow of oxygen and nutrients to the brain will be impaired. Even after Urgent Four's clot was removed, her differential was only fifty points. At the same time, however, her heart was racing at a hundred and eighty beats per minute. This made raising her blood pressure tricky. "We're standing around her bed," Ghajar recalls. "It's four in the morning. There's Dr. Fischer"—Eva Fischer, the group-care physician—"there's three surgical residents, there's myself, there's a chief resident from neurosurgery, and then two nurses, and we're all standing around her trying to figure out what the best drug would be to reduce her pulse and increase her blood pressure at the same time." It took three hours—and two different blood-pressure medicines—to get Urgent Four out of the danger zone. It was 7 A.M. when Ghajar left her bedside and began neurosurgery rounds.

THE identity of Urgent Four did not become known until the next day, Thursday. By a series of flukes, no one in her family had even suspected that she was missing. Her older sister, whom I will call Jane, had been with her the previous Saturday night, when she played in a concert. The two sisters, who share a birthday, spoke on the phone on Monday afternoon, and it wasn't unusual for several days to pass between conversations. Nor did the news of the attack, when it became public, make much of an impression on Jane: her car radio was broken, and, because she was busy with work, she had no time to read the newspaper. Her parents, meanwhile, were travelling in Utah, and were equally oblivious. "It was the first vacation we'd ever taken where we hadn't read a newspaper," her mother told me. "Or watched the news."

On Thursday, however, one of Urgent Four's piano students showed up for her weekly lesson, and when her teacher didn't arrive the student remembered seeing drawings of the Central Park victim that had been posted on buildings and mailboxes throughout Manhattan, and she began to wonder. She called the police. They searched the woman's apartment, on Fifty-seventh Street, and learned her parents' address, in New Jersey. Upon finding that they were away, the police telephoned Jane, at her home, also in New Jersey, using as a guide the return address on a letter Jane had written to her sister. It was one-thirty Friday morning.

"I got a call from the police, which I didn't believe, of course," Jane said. She is a graceful woman, with shoulder-length black hair and a hint of a Jersey accent. "I thought it was a prank call, and I thought I was being stalked. They asked me my name and if I had a sister with that name, and I was almost rude to them on the phone, because I thought it was someone playing a joke on me. Then they referred to this incident, and I had no idea what they were talking about. At that point, my husband ran and got the newspaper, because he had been following the story and had seen the sketch. I got off the phone and had to fight collapsing. The

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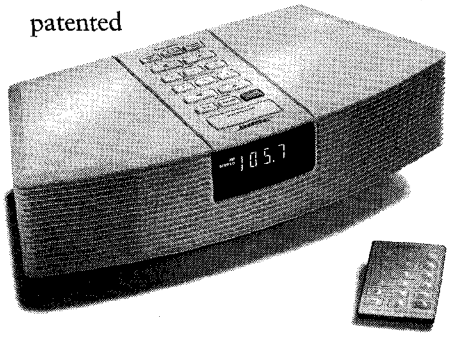

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captain probably sensed that. He said, 'Can you come? I'll send you an escort.' And then he called back a little while later and said, 'Would you be willing to ride in a helicopter to get here?' "

At 3 A.M., she and her husband landed in Manhattan. They were taken immediately by police car to the hospital, and there they were greeted by Mayor Giuliani and Howard Safir, the police commissioner. "They probably spent twenty minutes trying to let me understand what had happened and prepare me, and I ended up saying, 'Don't bother trying to prepare me. It's not going to work.' The anticipation was awful. And when I saw her, of course, the effect was indescribable."

The next to arrive was the family's youngest daughter, who came by car with her husband later on Friday morning. At midnight Friday, the parents arrived. The police had tracked them down by tracing their rental-car registration and then sending the Utah police cruising through motel parking lots in and around Zion National Park to spot the corresponding license plate.

"At one point after they found us," her father told me, "we drove through a town in Utah which had my mother's name. Both of us burst out crying. My mother was pretty close to her. So we took that as an omen that she would be looking over her."

Jane said that when she first saw the patient at the hospital she knew immediately she was her sister. But her father said that if he had not been told who she was he would never have known her. "To me she was almost unrecognizable," he said.

I met with Urgent Four's family—her mother, father, and older sister—in Jam Ghajar's office, on East Seventy-second Street, two days after she first began to speak. Her parents have been together for thirty-eight years, and have the easy affection of the well-married. The father, trim and gray-haired, is an engineer by training, with the discipline and plainspokenness characteristic of that profession. His wife is a schoolteacher, intelligent and articulate. They spoke with me on the condition that the personal details of their lives be kept private, and they confined their conversation to details of the case which they considered germane: their religious faith, their admiration for Dr. Ghajar's medical team, their hopes for their daughter's recovery. It was an intense and moving conversation. Over the past three weeks, the family has fashioned a protective cocoon for themselves, refusing to read any of the press accounts of Urgent Four's assailant, and barely leaving her hospital room except to rest and eat. This was the first time they had talked to the outside world, and long-pent-up feelings and thoughts came out in a rush.

"We went for days on two hours' sleep," her mother said. "You don't feel as tired, because you're so wound up. You want it all to be over. You want to wake up and know it's over—and it's not." The mother seemed the most shaken and most exhausted of the three. At one point as we talked, she accidentally referred to her daughter in the past tense, saying, "She was—"

"Is," Jane interrupted. "Is."

HAD Urgent Four been taken to a smaller hospital, or to any of the thousands of trauma centers in America which do not specialize in brain injuries, the chances are that she would have been dead by the time any of her family arrived. This is what trauma experts who are familiar with the case believe, and, of the many lessons of the Central Park beating, it is the one that is hardest to understand. It's not, after all, as if Urgent Four were suffering from a rare and difficult brain tumor. Brain trauma is the leading cause of death due to injury for Americans under forty-five, and results in the death of some sixty thousand people every year. Nor is it as if Urgent Four had been given some kind of daring experimental therapy, available only at the most exclusive research hospitals. The insertion of the ventricular catheter is something that all neurosurgeons are taught to do in their first year of residency. CAT scanners are in every hospital. The removal of Urgent Four's blood clots was straightforward neurosurgery. The raising and monitoring of blood pressure are taught in Nursing 101. Urgent Four was treated according to standards and protocols that have been discussed in the medical literature, outlined at conferences, and backed by every expert in the field.

Yet the fact is that if she had been taken to a smaller hospital or to any one of the thousands of trauma centers in America which do not specialize in brain injuries she would have been treated very differently. When Ghajar and five other researchers surveyed the country's trauma centers five years ago, they found that seventy-nine per cent of the coma patients were routinely given steroids, despite the fact that steroids have been shown repeatedly to be of no use—and possibly of some harm—in reducing intracranial pressure. Ninety-five per cent of the centers surveyed were relying as well on hyperventilation, in which a patient is made to breathe more rapidly to reduce swelling—a technique that specialists like Ghajar will use only as a last resort. Prolonged hyperventilation does reduce ICP, but it can also end up reducing the flow of blood to the

AB OVO

Ultimately, there should be a language
in which the word "egg" is reduced to O
entirely. The Italian comes the closest,
naturally, with its "uova." That's why Alighieri thought
it the healthiest food, sharing the predilection
with sopranos and tenors whose pearlike torsos
in the final analysis embody "opera."
The same pertains to the truly Romantic, that is,
German poets, with practically every line
starting the way they'd begin a breakfast,
or to the equally cocky mathematicians
brooding over their regularly laid infinity
whose immaculate zeroes won't ever hatch.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY
(1940-1996)

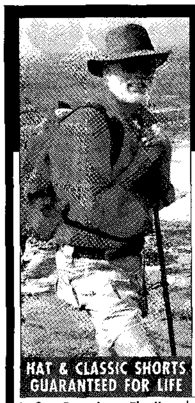
brain, causing irreversible brain damage. The most troubling finding, however, was that only a third of the trauma centers surveyed said that they routinely monitored ICP at all. In another hospital, the surge in Urgent Four's ICP on Tuesday night which signalled the formation of a blood clot might not have been caught.

Such dramatic variations in medical practice are hardly confined to neurosurgery. It is not unusual for doctors in one community to perform hysterectomies, say, at two or three times the rate of doctors in another town. Rates for some cardiac procedures differ around the country by as much as fifty per cent. Obstetrical specialists are almost twice as likely to deliver children by cesarean section as family physicians are. In one classic study published seven years ago, a team of researchers found that children in Boston were 3.8 times as likely to be hospitalized for asthma as children in Rochester, New York; 6.1 times as likely to be hospitalized for accidental poisoning; and 2.6 times as likely to be hospitalized for head injury.

In most cases, however, the concern about practice variation has focussed on the issue of cost. The point of the Boston-Rochester study was not that the children of Boston were receiving considerably better care than their counterparts in upstate New York but, rather, that health care for children in Boston might well be needlessly expensive. When it comes to brain injury, the stakes are a little higher. At the handful of centers around the country specializing in brain trauma, it is now not unusual for the mortality rates of coma patients to run in the range of twenty per cent or less. At trauma centers where brain injury is not a specialty, mortality rates for coma patients are often twice that. "If I break my leg, I don't care where I go," Randall Chesnut, a trauma specialist at San Francisco General Hospital, told me. "But, if I hit my head, I want to choose my hospital."

Part of the problem is that in the field of neurosurgery it has been difficult to reach hard, scientific conclusions about procedures and treatments. Physicians in the field have long assumed, for example, that blood clots in the brain should be removed as soon as possible. But how could that assumption ever be scientifically verified? Who would ever agree to let a comatose family member lie still with a mass of congealed blood in the brain while a team of curious researchers watched to see what happened? The complexity and mystery of the brain has, moreover, led to a culture that rewards intuition, and has thus convinced each neurosurgeon that his own experience is as valid as anyone else's. Worse, brain injury is an area that is of no more than passing interest to many neurosurgeons. Most neurosurgeons make their living doing disk surgery and removing brain tumors. Trauma is an afterthought. It doesn't pay particularly well, because many car-accident and shooting victims don't have insurance. (Urgent Four herself was without insurance, and a public collection has been made to help defray her medical expenses.) Nor does it pose the kind of surgical challenge that, say, an aneurysm or a tumor does. "It's something like—well, you've got mashed-up brains, and someone got hit by a car, and it's not really very interesting," Ghajar says. "But brain tumors are kind of interesting. What's happening with the DNA? Why does a tumor develop?" Then, there are the hours, long and unpredictable, tied to the rhythms of street thugs and drunk drivers. Ghajar, for example, routinely works through the night. He practices primarily out of Jamaica Hospital, not the far more prestigious New York Hospital, because Jamaica gets serious brain-trauma cases every second day and New York *might* get one only every second week. "If I were operating and doing disks and brain tumors, I'd be making ten times as much," he says. In the entire country, there are probably no more than two dozen neurosurgeons who, like Ghajar, exclusively focus on researching and treating brain trauma.

Ghajar says that in talking to other neurosurgeons he sensed a certain resignation in treating brain injury—a feeling that the prognosis facing coma patients was so poor that the neurosurgeon's role was limited. "It wasn't that the neurosurgeons were lazy," Ghajar said. "It was just that there was so much information out there that it was confusing. When they got young people in comas, half of the patients would die. And the half that lived would be severely disabled, so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the neurosurgeon is saying, 'What am I doing for these people? Am I saving vegetables?' And that was honestly the feeling that neurosurgeons had, because the methods they were trained in and were using would produce that kind of result."

Three years ago, after a neurosurgery meeting in Vancouver, Ghajar—along with Randall Chesnut and Donald W. Marion, a brain-trauma specialist at the University of Pittsburgh—decided to act. For help they turned to the Brain Trauma Foundation, which is the education arm of the brain-trauma institute started by Sunny von Bülow's children. The foundation gathered some of the world's top brain-injury specialists together for eleven meetings between the winter of 1994 and last summer. Four thousand scientific papers covering fourteen aspects of brain-injury management were reviewed. Peter C. Quinn, the executive director of the Brain Trauma Foundation, who coördinated the effort, says, "Sometimes I felt I was in a courtroom drama, because what they did was argue the evidence of the scientific documents, and as soon as someone said, 'It's been my experience,' everyone would say, 'Oh, no, that won't cut it. We want to know what the evidence is.' They would come in on a Friday and work all day Saturday and Sunday. They'd work a twenty-hour weekend. It was gruelling."

In March of this year, the group produced a book—a blue three-ring binder with fifteen bright-colored chapter tabs—laying out the scientific evidence and state-of-the-art treatment in every phase of brain-trauma care. The guidelines represent the first successful attempt by the neurosurgery community to come up with a standard treatment protocol, and if they are adopted by anything close to a majority of the country's trauma centers they could save more than ten thousand lives a year. A copy has now been sent to every neurosurgeon in the country. The Brain Trauma Foundation has mailed the guidelines to scientific journals, hospitals, managed-care groups, and insurance companies, and the neurosurgeons involved with the project have been promoting their work at medical meetings around the country. This is why the story of the Central Park victim does not end the way most medical dramas end, in empty celebration of heroics and exceptionalism, but instead has become a powerful symbol of the campaign to reform neurosurgery. For everything Jam Ghajar used to save Urgent Four's life is in that binder.

"What we are hoping is that if a woman gets hurt in the middle of rural Wyoming, and there is a neurosurgeon there and a hospital with an I.C.U., then she will have as good a chance to survive as she would in the middle of New York City," I was told by Jack Wilberger, Jr., who is an associate professor of neurosurgery at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center and a member of the guidelines team. "That's what we're hoping for. To give everyone the same chance, to give a everyone a level playing field."

URGENT FOUR had one more scare before she began her climb toward recovery. Late Sunday night, her ICP began to rise again, back up into the thirties. Ghajar, who was in Paris meeting with the World Health Organization about the brain-trauma guidelines and was calling in to the hospital residents for updates, began to get worried. He booked a flight home. While he was in the air, Urgent Four's condition worsened. A third CAT scan was ordered, and it showed that she had developed a second clot—this time on her left temporal lobe, in the place behind her ear where her attacker had banged the back of her head. This clot was far more serious than the first, because the temporal lobe is the seat of comprehension, and to remove the clot might well risk damaging Urgent Four's ability both to speak and to understand. "At about twelve-thirty, quarter to one on Monday, there was a pounding on the door of our room," the patient's father said. "We were wanted back on the floor, and we had to make a decision within a very few minutes on whether they should operate. What we were given was: If you don't operate, she might die. The other side of it was that if they did operate it could save her life but with a decent likelihood that she might be very badly impaired. So we and our two daughters went back and thrashed it out and we unanimously decided to go forward."

It was by then one-thirty in the morning. For four hours, the family waited, sleepless and exhausted, terrified that they had made the wrong decision. At dawn, the surgeon filling in for Ghajar, Michael Lavyne, emerged from the operating room. A miracle had happened, he reported: as soon as an incision was made, the clot had just popped out, all on its own. "They got lucky," Ghajar says.

From that point, Urgent Four's progress was steady. Her eye opened. Then she began to talk. The swelling around her face receded. Her ICP became normal. Soon she was sitting up. By last week, she was working with a speech therapist, and Ghajar and her father had begun driving around the New York area looking for a good rehabilitation center.

"Yesterday, she was looking at me, and I said, 'You know, you had a bad accident, and your brain was bruised'—I'd told everyone not to tell her she was assaulted. 'Your brain was bruised, and you are recovering.' She looked at me and she frowned. Her eye went up with this 'Oh, really?' look. And I said, 'Do you remember your accident?' She shook her head. But it's too early. Sometimes they do." Ghajar went on, "We are very good at predicting outcome, in the sense of mortality, but we're not good at predicting *functional* outcome, which is the constant question for this patient. 'Is she going to be able to play the piano?' We still can't answer that question."

In his first week back on call after the Urgent Four case, Ghajar saw three new coma patients. The latest was a thirty-year-old man who had barely survived a serious car accident. He was in worse shape than Urgent Four had been, with a hemorrhage on top of his brain. He was admitted to Jamaica Hospital on Monday at 11 P.M., and Ghajar operated from midnight to 6 A.M. He inserted a catheter in the patient's skull to drain the spinal fluid and monitored his blood pressure, to make sure it was seventy points higher than his ICP. Then, that evening—fourteen hours later—the patient's condition worsened. "I had to go back in and take out the hemorrhages," Ghajar said, and there was a note of exhaustion in his voice. He left the hospital at one o'clock Wednesday morning.

"People want to personalize this," Ghajar said. He was on Seventy-second Street, outside his office, walking back to New York Hospital to visit Urgent Four. "I guess that's human nature. They want to say, 'It's Dr. Ghajar's protocol. He's a wonderful doctor.' But that's not it. These are standards developed according to the best available science. These are standards that everyone can use." ♦

OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

MYSTERY ROSES OF BROOKLYN

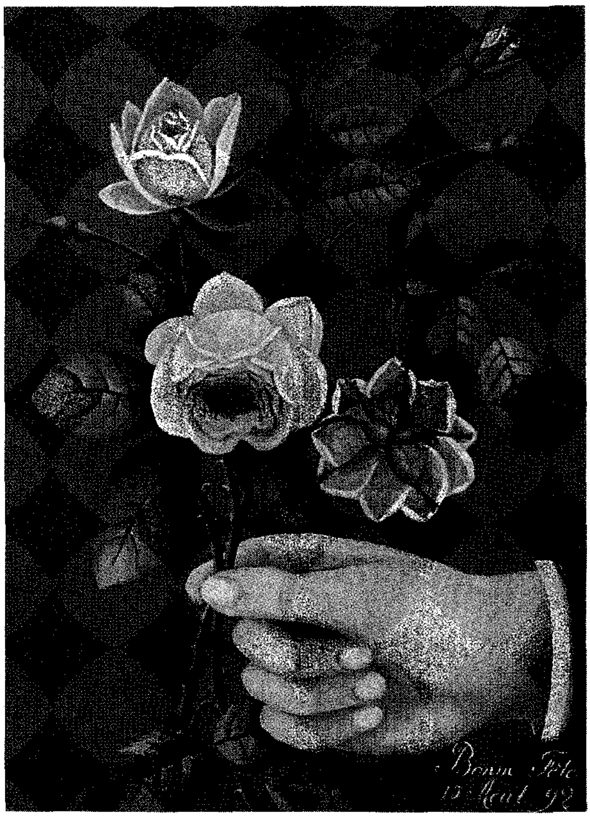
Where flowers are a lot like people.

BY KENNEDY FRASER

ROSES smell sweeter in Brooklyn, I think, than in Manhattan. In that different world across the bridge, even the birds sound innocent, like youths from the old neighborhood singing a cappella. On this island, in recent early-summer weeks, the heat has bounded back, fetid and all too familiar. Several times, I have ridden the I.R.T., come up for air on Eastern Parkway, and stepped through the gates of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden in search of cool, green respite. You can feel the breeze in the leaves there, and revive other modest human sensations too often anesthetized in the shadow of our monstrous buildings. To be sure, there are hints that the borough beyond the fence is no longer an Eden of stickball and egg creams. But the police sirens soon fade before the tranquil glop-glopping sound of turtles paddling in meditative circles around the Garden's Japanese pond. Visitors who lie face up on the lawns, with ankles crossed, and chew on a blade of grass may sometimes notice the low-flying airplanes, carrying New Yorkers to places more remote than Coney Island, or ferrying in from far-flung corners of the world people who doubtless include some would-be Americans. Brooklyn has always been a magnet for immigrants, and—to judge by the look of the families I have observed and the languages they were speaking—new arrivals continue to discover the Garden. You need not speak English to bend down and smell the roses.

The Cranford Rose Garden has looked splendid this year, and in the warm damp days it positively pulsed with fragrance. Whenever I was there, the bees were busy in the pink-and-white world—like a painting by William Merritt Chase—of great long beds and white trellis walls, loops, and arches all splashed and garlanded with blossoms. At one end, a latticed pavilion held a dappled canopy where a Climbing Queen Elizabeth stretched her sprigs toward the sturdy canes of Dr. W. Van Fleet as if yearning for his American vigor. An employee of the turn-of-the-century Department of Agriculture, Van Fleet became world-renowned as a hybridizer, yet he was a shy man, who only reluctantly lent his name to one of his enduring discoveries.

No flower has travelled the world more than the rose or known such miscegenation and such tides of fashion. The Han dynasty in China had whole



No flower has had such a history: Rosa centifolia, by Le Douanier Rousseau.

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parks full of roses four thousand years before the rose became the official national flower of America. By now, the genealogy of roses is so complex and incestuous that a pink rose mated with a white might produce purple, or even yellow, offspring. In 1789, the captain of a British East India Company sailing ship took home a China rose from Calcutta and gave it to Gilbert Slater, one of the company's directors. Unlike the single-flowering roses of English hedgerows, the China rose bloomed repeatedly. The introduction of this Oriental exotic triggered a frenzy of hybridization, which accelerated after 1867, when the apparently accidental birth of the hybrid tea occurred. This class has dominated the popular market for most of the twentieth century, as commercial nurseries vie to produce new, mostly Day-Glo-colored blooms, often with names like Lucille Ball, Chrysler Imperial, and Dolly Parton.

The Cranford Rose Garden, which was created in 1927, with funds from a wealthy fellow who built Brooklyn subways, is, among other things, a scented library of history. Here is a Bourbon rose named for the country home of the Empress Josephine, who was unable to give Napoleon an heir but was very good at breeding roses. "All the great nineteenth-century rose breeding was done in France, at first," Stephen Scanniello, the garden's rosarian, told me one day when I was lucky enough to find him there. "The British were more important as promoters." Thomas Jefferson sent wild-rose seeds by the bushel to a friend in France, but most of the early trade brought roses over here from Europe. Roses for the Northeast came mainly to the Port of New York, although many French growers shipped them up the Mississippi.

All the roses in existence before 1867—gallica, alba, centifolia, moss, Noisette, China, damask, and so on—are known as "old roses." Like people who passed through Ellis Island, some have become separated from their original names, and their roots have been forgotten. Almost all the thousands of varieties of roses in Mr. Scanniello's domain are labelled with name, class, and date of introduction. But some labels are poignant in their incompleteness, reading simply, "Aunt Belle's tea-rose, found in South Carolina," or "Found in Morocco," or "Puerto Rico," or—especially—"Bermuda." The "mystery roses of Bermuda" are famous. They are mostly old tea roses and Chinas that survived abandonment and became naturalized; no one knows for certain, but it is said that some are the same as the rose brought back by Slater's captain. Ever since Mr. Scanniello first visited Bermuda, he has been obsessed with finding old roses in the wild and rescuing them from oblivion. The Cranford has more "found" roses than any other garden in the country.

"There's nothing wrong with these roses, just because they don't have a name," he said protectively. He is always scouting around, especially in abandoned cemeteries, doing what he calls "rose-rustling." (The term was coined by some enthusiasts in Texas.) Two years ago, he was excited to find an unidentifiable deep-red rose growing on the grave of someone who died in 1881. He theorizes that his discovery may be related to the gallica Cardinal de Richelieu, but until he learns more he is calling it Waretown, after the town in New Jersey where he came upon it. By convention, roses planted on graves in our region are either red or white, whereas down South (as in the historic cemetery in Natchez) they are sometimes yellow. Many of Mr. Scanniello's found roses are old teas and Chinas. Growing them in Brooklyn is a challenge, because of the go-getting nature of the local rabbits. "They love these roses," the rosarian said. "Chew them right down to the ground if they can." Sotto voce, he told me about a hawk that periodically comes to the garden and takes care of that little problem.

One day when I visited the rose garden, I found it transformed: packed with local bigwigs and celebrities and a crowd that seemed to consist mostly of employees of Brooklyn Union Gas. Under a noonday sun, people stood lined up on the grassy strips between the beds, which had been roped off with ribbons. Mr. Scanniello, as if shrinking before the possibility of seeing any of his charges being stepped on, had arranged to be away rose-rustling and so was absent from ceremonies that formed part of a festival called Welcome Back to Brooklyn. He need not have worried; the crowd was very docile. The garden, within the trellis walls, might have been a roofless version of some big old church, with celebrities for saints and roses instead of stained-glass windows. Mary Tyler Moore (who lived in Brooklyn Heights when she was small) and the actors Harvey Keitel (who was born in Williamsburg, reared in Brighton Beach, and educated at Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln High Schools) and Daniel Benzali (Brownsville-reared, and recently seen as the shaven-headed attorney in the television series "Murder One") were among the famous people being honored. There they were, on the dais of the pavilion, with roses foaming above, around, and behind them. Under their feet lay enough petals to supply several of the Emperor Nero's orgies. "Breeze Hill" and "Summer Wind," the labels on some nearby plants, might have been put there simply to torment us: it was very hot, and Benzali's pate was glowing.

The uplifted faces of the crowd wore that old-Brooklyn look that seems, by contrast with the strained faces on the other side of the river, vaguely dazed and deeply provincial. Perhaps it is the proximity of the Manhattan skyline—the nearness and yet farness of a place to which people are drawn to build a name and a fortune—that makes for that Brooklyn look. Those Brooklynites beamed so proudly at their borough's sons and daughters who had left them and got famous; yet they themselves seemed so content to stay at home and be ordinary. Good-humoredly, they cheered their way through the speeches. They cheered at the name of Henny Youngman and at a reference to the Dodgers; they cheered Benzali, who had brought his elderly mother along; they cheered St. Rose of Lima. Even Harvey Keitel, who was dressed all in black, as befitted a man known for choosing sometimes violent roles in which he explores the heart of darkness, seemed to let down his guard on finding himself knee-high in roses and safe at home in Brooklyn. The years fell away. Like a patriotic little boy, he stood there with his hand on his heart for the National Anthem. ◆

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[From the Times]

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ANNALS OF LAW

SUPREME SACRIFICE

Laurence Tribe may never be on the Supreme Court, but then he doesn't really need to be.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

THE career of the lawyer and constitutional scholar Laurence Tribe pivots on a single day almost nine years ago. At the time, Tribe was a forty-five-year-old professor of constitutional law at the Harvard Law School, the author of the leading modern work on the Constitution, and a frequent and successful advocate before the United States Supreme Court. He had befriended the Democratic politicians—chiefly senators like Joseph Biden and Ted Kennedy—who might help him become a Supreme Court Justice himself. In the summer of 1987, Tribe's appointment seemed a strong possibility in the next Democratic Administration. Then President Reagan nominated Robert H. Bork to the Supreme Court.

In the fight over the Bork nomination, Tribe displayed a new aptitude—for hardball politics. The day before Bork began testifying before the Judiciary Committee, Tribe met with Kennedy in the Senator's Boston office. Tribe was to play-act the Bork role, so that Kennedy could hone his questions for the next day. The part was a stretch, for Tribe is Bork's ideological opposite: a judicial activist in the mode of Justice William J. Brennan, Jr. Yet Tribe was a brilliant Bork, easily parrying every thrust from the Senator. Tribe as Bork had an answer for every argument that Kennedy (and Tribe himself) had been mustering against the nomination. A week later, on September 22, 1987, Tribe took his own place at the felt-topped witness table in the Senate Caucus Room and spoke for three hours against Bork's nomination. In his testimony Tribe gave the sound bites that defined Bork for the debate to come. He said that the nomination threatened long-standing precedents on sex discrimination, privacy, and civil rights, and that, indeed, "Bork's views are very different from those of the American constitutional tradition." Bork's supporters never successfully refuted the portrayal of the nominee as an extremist, and the Senate rejected the President's choice by a vote of fifty-eight to forty-two.

Tribe: No illusions about the appeal of a gay-rights agenda to the Rehnquist Court.

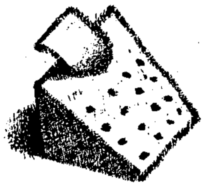
Indignant conservatives, describing what they regarded as distortion of a nominee's views in a charged political environment, said their man had been "borked," a term that still stands for ill treatment in the confirmation process. They promised to take revenge against controversial Democratic nominees, especially Tribe. Senator Charles Grassley, a senior Republican on the Judiciary Committee, says, "After the Bork hearings, Tribe wouldn't have a chance of getting through." Even Tribe's Democratic admirers recognized that he could not be confirmed. The Clinton Administration never gave him more than perfunctory consideration for the job of Solicitor General, much less Supreme Court Justice.

Today, one would imagine Tribe to be a relic, out of touch with a Supreme

SCOTT HUNT

Court where the icy moderates Stephen Breyer and Ruth Bader Ginsburg pass for liberals. Yet Tribe is more influential than ever. As a litigator before the Supreme Court, he has won case after case. He persuaded the Court to permit smokers to sue cigarette companies for damages; to guarantee public access to criminal trials; and to make sure that states keep the right to ban nuclear power plants within their borders. Tribe also wrote the brief that produced the most surprising decision of this term, persuading the Court to invalidate, by a six-to-three vote, the anti-gay-rights Amendment 2 to Colorado's constitution. For his entire career, Tribe has studied the ideological predilections of the Justices, and, with dispassionate, almost cynical detachment, he designs his arguments to appeal to a majority. His briefs consist of messages aimed at those Justices whose votes he needs. "The center of his thinking is: Who's on the Court now and how can I get that vote," his friend and former Harvard colleague John Hart Ely says. Even in support of unfashionably liberal causes, the effort has been so successful that in some cases Tribe has become, in effect, a tenth Justice.

EVERY morning, Tribe chooses among three electronically linked offices in Cambridge—at the law school, at home, and at the house next door. His secretary has adorned each of the work spaces with a Japanese bamboo-water-flute fountain, in the forlorn hope that the bubbling waters might soothe Tribe's perpetually manic state. Even at fifty-four, with a thick mass of dirty-blond hair turning gray, Tribe radiates an almost boyish animation—the eager pupil raising his hand to be called on. He talks as fast as an auctioneer, and, juggling a life of teaching, litigating, book writing, and family, he fights constant overcommitment. Tribe and his wife, Carolyn, who is an antique dealer, live in an 1885 frame house near Brattle Street. A decade ago, Tribe bought the small adjacent building, which Philip Johnson designed in 1942 and 1943, when he was a graduate student in architecture at Harvard. Viewed from inside a high wall that separates it from the street, the thesis house, as it's sometimes known, resembles the famous glass house the architect built in New Canaan, Connecticut, in 1949.



Tribe has no law firm as such, but instead calls on four or five young lawyers, all former students, to work on his projects on a case-by-case basis. (In 1985, I took Tribe's constitutional-law course at Harvard and then worked briefly for him as a student research assistant.) About sixty per cent of his legal work is pro bono, and he is at least consulted in most major civil-liberties cases around the country. It was about two years ago that Tribe first heard from gay-rights activists working on the Colorado case.

Colorado cities began adopting gay-rights ordinances in the nineteen-seventies. But in the 1992 election conservative activists persuaded voters to adopt Amendment 2, which would have invalidated not only anti-discrimination laws in Denver, Boulder, and Aspen but also other state and local anti-bias provisions. Before the amendment could take effect, however, lawyers for a coalition of individual gay and lesbian plaintiffs and the three cities persuaded the Colorado Supreme Court to strike it down as a violation of the equal-protection clause of the United States Constitution. To reach its decision in the case, known as Romer v. Evans, the Colorado court drew a bold analogy: in the nineteen-sixties, the United States Supreme Court had struck down a number of attempts by white voters to limit the political power of blacks; the Colorado court found that in a similar way Amendment 2 restricted the rights of gays, and that the Constitution implicitly forbade discrimination on the basis of race or of sexual orientation.

The lawyers for the plaintiffs asked Tribe what he thought of the court's theory. "I tried to convince them that if they put all their eggs in that basket they'd lose," Tribe told me. "Much as I was sympathetic to the result in the Colorado court, I was not at all persuaded by the court's reasoning, and I felt sure that the Supreme Court wouldn't agree, either. I didn't think this was the time to persuade the Supreme Court that race and sexual-orientation discrimination were legally analogous in this context."

Long before gay rights became a fashionable cause in major law firms around the country, Tribe had argued some important cases in the field. Prominently displayed on a windowsill of his Harvard office is a lifetime-achievement award he received from the National Gay Rights Advocates. Personally, Tribe saw parallels in the discrimination suffered by gays and that suffered by racial minorities, but he had no illusions about the appeal of a gay-rights agenda to William H. Rehnquist's Supreme Court. When Tribe realized that the Colorado lawyers intended to stick with the formula that had brought them victory in the Colorado Supreme Court, he despaired. "I watched from the sidelines with increasing apprehension and thought they were doomed," he said.

Tribe studied the wording of Amendment 2 with the special exigencies of United States Supreme Court litigation in mind. As the final arbiter of constitutional law, the Court is unique among American courts because it is only loosely bound by precedent. Tribe says, "When I'm arguing in the Supreme Court, I see my role as operating within a universe the Justices have defined." Because of this relative freedom, the Justices look for logic as much as for history in reaching their decisions. Tribe, who was a mathematics student and a national debating champion in college, tries to apply the rigor of those fields to his legal arguments. To do so in the Romer case, he focussed on one portion of Amendment 2, which said that no one would be allowed to raise a "claim of discrimination" based on homosexual orientation.

"I really started with the words of the Constitution—'equal protection of the laws,' " Tribe explained to me. "The law protects people by giving them remedies when they've been wronged. What Amendment 2 did was say that some people can't get the same protections as others. The protection is not equal. It sounds like third-grade reasoning, but that's how I came to it." The authors of Amendment 2 had claimed that it simply denied homosexuals "special rights." Tribe believed that the law actually put them at a special disadvantage.

"What you had with this law was a particular group of people declared ineligible under the laws of Colorado for any legal protection against discrimination," Tribe said. "The law meant that gays could not claim discrimination if, say, the police intentionally refused to answer their 911 calls, or if hospitals refused to give them blood transfusions, or if they were assaulted because they were gay. That is a per-se violation of equal protection of the laws under the Fourteenth Amendment—something that was unique in my experience with cases before the Court. Even if you disapprove of gay people—even if what gay people do is wrong—you can't deny them the protection of the law. And it has nothing to do with their being gay. You couldn't have a law like this one for gamblers, or even for bank robbers. My approach offered the Court a way to decide this case which didn't require it to give any special recognition to gay rights as such."

With the plaintiffs in the case following their own path, Tribe faced the problem of how to get his ideas in front of the Court—a problem he solved in a characteristically iconoclastic way. He considered, then rejected, the idea of writing a friend-of-the-court brief on behalf of the many gay- and civil-rights organizations that were interested in the Colorado case. "I didn't think that one more organizational amicus brief for the plaintiffs would make enough of a difference," he said, "so I decided to do one on my own behalf." This was an unusual step for any individual. After he drafted the brief, he recruited a handful of other distinguished law professors to sign it with him, including Ely, Gerald Gunther, Philip Kurland, and Kathleen Sullivan, a protégée of his. It was short—just thirteen pages—and it cited few precedents, relying instead on the logical power of Tribe's theory about the case. According to Brian Koukoutchos, who has worked with Tribe's quasi firm for more than a decade, "I have never seen a brief that was more Larry than what he did in Romer."

The Romer case was argued before the justices on October 10th of last year. "After the oral argument, I called Larry and I said I thought his brief had a major impact," Jean Dubofsky, who argued the case for the plaintiffs, told me. "The first question was from Justice Kennedy, and he asked if there had ever been a law like this before. It was Tribe who focussed on how unusual this law was. All in all, the effect of his brief was just immeasurable." That fact became even clearer when the Court issued its ruling, in May. Justice Anthony Kennedy's opinion affirmed the Colorado court's decision to strike down Amendment 2, but "on a rationale different from that adopted by the State Supreme Court."

Justice Kennedy accepted Tribe's rationale. In language closely paralleling that of Tribe's brief, Kennedy wrote, "We cannot accept the view that Amendment 2's prohibition on specific legal protections does no more than deprive homosexuals of special rights. To the contrary, the amendment imposes a special disability upon those persons alone. Homosexuals are forbidden the safeguards that others enjoy or may seek without constraint." Kennedy concluded elegantly, "A State cannot so deem a class of persons a stranger to its laws."

"My latest sighting turned out to be just another weather balloon."

• •

TRIBE has a boundless regard for his own abilities, and he showed no false modesty when he and I discussed the Romer case. Though his brief was jointly signed, Tribe forswore the first-person plural in discussing the effort: the ideas were his, the drafting was his, and the credit for the victory was his as well. When I started working on this story, Tribe faxed me, unbidden, student evaluations of his courses. (They were very favorable.) His résumé, which he also sent, includes not only the citations from each of four honorary degrees he has received (e.g., "the foremost constitutional thinker of our time") but such esoterica as his victory in a pastel-drawing competition when he was sixteen. When I went to see him in Cambridge, as soon as I arrived he handed me several news clippings about himself, which had the especially favorable sections outlined with a yellow highlighter. Yet this preening seemed poignant rather than pretentious, an expression less of egomania than of insecurity.

To an unusual degree, Tribe's ideology emerged directly from his autobiography. Before he was six years old, his life had been transformed repeatedly by tyranny. His father, born George Israel Tribuch, in Minsk, in 1903, fled as a teen-ager the pervasive anti-Semitism of Byelorussia and went to Manchuria and Shanghai. He came to the United States in the twenties, became an American citizen, and then returned to Shanghai, where several thousand European Jews who had fled Hitler were then living. There, in 1940, George married Polia Diatlovitsky, and on October 10, 1941, Laurence Henry Tribe was born. "Of course, everyone thinks of December 7, 1941, as Pearl Harbor Day, but the Japanese offensive in China intensified on that day as well, and my father was one of those who were caught up in it," Tribe told me. "He was sent to a Japanese concentration camp and spent much of the war there." Today, Tribe keeps, in the study of his home, an American flag that his mother smuggled to his father in the camp—a flag that George kept hidden in his trunk, which had a false bottom, for the duration of his internment. "I have real mixed feelings about the flag-burning cases," Tribe told me as he showed me the flag, in a glass case. "Ultimately, I do believe it should be allowed as political expression, but no one has to tell me the power of this symbol."

From such a precarious childhood came a lifelong obsession with the rights of the individual against the state. "Even though I was only a baby, I somehow have a powerful memory of seeing my father being taken away," Tribe said. "I remember trying to figure out what he did wrong—what he did to deserve this—and it gave me a powerful dose of what tyranny means." Several times during the war, his father was almost shipped to the extermination camps in Europe, and in the war's waning days Shanghai was hit by American bombers. (In 1987, Tribe and Hugh Liedtke, then the chief executive of Pennzoil, rode in a limousine together to the Supreme Court on the morning that Tribe argued the case that Pennzoil had brought against Texaco. Chatting in the car, the two men realized that Liedtke, a naval officer during the Second World War, had probably bombed Tribe's neighborhood in Shanghai in 1945.) Tribe's parents, reunited at last after the war, saw the Chinese Communists as a new threat and emigrated to America. When five-year-old Larry moved to San Francisco with his family, in 1947, he spoke only Russian.

In San Francisco, Tribe's father made a modest living selling cars, while Larry and his brother, Al, became superior students. (Al, who is four and a half years younger than Larry, is a psychiatrist in the Bay Area.) Larry won a full scholarship to Harvard, and he spent his undergraduate years doing graduate work in the Mathematics Department. After a year in graduate school studying the airy precepts of high-level mathematics, he moved into the somewhat grittier precincts of Harvard Law School. He served as a law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart for the 1967-68 term, then joined the law faculty at Harvard; he has remained there ever since. Tribe told me that because of his background he "could never be a self-satisfied, laid-back kind of fellow."

Tribe made his name in the legal world in 1978, when, at the age of thirty-seven, he published a thousand-page treatise, "American Constitutional Law." It is a book with an agenda. Tribe asserts that after the days of Chief Justice Earl Warren the Supreme Court made "a distressing retreat from an appropriate defense of liberty and equality." For example, Tribe suggests that the Constitution guarantees women the right to choose not only abortion but government-funded abortion as well. Yet the scope of the book is so vast, and his scholarship is so impeccable, that "American Constitutional Law" is still cited frequently by scholars, lawyers, and judges who don't share Tribe's politics. The late Erwin Griswold, Solicitor General under Presidents Johnson and Nixon (and thus no ideological soulmate of Tribe's), once said, "It may well be that no book, and no lawyer not a member of the Court, has ever had a greater influence on the development of American constitutional law."

The book led Tribe to make direct attempts to influence the Court. He argued his first case in 1980, and he has prevailed in fifteen of twenty-three cases before the Court. He employs an array of tactics. He says he never makes an argument that conflicts with his over-all philosophy, but, even so, he manages to shade his emphases toward whatever will get him five votes. "Sometimes, it's prior case law that makes the difference," Tribe said. "Sometimes—as in Romer—it's the words of the Constitution itself. Sometimes—as in Cipollone—it's the words of a statute." In the Cipollone case, the Court rejected the argument of cigarette manufacturers that warning labels on cigarette packs barred smokers from suing them for damages. Tribe, a former three-pack-a-day smoker, who had earlier turned down a seven-figure fee to represent the cigarette industry, represented the estate of Rose Cipollone for nothing. "In Cipollone, I relied on a detailed discussion of what, exactly, Congress did when it imposed the labelling requirement," he said. "The answer in that case was close textual analysis." Tribe's victory, in 1992, set off the current nationwide wave of cigarette lawsuits.

Tribe doesn't necessarily set out to make constitutional history each time he argues. Indeed, he once won over the Justices by persuading them that the case before them was constitutionally insignificant. In 1993, his client, an oil-and-gas development company that had sued a competitor, TXO Production, over oil-and-gas rights, had been awarded punitive damages of ten million dollars and actual damages of only nineteen thousand dollars. Tribe's adversary, inviting a precedent-making ruling on constitutional law, asked the Court to establish a broad rule on excessive punitive damages. "My instinct was to focus on the minutiae of the lawsuit, to show the Justices that the award was not excessive, and that the broad issue wasn't really presented," Tribe said. As Tribe had hoped, the Court's opinion hewed narrowly to the facts of the case, and allowed his client to keep the ten-million-dollar award.

TRIBE'S victory this year in Romer v. Evans may turn out to be doubly significant. In an angry dissenting opinion in the Romer case, Justice Antonin Scalia observed that "the case most relevant to the issue before us is not even mentioned in" Justice Kennedy's majority position. That case is Bowers v. Hardwick, in which the Court held, in 1986, that states could criminalize sodomy. "If it is constitutionally permissible for a State to make homosexual conduct criminal, surely it is constitutionally permissible for a State to enact other laws merely disfavoring homosexual conduct," Scalia wrote. As a logical matter, Scalia has a point. It is difficult (if not impossible) to reconcile the results of Romer and Bowers. Therefore, it seems to follow that the decision in Romer portends a readiness on the part of a majority of the Court to overturn Bowers v. Hardwick.

Tribe, who represented Michael Hardwick in the Supreme Court, aches to be vindicated on the subject of gay rights. Hardwick is a gay man who was accused of committing sodomy with another man in his own bedroom, in Atlanta. In Bowers v. Hardwick, Tribe made an impassioned plea to the Justices to strike down the prohibition on certain kinds of sexual contact between consenting adults as a violation of the evolving constitutional right to privacy.

"It was a distinctive case, because it was one of the few occasions when the Court has been required to consider directly the scope of personal freedom," Tribe told me. "I know a fair number of people who felt demeaned by the law, and, in fact, the law made heterosexual oral and anal sex just as illegal as homosexual sex. I had a profound moral objection to telling any two people, including married people, what nonviolent consensual sexual acts they can perform in the privacy of their own home."

In Bowers, as always, Tribe counted votes. "We knew it was an uphill battle from the start, but it was clear that we had to have Justice Powell to win," Tribe said, "so our brief took careful account of his views—citing opinions he had written and also those written by Justice John Marshall Harlan, whom Powell saw as a role model on the Court. There was a line of cases about the protection of the home as a special place, and there were cases establishing rights of intimate personal association, and I thought this one was at the intersection of the two." Kathleen Sullivan, who worked with Tribe on the brief in Bowers, joked that their effort was "a love song to Lewis Powell sung in the key of Justice Harlan."

As Tribe had predicted, the other Justices split, four to four, leaving Powell as the swing vote. At the oral argument of the case, on March 31, 1986, Powell's comments led Tribe to believe that he might have won the Justice's vote. And in the conference of the Justices after the argument Powell voted to overturn the sodomy ban. Later, though, he changed his mind and upheld the law, so Tribe's position lost, five to four. (After retiring from the Court, Powell said that he had probably made a mistake when he voted to uphold the law.) "There's no question that losing Bowers burned a hole in Larry," Kathleen Sullivan told me.

Even after Romer, Tribe is too cautious to predict the demise of Bowers. Nevertheless, sprawled on a sofa in the thesis house, he looks back with some satisfaction on his role in a tumultuous era of Supreme Court history. Powell stepped down not long after the decision in Bowers, and it was his seat that President Reagan nominated Bork to occupy. "Some people told me it was a kamikaze mission to testify against him, but I thought his views needed to be understood fully," Tribe says. "The rejection of that nomination has made a real difference."

Never more so, as it turned out, than in the Romer case. After the Senate vote, Robert Bork went to work at the American Enterprise Institute, and, like Tribe, he has tried to influence the Court he wanted so much to join. Bork, too, volunteered his thoughts to the Court in Romer—in an amicus brief on behalf of a Cincinnati-based "pro-family" activist group called Equal Rights Not Special Rights. Not surprisingly, Bork urged the Justices to uphold Amendment 2. But the man President Reagan eventually appointed to fill the Powell seat, Anthony Kennedy—and a majority of his colleagues—rejected Bork's view and adopted Tribe's instead.

Tribe seems likely to fasten next on Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. Earlier this year, a federal appeals court ruled that it is unconstitutional for the University of Texas law school to consider race in deciding which students to admit, and struck down the school's affirmative-action plan. In the case, known as Hopwood v. Texas, the university, through Tribe, has asked the Supreme Court to uphold its efforts to achieve classroom diversity. O'Connor is usually the swing vote in the Court's race cases, and although Tribe won't disclose whether or how he plans to appeal to her if the Court agrees to hear the case next term, it's possible to guess how he might proceed.

A reliable conservative in ordinary cases, O'Connor has shown a moderate streak on subjects, most notably abortion, where the political stakes are very high. In Hopwood, Tribe obviously intends to eschew the micro-style of his advocacy in TXO and return to Romer-style high rhetoric. "If the lower-court ruling is affirmed, it will mean the end of affirmative action—even of nuanced programs that consider race as one of many factors," Tribe told me. "If it stands, many schools would resegregate to a dramatic and distressing degree." In prior cases, O'Connor has suggested that although she will oppose affirmative action in employment settings, she has sympathy for diversity efforts in education. That's just the kind of narrow position that might draw five votes. Tribe himself, describing his litigation style, said to me, "There's no need to shoot for the moon when the moon is not within reach. Better to reach for the pebbles on the beach." Justice O'Connor can expect her love song next fall. ◆

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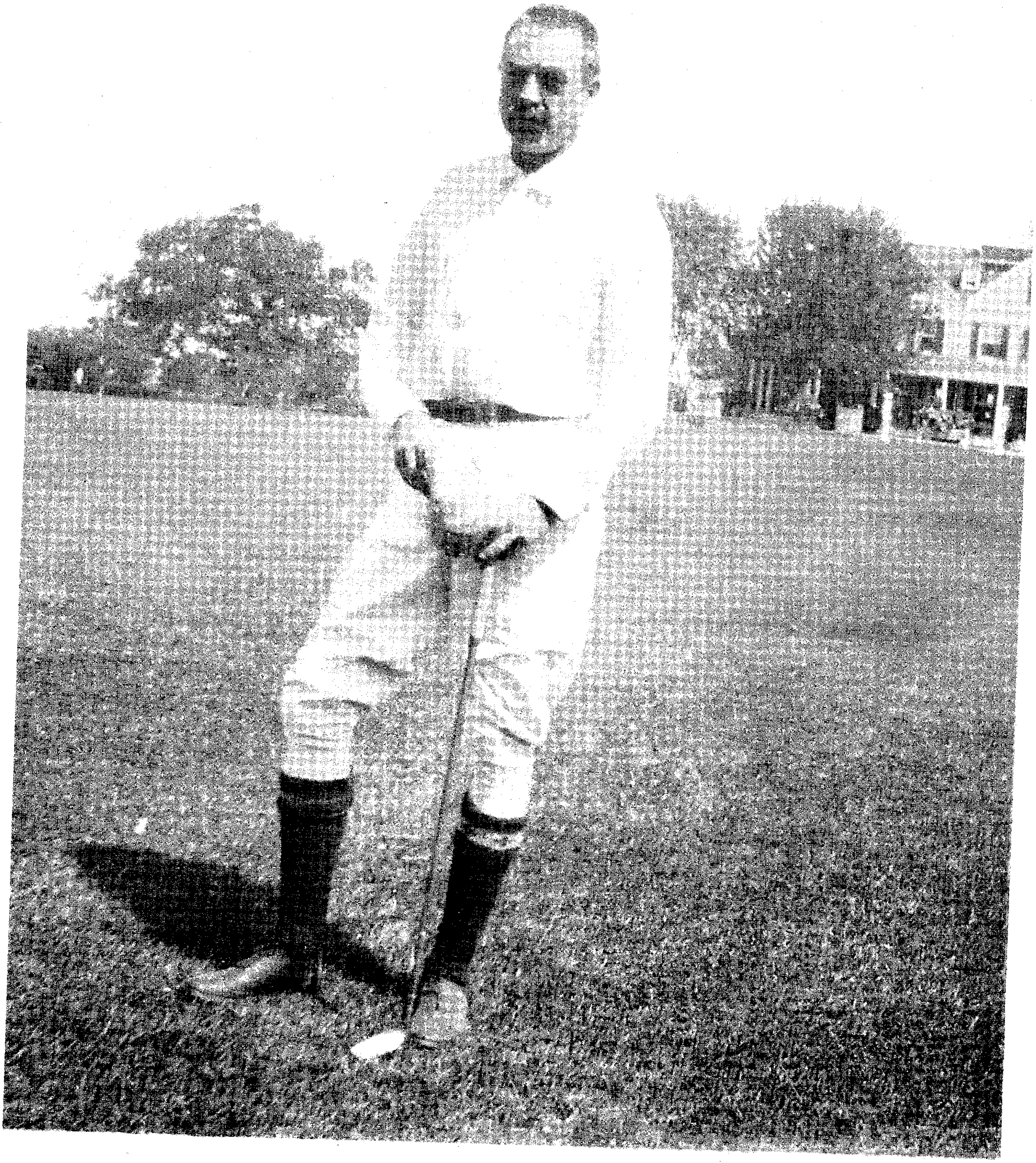


PERSONAL HISTORY

STANFORD WHITE'S RUINS

Why was it so difficult to grow up in the great architect's family? It was partly because of public perceptions of the scandal surrounding his murder, and partly because of what the public never knew.

BY SUZANNAH LESSARD

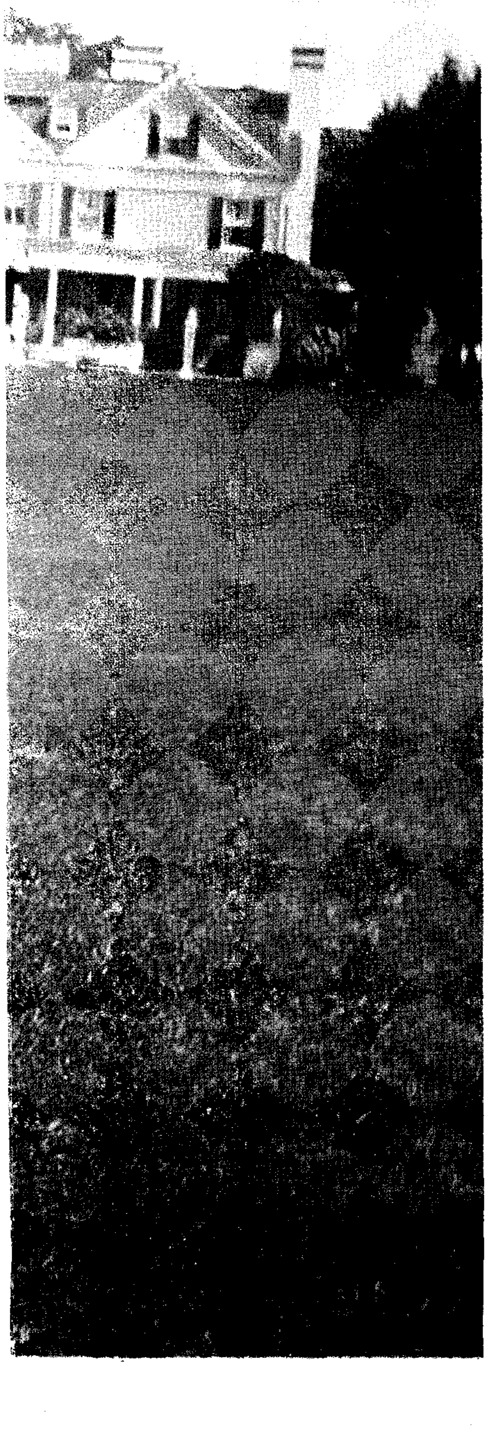
THE milieu of my mother's family, into which I was born, was embodied in our environment: sixty acres of land on the North Shore of Long Island which we called the Place. The Place was largely the work of my great-grandfather Stanford White; and that he was a famous neoclassical architect, notorious for being murdered in scandalous circumstances, was a part of the environment, too. He was, however, rarely mentioned in the family. The Place included part of a plateau above Stony Brook Harbor and some steep wooded hills that fell to the harbor shore, but its principal feature was the house Stanford built for himself called Box Hill, for the boxbushes there. It was occupied by my grandparents, Lawrence and Laura White, when I was a child. There was also a cluster of barns designed by Stanford, along with some barns and farmhouses from earlier times. I grew up in the easternmost farmhouse, which we called the Red Cottage, with my parents and my five sisters.

There were nodes on the Place—a temple in a laurel wood, a fountain at the center of a boxbush maze—that were connected, either explicitly, by roads and pathways, or implicitly, by the way they were placed in relation to each other. This arrangement is typical of Beaux-Arts design, in which the landscape is an extension of the architecture, and the smallest detail is connected to the vision of the whole. Thus there was hardly a spot on the Place in which Stanford was not implicitly present.

The axis of this design was the driveway to Box Hill, which we called the Rhododendron Drive. Shortly after you turned onto it from the public road, it passed through a circular clearing, also lined with rhododendrons, called the Rond Point. On the far side of the Rond Point there was a Propylon—a glorious tall structure of white wooden columns, placed in a shallow curve, supporting a terra-cotta cast of a Greek frieze. The drive proceeded under the Propylon and then rose through the woods in a perfectly graded and straight line, densely hedged by rhododendrons until it broke out dramatically into a field. It continued through the field in the same rising line until, balancing the Rond Point, it circled the fountain in front of the house.

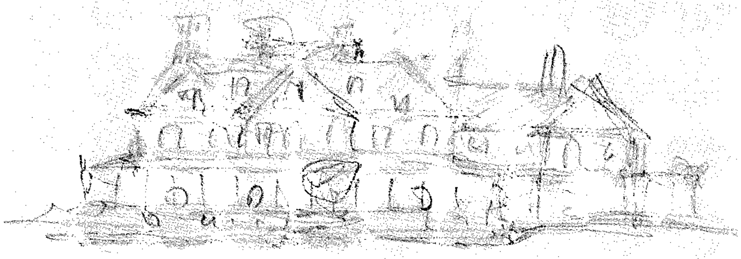
My grandfather, who was Stanford's only child, and an architect, too—he had joined his father's firm as a young man—was often down there in the drive, tending to the rhododendrons with a special clipper on a pole. My grandfather was elegant, even in his overalls and an old, crumpled hat—a tall man, a robust man, yet one girded in an armor of privilege and cultivation, through which little evidence of a life of feeling escaped. "Locked up tight like a safe," as my grandmother put it. But when I was a little girl the Propylon blew down in a hurricane, and I could feel my grandfather's distress as he fussed over how to make the Rond Point whole again. He couldn't afford to restore it to what it had been, so his solution was to truncate what was left of the columns and use them as high pedestals for large urns. He was always fussing, clipping, arranging: he was good at creating spots—a column in a sun-catch, a statue among pines on a hill. I associated him with the felicity of his spots.

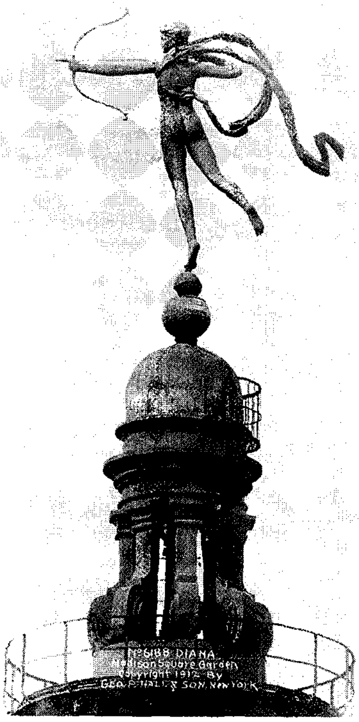
He and my grandmother had eight children (of which my mother was the fourth) and, eventually, thirty-five grandchildren, who were on and off the Place; of these, I was the oldest girl. My mother, Mary,

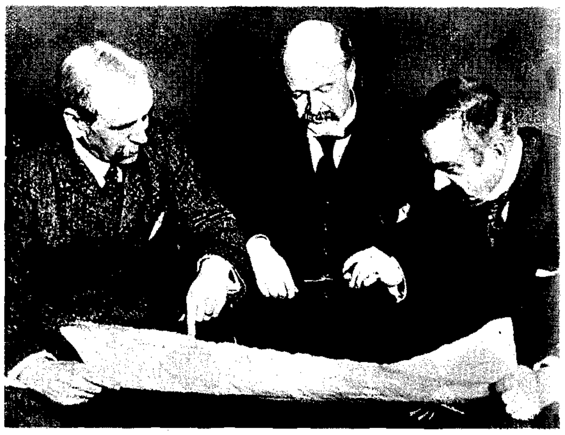


Stanford White at Box Hill, his estate on Long Island, around the turn of the century. The biographers who sought to dig deep into White's life inevitably faltered.

WHITE FAMILY COLLECTION





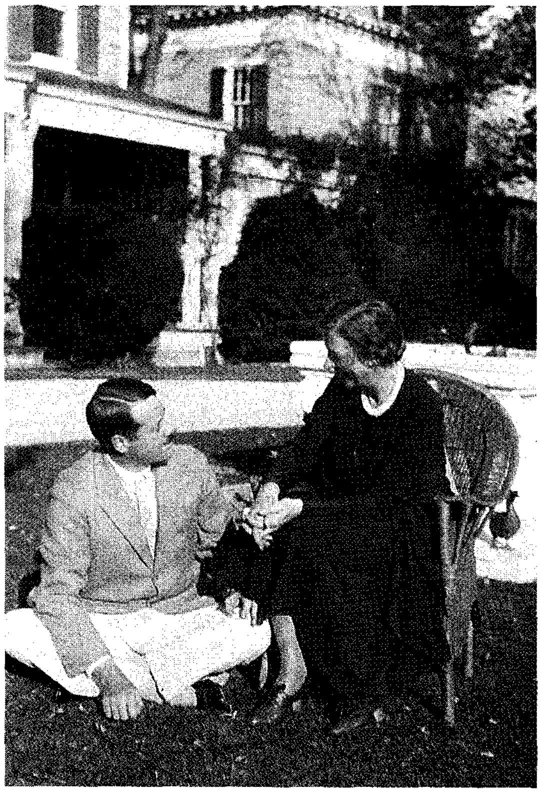


was a singer, a mezzo-soprano, and my father, Frank, was a composer from a Western working-class family; my mother's brother Bobby was a sculptor, and his wife, my Aunt Claire, was a poet. Bobby and Claire lived with their four children in another farmhouse over by the cluster of barns. My grandparents lived in Box Hill in the old style, but the Bobby Whites, and we in the Red Cottage, lived in a bohemian way. (The names of some of my family members have been changed, to protect their privacy.)

One of my mother's other brothers, Johnny, who had served in the Second World War on some ships that had gone down in the Pacific, was also around. It was said of Johnny after the war that he was crazy, but the word didn't seem to mean much. He was lean and fit, and his room on the top floor of Box Hill was manly and sane, with a sleigh bed, a Navajo rug, a jackknife on the bureau, and a gun leaning in the corner. Johnny looked good with a gun—the brown stock and the metal barrel rested naturally in his strong brown arm. No one thought to take the gun away from him, even though one day after an argument he marched my mother to the Red Cottage with the gun to her temple. Later, when my mother said, "Johnny threatened me with a gun," nobody paid any attention, as if the words were somehow unable to cut the air. It was like that on the Place: the frightening aspect of things didn't fully register. One day my grandmother said the horses were expensive to keep, and Johnny went out and shot his horse; then a house nearby caught fire and Johnny ran into it and up the stairs and tried to save the clothes in the bureau drawers. He was arrested for this and released only on condition that he get treatment. He ended up at the Veterans Administration, where eventually he was given seventy-five sugar treatments, a hundred and fifty electroshock treatments, and, finally, a full frontal lobotomy. Even after the lobotomy Johnny could be frightening. A lobotomy, I learned, was supposed to turn you into a vegetable, and it showed what fine stuff Johnny was made of that he could go through a full frontal lobotomy and not be a vegetable at all.

My great-grandmother Bessie Smith White lived next door to us, in the White Cottage, so called because of its color. She was a handsome, big-boned woman with thick white hair parted to one side. Sometimes she wore satin and pearls and sometimes she wore raggedy things—Grandma was both fancy and plain. She

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FROM THE DRAWINGS AND ARCHIVES COLLECTIONS
AT AVERY ARCHITECTURAL AND FINE ARTS LIBRARY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY IN THE CITY OF



Opposite page, clockwise: A sketch of Box Hill; the nude Diana by Saint-Gaudens, which crowned Madison Square Garden, the building that most precisely reflected White's extravagance; the partners William Rutherford Mead, Charles Follen McKim, and Stanford White; the author with her great-grandmother, Stanford's widow, in the forties. This page: Lawrence and Laura White, the author's grandparents, at Box Hill; Evelyn Nesbit, the girl in the red velvet swing, in 1901.

was merry, but there was also something sad about her—something passive, a kind of stubborn innocence, as though she were a very large girl. Though we never thought of her this way, she was Mrs. Stanford White. Stanford was shot in 1906, and I was born nearly forty years later, in 1944. But there I am, on Great-Grandma White's lap; there we are taking a walk, her large hand holding mine.

It's not true that Stanford was never mentioned. I can remember times in the Box Hill library, way, way back—a winter afternoon, with the sun pouring in; sherry for the grownups and cheddar spread on Ritz crackers; a fire on the hearth—when my grandmother would refer to Stanford in a happy way, saying something about his hair, which was red, and pointing out how Stanford's hair had turned up in Grandpa's red mustache, had disappeared for a generation, and had then popped up on me.

THE one period in which Stanford was frequently a topic around Box Hill was in 1955, when "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" was released. From family talk above my head, I gathered in a fractured way that the title of the movie referred to a velvet-roped swing on which Stanford had pushed a young woman named Evelyn Nesbit. I gathered that there had been a sexual scandal, and that a man called Harry K. Thaw, who later became Evelyn Nesbit's husband, had shot Stanford. I was ten at the time the movie was released, and it was the first I had heard of sexual complications having to do with the murder—it may have been the first I'd heard of the murder at all. Confusingly, this news came packaged in the message that the movie was all lies and that it was extremely upsetting for my grandfather. The principal focus of the family talk, furthermore, was that my beloved great-grandmother Bessie, who had recently died, was also portrayed in the movie, and that the producers had waited for her death so that she couldn't sue them about the lies. Feelings of family loyalty deeper than any I had imagined were aroused in me. I felt privileged in my outrage. The family circled the wagons against whatever repercussions might provoke further feelings in my grandfather. We circled especially tightly during the days when "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" played at a theatre nearby.

The primary injury that the movie inflicted on the family, I learned, was not that it misrepresented the story but that it raised the subject at all, and it was from

LEFT: WHITE FAMILY COLLECTION; RIGHT: GRANGER COLLECTION

this emphasis that I got the idea that the bad thing that had happened in the family was not murder but publicity. It was as if the murder and the circumstances surrounding it had no significance for the family, which was burdened only by the unfortunate obsessions of others. I also learned that one of the parts was played by Cornelia Otis Skinner, an actress who enjoyed considerable fame at the time and who lived down the road. She was a friend of my grandfather, a neighbor, and a "lady," and she had loved my great-grandmother. It was unspeakable treachery that she had taken a part in the film. My grandmother wrote her a note disinviting her to a family wedding; it was clear that the family would never speak to Cornelia Otis Skinner again.

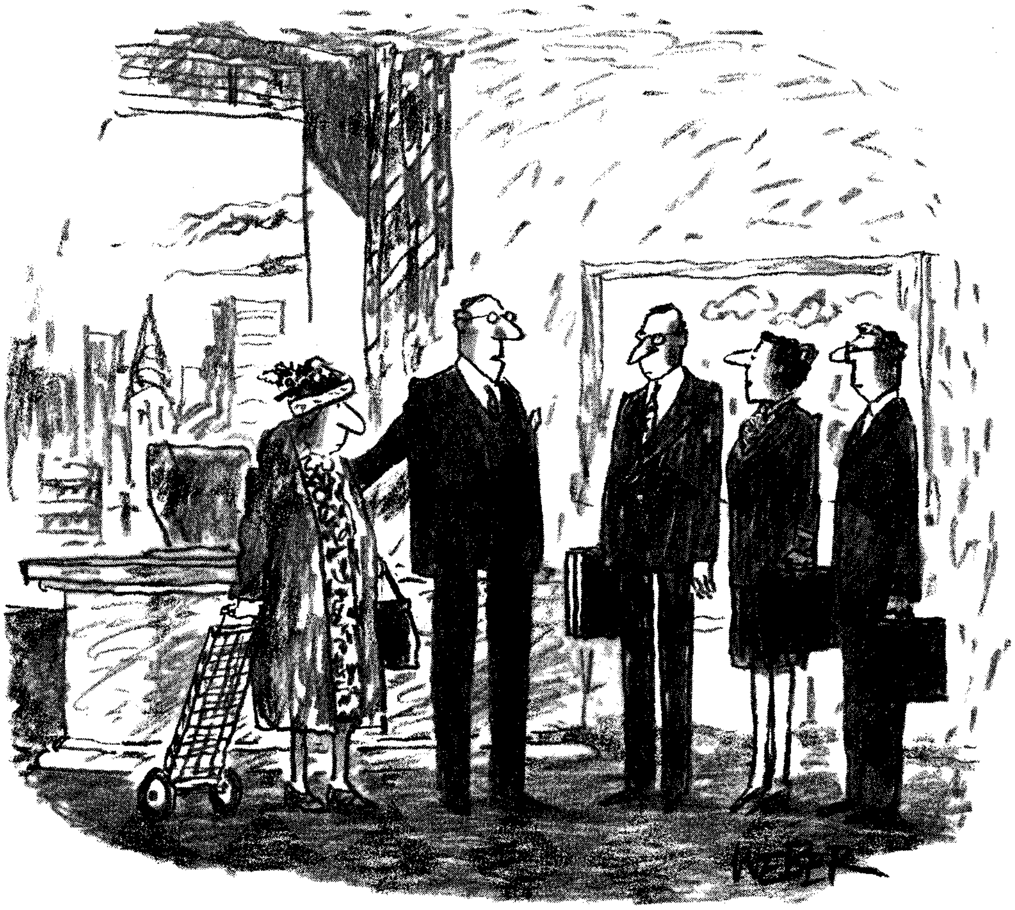
A year later, my grandfather died of a heart attack. He was sixty-eight; I was eleven. He was laid out in the parlor at Box Hill, a room of angels and ornaments, red velvet and gilt. I stood right next to his head, so his face was at my eye level, and I noticed the warmth of him in his brown tweed jacket.

My grandfather was my first corpse, and when I left the room I saw my mother coming down the stairs into the front hall with tears streaming down her face: she didn't use a handkerchief or wipe them away with her hand; she was just letting them stream, and her black hair was loose and streaming, too. The emotion scared me. I needed to retreat from it into a kind of feigned innocence, to be a barefoot child outdoors. My cousin Benjy and I conspired in this pretense, spurting out of the front hall onto the wooden piazza and then onto the lawn—I can remember the springy feeling of running and of the grass underfoot. We stayed out long enough to forget all about the scene in the house, and when we returned there was a bank of white flowers in the hall. The flowers had a strong scent, and they were beautiful: they instantly made an impression on me as having a loving meaning—as being something good.

Then I learned that the flowers had been sent by Cornelia Otis Skinner, but for some reason my impression of them did not change: they still seemed lovely to me. The strength of this perception disrupted a spell. Ever so minutely, the cosmos shifted, and in that moment I knew that it was the family melodrama about lies and betrayal, and not the Hollywood one, that was untrue. There, in my great-grandfather's charmed hall, the symmetries and harmonies that were the underpinnings of our sense of family blessedness seemed to slip and become skewed and thin, like a stage set gone awry.

THE Red Cottage was a nineteenth-century farmhouse that had been built by a carpenter moving right along. Unlike Box Hill, it was unconcerned with its appearance on the outside, and on the inside it was without any expectation that people would be special or events memorable. The piano room had a wavy wooden floor that pitched down, and the plaster walls were wavy, too. The ceiling was low. The piano was a Steinway parlor grand that had been Stanford White's and had come from Box Hill, but its importance in the household stemmed not from its provenance or its sheer size but from the importance of music in our family life. My father's musical gift generated a sense of purpose that enveloped us. There was nothing my sisters and I might do that could compare in importance with that gift and the fulfillment of its promise.

My father was tall and lanky, with a big head, a mischievous, catlike expression, and receding curly dark hair. Sometimes he would jump up in the middle of the night and rush down to the piano to compose some music that had come into his head. Sometimes during the day he would sit at a drawing board near the piano and copy out his music for hours with a tiny quill pen and India ink as we tried not to run and jiggle the floor. He changed when he sat at the piano. He played effortlessly, his body still and relaxed, looking all the while around the room in an abstracted way and smiling occasionally at the music, as if it were independent of his playing and had surprised him. At the piano my father seemed supernally calm. He was at home with music and the Steinway in a way that he was not at home with his girls. He would laugh at the fact that—Suzannah, Beatrice, Fe-



"This is Mrs. McBride from marketing."

licity, Madeleine, Isabella, and Gertrude—we had all turned out to be girls.

My father was a person of clefs and measures, sharps and flats, and of discipline and boundaries—especially the boundaries between children and adults. In contrast, my mother was a person of the inspiration of the moment, and of a mysticism that did not recognize borders or limits. She identified with aboriginal peoples—our local Indians, the Setaukets, for example, who had led a woebegone life of subsistence on clams. She was spontaneous, and her moods had a global quality. If she was sad, there was no space in which to stand outside her sadness. If it was raining in February, she would be thinking aloud about how dismal it must have been in February for the Setaukets, and then we would all be sad. She was beautiful, with her fair skin and greenish eyes. Her aura was purely feminine.

As the oldest, I was exposed. My sisters, in contrast, had protection in numbers, or so it seemed to me. There was, in any event, a feeling of numbers in the Red Cottage, of babies coming one after another, and, later, of knees and shins and feet of different sizes: I know my sisters' bodies nearly as well as I know my own. Our mother bought us dresses that were long, so that we would have room to grow into them, and after we grew out of them they were handed down. I remember an atmosphere of unruliness: us barefoot in our long dresses, and the problem of combing all of our hair.

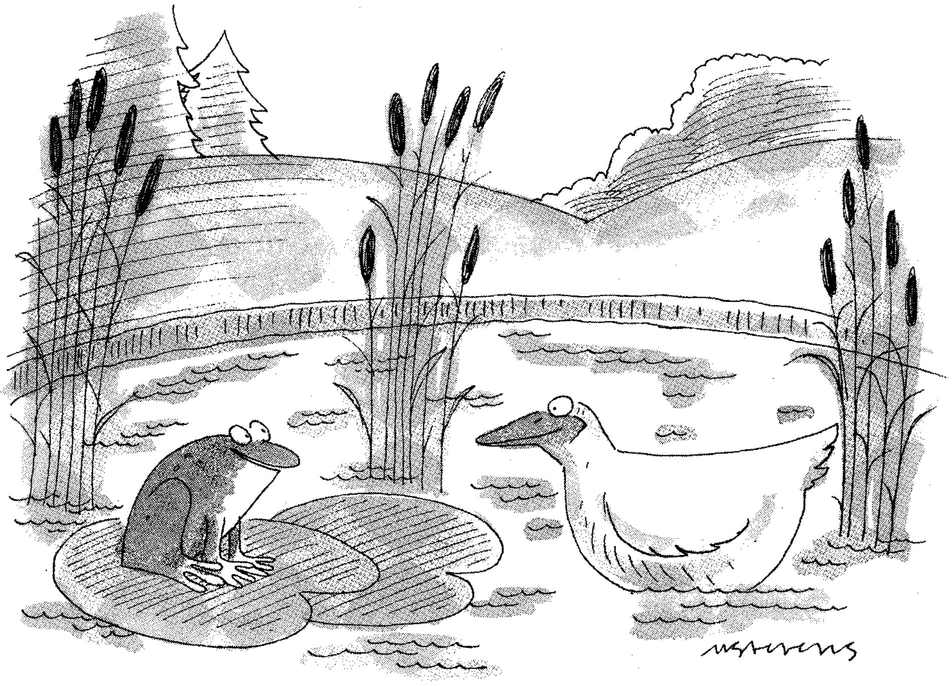
Both my parents were fanatical about sounds. Quite ordinary sounds hurt them—a radio on the beach, for example, or a truck rattling on the road, or we children getting raucous. My father found it difficult to go to movies, because of soundtracks, or to shops where Muzak played. The incidental use of classical music—in restaurants, for example—was trying for him, too. During my childhood, my father composed in a neoclassical style that was lyrical yet disjunctive, melodic yet modernist. He didn't see music as being in any way related to the heart or the soul, to anything other than itself. He felt that music ought to be concerned only with the musical materials themselves. It ought to be *only* aesthetic. (This was a view that many composers—Stravinsky among them—shared at the time.) My father said that he never heard in actual life what he heard in his head. As a result, we experienced music largely through its absence. Even the phonograph was silent, since Dad preferred to read music from scores.

It was in that charged quiet that he occasionally sat down at the Steinway and played. Then notes would roll through the house and up the stairs and out the windows, and we would all be awash in it. Once, when I was seven, Dad played a boogie-woogie on the piano and I thought I would pass out with joy. Once or twice, he took out his trumpet and played a few measures. I remember the concentration on his face as he lifted the silver trumpet to his lips. Then came a sound that sliced me vertically, effortlessly, like a blade.

The parlor was the only part of the house that had a cellar underneath. This was a dirt-floored cellar, walled with a foundation of boulders cemented together, and it was gloomy, with cobwebs and mildew and a moldy smell of old earth. In winter my father would go there twice a day to feed the furnace with coal. When he opened the door of the furnace the light inside was a deep, pulsing orange—through a vent in the door I could see the coals pulsing. I would sit on the cellar stairs while Dad took care of the furnace: this was before Beatrice was born and just my parents and I were in the Red Cottage. In adulthood, a kind of vision came to me of a small violent scene that seemed to be less the recollection of something real than a kind of waking dream, which led into a subterranean past that existed primarily inside me. Here I am on the stairs, a pretty little girl with curly hair, wearing a pretty little dress, watching my dad shovelling coal, and I am happy in the femininity of me and the masculinity of him. Then he comes around from the furnace with a change in his eyes that made him strange and that I noted with the dispassionate objectivity of children. I cannot be quite sure what happened next, but as I go through this part of the vision I feel—in the present—an uncontrollable impulse to kick, and what I discern through my wincing and kicking feelings is that my father reached up and poked me between my legs.

Sex was everywhere in the Red Cottage—Daddy kissing Mummy at the bottom of the stairs, grazing, grazing—and yet the feeling of sex was largely hidden, as if there were no sex at all. Similarly, my father was charged and masterful and magnificent, but he was also, in my perceptions, blanked out. There was a cloistered part of our life in the Red Cottage that didn't show up on our mental blueprint of the house. I might, for example, remember an incident yet have no feeling about it, or I might simply seal it off in the cloister—not remember it at all.

Another recollection that partially escaped the cloister walls was of lying in bed in the corner bedroom and seeing the glass doorknob turning. Then I saw my



"My lawyer finally got me on the endangered-species list!"

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father's brown wool wrapper, and his foot with the brown birthmark coming in. It was daytime, and from the sense of my length and skinniness in the bed I would guess that I was about six. While the doorknob is turning, the room, in my memory, is squared off properly, but, as he comes in, it becomes skewed, like a partly collapsed box. For a long time, when I tried to move past this point in my memory, what came to my mind was a picture, observed without emotion, of an airplane exploding in air, and body parts flying. This picture is not a memory in the documentary sense: I never saw a plane exploding. But I think it was a displaced body memory, because, as I began to come to terms with my childhood, instead of seeing the silent explosion of the plane in the sky I would experience a sense of interior exploding, an inchoate overload of mixed feelings, including rage—again, a wish to kick viciously—and all this in chaos, as if blowing out a nervous system too small-gauged to contain it.

Within the mute, somatic realm where the explosion took place, I intuitively understood that with that explosion, whatever it was (and it was *something*, it was not nothing), a long, slow shattering was initiated, which had extended outward through the years, fracturing both the little things in my life—a household task, a wish to read a book from start to finish—and the large.

IN the late seventies, when I was in my thirties and living in New York City, my mother called from the Red Cottage to tell me that she had found some architectural fragments under a rhododendron bush in the Rond Point. She and my father had been divorced for several years, and my grandmother had been living as a widow in the White Cottage for more than a decade. My mother had told her about the fragments, of course, and passed on to me that my grandmother had guessed immediately that they came from Stanford's Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and that my grandfather must have salvaged them from the demolition site with the idea of somehow using them to embellish the Rond Point. It was typical of my grandmother to guess the provenance of the fragments right off like that—to have facts about Stanford at her fingertips. She stood out in the family in speaking freely of my great-grandfather, calling him Stanford in an affectionate way, whereas in the rest of the family there was a kind of aversion to his name. For my part, starting from the time of "The Red Velvet Swing" and well into my adulthood, the mere mention of my great-grandfather—especially in public, unexpectedly—could jolt my system, overloading my circuits with a smoking mixture of pride and shame.

When my mother called me about the fragments, I only dimly recognized the name of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. For some reason, however, after the call my aversion lifted, and I did a little research about Stanford—the first in my life. What I learned was that the church had been completed in October of 1906, four months after Stanford's death; that it was regarded by many as his crowning achievement; and that, in the immemorial way of New York, it had been torn down thirteen years later. I calculated that my grandfather would have been thirty-one at the time. Here were Stanford and my grandfather and disaster, all in the same picture. This is what was never done in the family. Here was a picture of my grandfather as a young man, standing at the site of the destruction of his father's best work, salvaging bits.

The next time I visited my mother, we went through a scrappy patch of woods behind her house and entered a winding footpath that threaded its way between ancient rhododendrons. This had been the drive, once axially straight, but by this time the bushes had invaded the roadbed to a point where there was only this path snaking through. (The bushes had also slid down a bank into the woods on one side, in a dissolute-looking way.) The drive was romantic, but the Rond Point was dreary—even distraught-seeming. The once open circular space had become congested with saplings, briars, and honeysuckle. The columns had fallen down and rotted; some statuary that I had taken for marble as a child (but that under its white paint was plaster) had disintegrated; and the rhododendrons that originally formed the circle had been smothered by chinaberry vines, giving them the blinded, blunted look of a creature fumbling beneath a blanket.

My mother showed me a way through the chinaberry cover to the interior of one of the rhododendrons. It was a kind of cave, where an adult could stand, where the light was colorless and gray, and there, sunk in the mulch and dulled by nearly a century of sediment, were eight fragments: four lions; two medallions, one of them with a fishlike creature embossed in the center, the other with a flower; and two leafy marble formations in an Ionic motif. Although half buried, the fragments preserved in their skewed positions the heavy motion of having been thrown. Each one trailed chunks of the building from which it had been torn, and the violence conveyed by these ruptures also seemed fresh. It was little wonder that my grandfather had been unable to use them in a decorative scheme.

Quite suddenly, I had a powerful impression of my grandfather's presence, and I was carried back to the front hall of Box Hill as it had been when I was a child. There was the terra-cotta floor, the serpentine columns, the apple-green tiles of the staircase, and the deep golden ochre of the split bamboo on the walls. There was the Renaissance fireplace that you could walk into, with Atlas holding up the mantel. There, at the bottom of the stairs, were the life-size wooden Baroque lions: my grandfather was always shooing us children off when we sat on them, because we might break their backward-curling tails, which we did. There was my grandfather in his coffin, and the scent of the white flowers.

AT the time of the discovery of the fragments, I had recently married and moved with my husband to Lower Fifth Avenue, drawn to the neighborhood by an uncannily familiar feeling, yet only subliminally aware that Stanford's architecture was all around me—that he had designed Washington Square Arch, with the layout of the park beyond it, and Judson Memorial Church, which stood overlooking the south side of the park with its Italianate tower of loggias. Shortly after we moved in, my grandmother called to remind me that when she was a girl she had lived with her parents in the brownstone right next door to my building. Again, I knew this, but I had forgotten it: it was information I had pushed aside, as if to protect myself from the continual encroachment of family associations. It is a curiosity of my life that I have, repeatedly—without any conscious choice or even full consciousness

THE LOUSE

In my room overlooking Jerusalem,
I felt something like a leaf on my forehead—
I picked off a louse,
squashed it between the labyrinths
of my index finger and my thumb.
I have faith every louse in Jerusalem
has come through hair and feather:
Jew, Muslim, Christian,
from wing to head to beard to crotch,
from cat's ear to rat's balls.

At the Jerusalem wall between Heaven and Hell
the unprepared are given skullcaps—
I refused a clean, gray paper cap,
the kind given children in different colors
at birthday parties with other favors,
I picked dusty black rayon someone left behind,
despite my friend's warning, "You may get lice."
Whatever the time of day, a little before fear,
the sun hurt my eyes. I kissed the wall
but had nothing further to say to it.

My louse's cousins have spent time among hyena packs,
nestled in carrion, under pus, lip to lip with maggots.
Surely Christ, who suffered crucifixion,
felt the bite of a louse. My fingers are Roman soldiers
if the louse I squashed had a trace of Christ's blood.
I have faith King David after all his adventures
had an itch in the groin, and a louse danced with him.
Once a winged horse with peacock's tail
and a woman's face flew into this city from Arabia
with a prophet on its back.
We all can use a little sacred preening and combing.
I should be grateful for another louse.

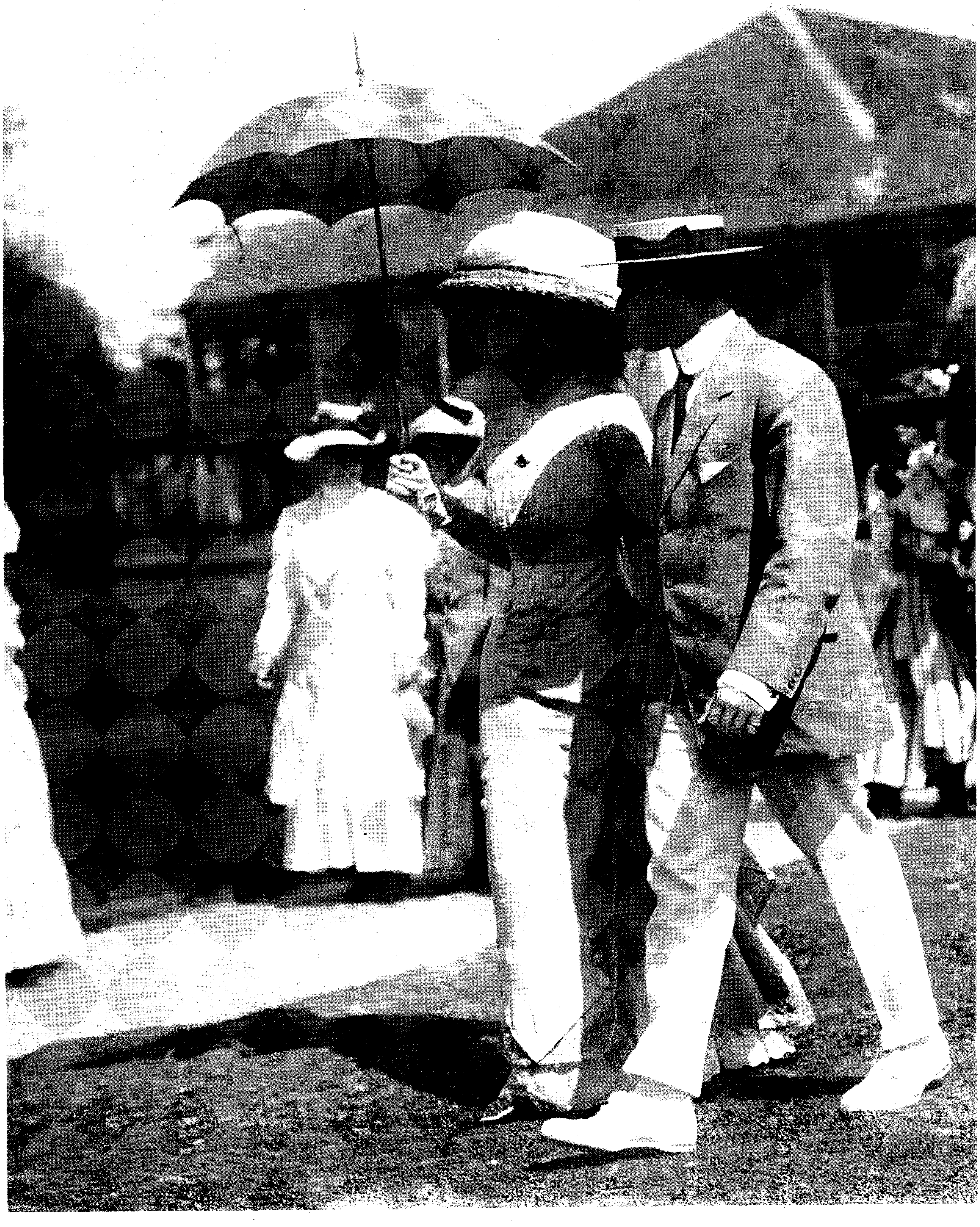
—Stanley Moss

on my part—ended up in environments replete with family history. When, as a young woman, I attended Manhattanville College, in Westchester, for example, the fact that Stanford had designed the interior of the latter-day Norman castle that served as the college's administration building was not unknown to me, but the knowledge was compartmentalized, remaining at bay in my conscious mind. We students would snicker about the pink marble he had used to refinish the space: it embarrassed us, I think; it was so unrestrainedly sensuous, so soft-seeming, with its alternately swirling and mottled grain, that it almost overwhelmed the architectonic characteristics of the hall. Even without the connection to Stanford, how amusing—how disturbing—the contrast was between that voluptuary pink and the nuns who ran the college, gliding back and forth in their floor-length black habits, their faces narrowed by starched white bonnets, their blue-veined hands transparent against the gold rings that symbolized their marriage to Christ. I could snicker about the nuns in the pink marble with my friends as if I had no association with it, without a sense of duplicity. It seems that the same split format with which I kept my actual family experience separate from my picture of family life pertained to Stanford's architecture as well: I could easily know something and yet absolutely not know it at the same time.

My grandmother's brownstone was the only one left on our stretch of Fifth Avenue—a majestic specimen with a sweeping stoop and a deeply inset door flanked by three French windows and delicate ironwork balconies. As young Laura Chanler—long before she married Stanford's son—she had had her coming-out party there, in 1904. Her parents, Daisy and Winthrop Chanler, were social lions and knew all the choicest people (Henry James, Bernard Berenson, Edith Wharton, and even Theodore Roosevelt), and Laura knew Stanford before she knew my grandfather, Larry White. In our telephone conversation she remembered sitting in the parlor looking out the window at the passing traffic—still mostly horse-drawn—and seeing Stanford White in a little red car. The car was driven by a chauffeur, but Stanford was in the front seat, leaning forward as if to make the car go faster.

Stanford was fifty years old when Laura met him, and she was sixteen, but he had befriended her in her own right, making a connection with her that remained vivid to her for the rest of her life. Once, she had arranged a dinner in honor of her parents, and at the last minute, just before the guests were to arrive, Daisy and Winty swept down the stairs in evening clothes and told Laura that they had other plans, that she was on her own with her fancy guests. This was supposed to be a joke, and my grandmother always told it that way. Her parents had tossed her a challenge—a challenge that she roundly deserved for having such grandiose ideas. Yet she also admitted that, left on her own, she had been terrified and humiliated. And then Stanford arrived. He summed up what had happened, took over the role of host, and made the evening a success. Even when she told this story in old age, my grandmother was grateful to Stanford for saving her. She laughed, but her feelings—gasping fear, followed by relief—were still fresh.

YOU can see—almost feel—the artist in Stanford in photographs of him as a young man, standing with his legs apart in a studio, for example, his hair sticking up, all of him charged with a kind of straight-up energy; he is dressed plainly, in a rough suit and sturdy shoes. Even after he was hooked on buying excessive quantities of luxurious clothing that he couldn't afford (silk shirts in exotic colors, moosehide shoes), he might



show up at a formal dinner with tails thrown over workaday trousers at the last moment. To the end, there is this winning rough authenticity in Stanford.

Almost every reminiscence of Stanford in the office of McKim, Mead & White mentions a loud, reverberating voice, doors slamming, instantaneous aesthetic decisions, crumpled drafting paper, a gargantuan capacity for work, and a contagious obsession with beauty. The artist Edward Simmons wrote that Stanford had "a sensitivity so great that he could lose his personality." I associate Simmons's description with a softness in Stanford's nature—an immateriality, almost—that is much like the structureless, evanescent effect of his interiors. This recessive quality coexisted with the energy, the brashness. H. Van Buren Magonigle, a draftsman in the office in those early years, wrote:

> He had a "field," as an electrician would say, and his radiated energy was terrific. His habitual gait was something between a fast walk and a run; between the private rooms and the drafting room . . . there was a double-swing half-door; it was White's habit to start on a dead run for that door, slide for the last few feet to check his momentum and bang the door open. . . . His constant sliding back and forth through that door wore a trough through the wooden flooring that had to be repaired all the time.

Magonigle also left some amusingly contrasting descriptions of Stanford and his partner Charles Follen McKim. Charley

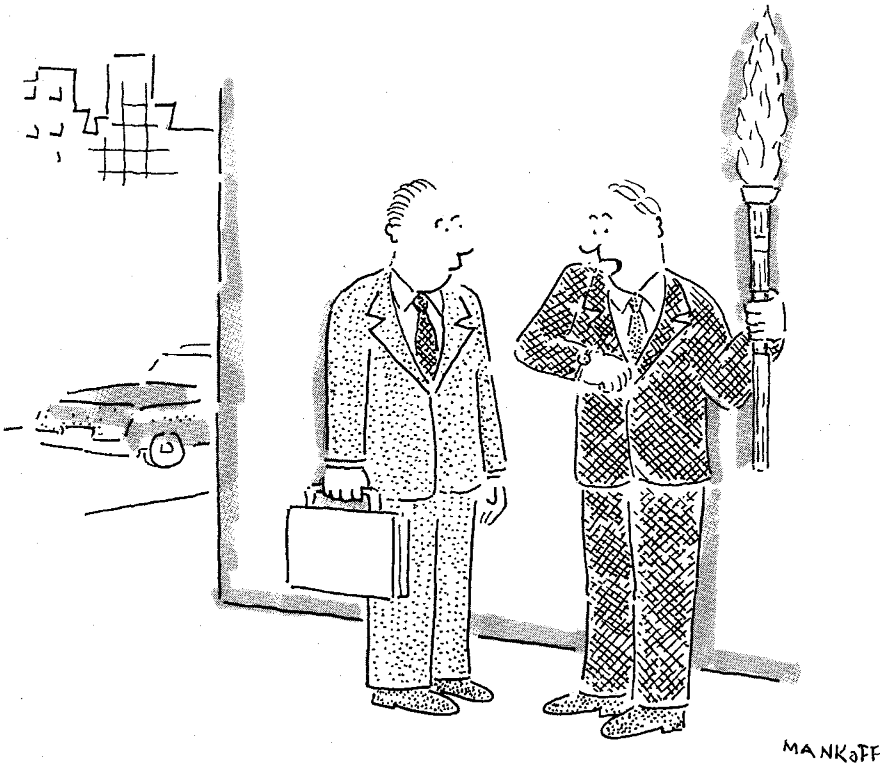
> liked to sit down at a draftsman's table, usually in his hat and immaculate shirt sleeves, and design out loud. . . . The room reverberated with architectural terms . . . Cyma Recta; Cyma Reversa; Fillet above; Fillet below; Dentils; Modillions. . . . He was the most convinced authoritarian I have ever encountered.

Charley hardly ever drew; instead, he would talk his way through a design, instructing a draftsman to draw a line and then, after much thought, telling him to erase it and draw it somewhere else. Often he would have a line redrawn many, many times. Stanford, on the other hand, would

> tear into your alcove, perhaps push you off your stool with his body while he reached for pencil and tracing paper and in five minutes make a dozen sketches . . . slam his hand down on one of them—or perhaps two or three of them if they were close together—say "Do that!" and tear off again. You had to guess what and which he

Promenaders at White's Casino in Newport, where he built many palaces for the Gilded Age rich.

BROWN BROTHERS



"I'd love to chat, Al, but I've got to hit the road."

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> meant. . . . He almost never explained. . . . A five-minute visit from him left you limp with the reaction from the strain of trying to follow his thought as his fingers flew.

At the time that my grandmother saw Stanford out the parlor window of her parents' house, he had already built many of the city's landmarks; he had also designed palaces for the Gilded Age rich and had expanded and refurbished Jefferson's campus at the University of Virginia. But Stanford's most famous building, and the one that most precisely reflected his extravagance and his ebullience, was Madison Square Garden, which stood at Twenty-sixth Street near where Fifth Avenue and Broadway—or high society and café society—crossed. It was the right place for Stanford, who moved in both worlds. The Garden opened in 1890, a joyously imperial edifice of yellow brick and white terra-cotta tile. The main arena could accommodate fourteen thousand people, had a floor that could be flooded for aquatic spectacles, was bright with hundreds of electric lights (still a novelty in those days), and had a huge skylight that could be opened to the air. There was also a theatre that could seat twelve hundred; a concert hall; and the Roof Garden, a partly outdoor restaurant surrounded by a colonnade and equipped with a stage for light entertainment—all beneath a tower that soared three hundred and forty-one feet above it. The tower had seven stories, and then there was an upper loggia, out of which a winding staircase led up to a chamber. From there, a ladder rose to a small balcony around a cupola that supported a large bronze statue of the goddess Diana—nude, balancing on one foot, bow drawn.

It was not just the architecture of Madison Square Garden that reflected Stanford; it was the way he impelled it into being, working on it night and day from mid-1887 until mid-1890, fund-raising, pouring money into it himself (his wife's money), negotiating with strikers, badgering the directors, and then mercilessly pressuring them when they began to balk at runaway costs. Stanford designed every detail of his "Palace of Delight," as it was called, right down to the ushers' orange swallowtail coats with red waistcoats and silver buttons. But the detail on which he lavished the most effort and expense was the statue of Diana. With the contractor and the directors in rebellion, he prevailed upon his friend Augustus Saint-Gaudens to sculpt it for free while he himself picked up the considerable cost of materials and installation. On the night of the unveiling of Diana, eight thousand lights outlined Madison Square Garden, and she stood, shooting her bow, eighteen feet high and weighing eighteen hundred pounds, on a crescent moon of plate glass, which was twelve feet wide and was lit from within by sixty-six lights. The moon was balanced on a rotating ball, so that Diana would respond as a weathervane—and she did, even when the breeze was no more than the lightest puff of air. She shocked New Yorkers with her nudity, as Saint-Gaudens and Stanford had hoped.

Alas, once she was up there, both men thought she was too big for the tower, and so—in a gesture of the obsessive perfectionism that characterized Stanford throughout his life—they had her taken down. The replacement Diana was five feet shorter, slimmer, and smaller breasted, and was made in part from plaster casts taken by Saint-Gaudens from a model's living body; this one stood directly on the swivelling orb, balancing—almost leaping—on the ball of one foot, with the other outstretched behind, about to absorb the powerful recoil of her fully drawn bow.

There were seven small apartments in the tower, and Stanford took the one on the top floor for himself, for private parties and rendezvous. He had a small studio there painted umber, sienna, vermillion, and chrome yellow (one cannot tell the story of Stanford without litanies of this sort): it was furnished with carved chairs and divans, tapestries, Oriental rugs, leopard and tiger skins, a crystal globe, some Japanese fish in a bowl, a cardinal's hat that served as a lampshade, and a copy of MacMonnies' "Bacchante"—a bronze statue of a nude young woman leaping upward ecstatically and carrying an infant who reaches for the grapes his mother holds above him. (This statue had been commissioned for the courtyard of the Boston Public Library—one of the firm's great successes—but a scandalized public had forced it to be withdrawn.) There was also a bed in the studio; some interludes there were more intimate than others.

A gala festivity that Stanford arranged in 1895 came to be known as the Pie Girl Dinner. It was a stag event that took place in a friend's studio, at which nearly nude young women served the wine—a blonde for the white and a brunette for the red—and one jumped naked, or clad in gauze (the accounts differ), out of a pie, accompanied by canaries. Word of this dinner reached the newspapers, and the publicity dogged Stanford. By the time Laura Chanler saw Stanford in his little red car, there was a penumbra of depravity surrounding the celebrated architect.

Laura met Stanford's son Larry at a dance class—she later described him in this period as a "callow youth," whereas Stanford was "bristling with life." Callow or not, Larry was a handsome, polished young man, and he and his father—who, not having had the kind of privileged upbringing that his son had had, was not so polished—were irritable with each other. On the Sunday night before Stanford was shot, Laura was out at Box Hill having dinner with the family, and Larry was cranky—he didn't like this, and he didn't like that—and then at one point Stanford poked Laura in the ribs with his elbow and said to Larry, "Well, you like *this*, don't you?" The remark mortified Larry, who fell silent for the rest of the meal. On Monday, Laura and Larry returned to New York, as did Stanford, who wanted to take them to dinner and a show, but Laura had to catch the Lackawanna night train to her parents' home upstate. The next day, my grandmother and everyone else in America read in the newspapers that Stanford had gone on Monday evening to see "Mamzelle Champagne," a musical that was being put on at the Roof Garden, and that while listening to a song entitled "I Could Love a Thousand Girls" he was approached by Harry K. Thaw, a millionaire from Pittsburgh, who pulled out a pistol and fired into his face from a range of three feet.

The murder and the circumstances surrounding it became a sensational ongoing newspaper story, with Stanford White's sex life at the center of it. The papers identified Thaw's wife as the former Evelyn Nesbit, whom Stanford White had put on the stage when she was in her teens; and even discounting for sensationalism, it became evident that Stanford had loved if not a thousand, perhaps a hundred girls. The scandal exploded so fast that a funeral scheduled to be held in St. Bartholomew's Church had to be cancelled, because crowds of sensation seekers threatened to overwhelm it. (A small funeral was held instead at the Episcopal church near Box Hill.) In October, Thaw was tried for murder, and the defense sought sympathy for him by portraying Stanford as someone whose morals were so bad that he deserved to be shot. Thus the trial became, in effect, a trial of Stanford White. Largely because of Evelyn's lengthy and explicit description of her seduction by Stanford, President Roosevelt asked the Postmaster General to ban accounts of the trial from the mails on the grounds that it was pornography.

The October trial ended in a hung jury, so the process was repeated the following year. On February 1, 1908, Thaw was acquitted on grounds of insanity and sent to a mental institution. Eight years later, Laura and Larry married, and they were together for forty years—until my grandfather's death, in 1956. In all that time together, according to my grandmother, they spoke of Stanford's murder only once. That was shortly after his death, when my grandfather said to her that he supposed that because of the scandals my grandmother would not consider marrying him, and my grandmother said, "Don't be silly."

In the fifties and sixties, Stanford became a glamorous, sexy figure, whose murder was an iconic event at the juncture of centuries. The censorious judgment of Stanford at the time of his death came to be seen as a reflection of Victorian prudery, hypocrisy, and naïveté. And yet, as I learned when I began to excavate the family story, the most curious feature of Stanford's posthumous life in the public eye was that while he remained well known (for a long period, more for the circumstances of his murder than for his architecture), the biographers who sought to dig deep into his life inevitably faltered. A biography by Charles Baldwin that focussed principally on Stanford's profes-

"O.K., the third of July is out. How about the fourth?"

sional life was published in 1936, and thereafter, though there were many attempts, no biography was completed for half a century. Aline Saarinen, an art historian and the wife of Eero Saarinen, was among those who tried: her papers, left to the Smithsonian, make clear what happened in her case. She had begun her project with the preconception that Stanford was a charming, charismatic figure, who had had affairs, yes, but was no worse than many, and had done nothing that a sophisticated person would find untoward. What she found, however, was a mechanical progression of sexual compulsion that gradually destroyed her liking for Stanford and, with it, her will to continue. Brendan Gill, another quondam biographer of Stanford, later wrote of the difficulty of reconciling "the big, bluff, open, lovable man of superb talent and the predatory . . . satyr." He wrote that biographers became repelled by White's monstrous insatiability, and their projects ground to a halt because they "came to dislike him" and had a "reluctance to admit that his amoral multifariousness had defeated them."

The occasion of these remarks was a review by Gill of Paul Baker's "Stanny: The Gilded Life of Stanford White," published in 1989. This work, which had taken its author ten years to research and write, coherently documented the course of Stanford's compulsions as well as his professional achievements. My grandfather had done his best to erase the record of Stanford's private life, so Baker's resources were limited. But it is nearly impossible to wipe out a trail as wide as the one that Stanford left.

From Baker's painstaking, sober ac-

Harry K. Thaw (above) and Evelyn Nesbit (right) on the witness stand. The defense sought sympathy for Thaw by portraying White as someone whose morals were so bad that he deserved to be shot.

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

count I learned that Stanford's sexual voraciousness was probably full-blown even before he married. In 1888, the year after Larry was born, he started a group called the Sewer Club with Saint-Gaudens, the draftsman Joseph Wells, and the artists Frank Lathrop and Thomas Dewing. The club met in a rented room in the Benedict, an apartment building for bachelors on Washington Square, and it is almost certain that the principal activity there was sexual—"scenes of mirth and physiological interest and investigations" was how Dewing described the activities of the Sewer's successor club, the Morgue, which maintained a number of hideaways for use by its members.

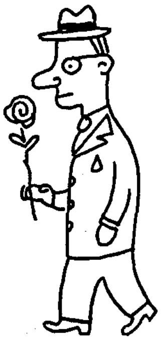
By the late eighties, Stanford was also regularly going out on the town for sexual adventure—he went to dives to watch sex as well as to have sex himself later, accompanied by his bohemian cronies or by rich friends he had met as clients. There was a lot of drinking: these were very late nights, with rich food thrown in, and a boxing match, perhaps, or a visit to a music hall. Or there might be a bit of opera and several stops at regular men's clubs, in addition to the stops at the secret ones, or intervals with one of his girls in one or another of his private hideaways. Stanford kept his supply of girls flowing, sending notes and gifts and flowers—courting, luring, seducing, drawing them in. The process of seduction was a major feature of Stanford's obsession with sex. He moved into the life of a very young woman—sometimes a barely pubescent girl—who was in a fragile social and financial situation and who would feel that she had little choice but to let him take over her life. Then, when trust had built up, he would have sex with her, and not long afterward he would dump her.

It looks as if—elaborate seductions notwithstanding—Stanford went through girls pretty fast, along with having several affairs going on at the same time, but he often seduced the girls deeply, so that they fell in love with him and even thought he was going to marry them. When it didn't work out that way, sometimes the girls took legal action. During the period when Stanford became involved with Evelyn Nesbit, for example, he appears to have been fighting off a breach-of-promise suit by the young actress who had introduced Evelyn to him in the first place.

Stanford generally went after "girls," but there may have been "boys," too; it is hard to say. Saint-Gaudens and Stanford habitually addressed each other in letters as "Darling" or "Doubly beloved," and signed off with "K.M.A.," meaning "Kiss My Ass"—Saint-Gaudens would sometimes spell it out—and he once wrote to Stan, "I'm your man to dine, drink, Fuck, bugger or such, metaphorically speaking." But Stanford's private world was so fraught with lewd excess that such distinctions lose meaning; in this atmosphere of untrammelled indulgence the question of whether Stanford was bisexual seems irrelevant. In some ways his activities don't even seem to be sexual in the usual sense. They were more like a form of compulsive consumption.

On the night that Stanford was shot, my grandfather went home to the family house on Gramercy Park, and it was there that he learned of his father's death—from reporters, who were lying in wait near the front door. He left immediately to go to his mother at Box Hill. He didn't get there until the wee hours of the morning, however, and decided not to wake her. Instead, he got a chair and sat outside her door until morning came and he heard her stirring.

I used to search for the story of Stanford and Larry and Bessie in the picture of this vigil—for the *family* story inside the public one, which was so big and yet also elusive. The picture of my grandfather sitting there perfectly captured the good manners that structured his life, but it also suggested an imminent climax, in which the pent-up truth of Stanford's destructive course would burst into the open with the news of his violent death reaching my great-grandmother. Yet that sense of impending drama was forever unsatisfied, because there was always the intimation in the family that when my grandfather finally told his mother what had happened she took the news in a resigned way, and that my grandfather himself was not utterly surprised by what had happened either.



I know well the spot on the second-floor landing at Box Hill where my grandfather sat outside his mother's door, waiting for her to wake. It is like a balcony or a deck—a narrow space where, when I was a girl, paintings of clipper ships hung on the wall. The stairwell was open from the third floor, above, to the first floor, below, and hanging from the ceiling of the third floor was an extraordinary contraption of floating objects: a pendulum chain, linking a glass-doored lantern (which lit the second-floor level), an iron curlicue, and, at the bottom, a brass lamp with a bellied base.

After the discovery of the fragments, I had a dream about a huge country-and-Western festival at Box Hill, at which I was an anonymous guest. Everything in the environment had meaning for me that no one there understood; no one even knew that I was connected to the place. While the concert went on outside, I wandered into the front hall. There, in place of the pendulum, ornamental objects from all over the house were falling in a slow, spiralling motion down the stairwell. It was a peaceful scene: gilded lions leaping off their globes were especially graceful. There was going to be a terrible crash, but I felt no dread. It was as if the crash had already happened. After I woke up, I recognized that the scene had about it an atmosphere of serene catastrophe which was profoundly familiar.

Although most of what I discovered about Stanford's life was, in some fundamental way, unsurprising to me—it was as if the essence of that story had been there on the Place all along—one thing that did surprise me utterly was the conditions of improvidence, of reckless overextension, under which Box Hill came into being. In the nineties, Stanford's spending was seriously out of control. Among his growing expenses were the costs of his girls: he did things like pay their dental bills (he would try to perfect his girls as if they were works of art), and he once put Evelyn Nesbit and her mother up in a hotel for more than a year. There were also steep debts to jewellers and florists. When he ordered champagne, there would be three deliveries, at least—one to his home, one to the Tower, and one to a hideaway—and, of course, he had to pay rent on his various retreats. In 1897, when he was in particularly difficult financial straits, he ordered extensive improvements to a hideaway above F. A. O. Schwarz, on West Twenty-fourth Street: he put in a marble mantel that had to be raised on the outside of the building and brought in through the window; he also had the famous swing attached to the high ceiling by red velvet ropes. In order to catch up with his debts, he began to speculate wildly—looking for the big killing that would pull him out of the hole. In 1899, he took a "flyer" in sugar, which left him heavily in debt to brokers; his health was increasingly poor; and yet he negotiated for the lease to a far grander town house than the one he and Bessie had been living in, and when he got it he decorated it opulently and threw a party for hundreds, catered by one of the fanciest restaurants in town. By the turn of the century, Stanford was in deep financial trouble, but he continued to expand Box Hill: he added the barns and the stables, the icehouse, the pump house, and planned a fancy pergola for the Box Garden. Meanwhile, in order to pay his brokers, he borrowed from friends, and then lost more on the market: by 1903 he was $709,000 in debt—the equivalent of about twelve million in current dollars. As Baker documents, he owed his Gramercy Park landlord $53,000 in back rent, he owed Prescott Hall Butler $60,000, he owed his wife $121,000, he owed his client Henry Poor $90,000, he owed McKim, Mead & White $63,000—and nevertheless his high living went on, at this point almost entirely on credit. Out at Box Hill, the laborers were not being paid and were threatening to sue.

I had known that Box Hill was thin in its lightness and its insouciance, and even in that, structurally, it was a summer and not a winter house; but I hadn't known that it was thin in the sense of representing something that could not be paid for. Experiences of insolvency were not unfamiliar on the Place in my time—we in the Red Cottage, in some ways, led a threadbare existence—but the idea was firmly established in my mind that there had been sound, solid money at one point, and sounder and solider the farther back one went. This feeling of soundness in the past was comforting to me as a girl, and far more than fiscally: it translated into a sense of being borne up by a reliable foundation.

And yet, as I contemplated this new information about the Place, I found that it did not destroy the familiar text but opened up a greater complexity. It was not merely that my old sense of safety was undercut by my new understanding; rather, I recognized that what I had taken for safety was in truth something else. It was unsafe safety—something similar to the mood of serene catastrophe in my dream. I saw, too, that Stanford's improvidence was indicative of a kind of absence; it was a failure to locate himself in reality which meant, in essence, that this larger-than-life person, whose presence had been everywhere on the Place, had not really been there at all. I saw that underneath his latency on the Place there was only the emptiness of abdication, and understanding this restored the full register of feelings—truncated until now—engendered by my complex childhood world.

"As soon as one problem is solved, another rears its ugly head."

• •

ONE wet November day, seven years after my mother had shown me the fragments in the Rond Point, I was crouching in the woods just below the place where the Rhododendron Drive burst out into the fields on its way up to Box Hill. I was trying to determine exactly the right site for a house. The drive cut through a rise here, which was wooded on the northern side; on the other side there was a swaying, gently descending pasture. In the sixties, my grandmother had divided up the Place among her children, and this pasture was part of Johnny's share; we called it Johnny's field.

Johnny himself had for many years continued to suffer from an infernal combination of vigor and ineffectuality. He had remained physically superb, and had even been married briefly, to an otherworldly poet, with whom he had a daughter. The marriage had fallen apart quickly, however, and Johnny had deteriorated rapidly after that: he was now living in a tiny apartment in the cow barn, eating meals at my grandmother's house twice a day. (His daughter, Pamela, was raised by her mother.) I transferred my feelings of sadness about Johnny to his field; there was something superb about it in the echt way that Johnny was superb. Other family members saw to it that the taxes on it were paid and that the land was to some degree maintained: of all the parts of the subdivided Place, Johnny's field was thus the most communal.

It was opposite Johnny's field, next to an ancient oak, that I decided to site my house. There had been no major construction on the Place for three generations; even repairs were habitually made not with new materials but with whatever happened to be lying around. In keeping with this aesthetic, my husband and I decided to move an old house to the Place rather than build a new one. We found an eighteenth-century shingled cottage, sitting on a commercial strip about twenty-five miles away, that was owned by a contractor who was eager to get rid of it.

I knew that it was important to cause as little disturbance as possible in bringing the house in, but it would have to enter the Place through the massive stone posts that flanked the South Gate by the White Cottage, and one of them would have to be demolished to accommodate its width. A section of the Privet Path also had to be scooped up by the bulldozer as the house passed through an outer pasture to Johnny's field. Initially, I was able to postpone the worst of the violations, which was the closing off of the Rhododendron Drive. Because the Drive ran very close to the house, my husband made closing it a condition of our choice of that particular lot: this became an issue between us, which represented whether our wishes with respect to our property had to be subordinated to the wishes of the family.

The house, in pieces, was brought into Johnny's field in July, but it was not until mid-August that it was slid onto its foundation near the oak. Extensive reconstruction work remained to be done. Even before it had been moved onto the foundation, but when it was too late to stop, I sensed that the intrusion of my house was causing tension in the complicated balance of edgy relationships that life on the Place had become. In addition, as the cost of moving and reconstructing the house streaked beyond the original estimates, my husband and I were under growing financial stress, which we tried to ameliorate by doing work on the house our-

"We have only jobs here, Mr. Sanderson, not 'gigs.'"

• •

selves. There came a moment when I was up on a ladder painting some outdoor trim and I suddenly saw myself in a detached way—up on the ladder in the middle of my family past, with disaster massing around me. I saw how far the mire extended, how deep it was, how impossible escape was for me. I saw how futile my little brushstrokes were—a barely measurable attempt to make progress in an endeavor that, even if successful, seemed now to be a mistake. And yet, despite everything, I did not regret having made the decision to do this. When I asked myself why, what came to mind was a sense of the great, groaning novel of the family, an unfolding story of which I was irrevocably a part and to which I was now committed. Up on my ladder, I sensed the story in a subverbal form—in the rooflines of the barns silhouetted in the setting sun; in the soft, light-absorbent marble of the fountain in front of Box Hill; in the lines of the swamp maple behind the fountain, towering over the house; and, of course, in the gabled mass of Box Hill itself.

My house was not completed until two years after we had started. We were by then more or less financially ruined, my marriage was wrecked, and my relationship with the extended family on the Place was in serious disrepair. When the house was done, I had upended two fat logs in the middle of the Rhododendron Drive to indicate that it was now closed, and one day shortly thereafter I came home to find the logs split by an axe into very small pieces.

SEVERAL years after the house was completed, my grandmother died, at the age of ninety-six. The family had configured itself around her, and in retrospect it seems to me that the change occasioned by her death allowed for the entry into our family life of a kind of revolutionary grace. Just before Christmas in 1988, my sister Madeleine, who was living in Europe, called each of us sisters and asked that we meet by ourselves over the holidays. She wanted to talk to us about our childhood, she said. The suggestion itself was revolutionary; indeed, in the past the prospect would have generated such stress and resistance that the plan would have fallen apart. But on New Year's Day, 1989, Beatrice, Madeleine, Isabella, and I—Felicity was not able to be there, and Trudi arrived later—gathered in a room in my house which we called the studio. It was a large room, about twenty by twenty—an addition to the eighteenth-century core—with a pine floor and two bay windows that looked south across Johnny's field. We sat tentatively, and a little awkwardly, around Madeleine—we had no precedent for talking together in a serious way—as she told us that she'd been seeing a psychoanalyst in France, and that she had told her she'd been sexually fondled by our father at night when she was a child. The analyst had suggested that she speak to her sisters about it. Her words were spoken quietly, but I had a sense of something like a sound barrier breaking. Beatrice instantly, explosively—almost before Madeleine had finished speaking—burst into tears, and then said that she, too, had been visited by our father in the night. When she was fifteen he had got into her bed and lain on top of her—and then, after a time, had gone away. She'd always told herself that this was not a sexual act, thus preserving the idea that her childhood was safe. I recounted my visions of the cellar stairs, the exploding airplane, and another memory, far firmer, of an embrace when I was fifteen, to which, like Beatrice, I had attributed no significance. Isabella, whose expression was usually veiled, was also in tears. She said that she had no such memories, but then she remembered almost nothing of her childhood. Then Trudi arrived, and when we told her what we had been discussing she said, Oh yes, that had happened to her, too, but it was nothing. We said it wasn't nothing, and she, in her turn, burst explosively into tears.

We recalled how we were told that Dad had walked in his sleep as a child: the idea was—perhaps from our mother—that he walked in his sleep in the Red Cottage, too. In this way, what happened at night was put out of consciousness—not only his but ours. We had all, in a sense, become somnambulists. It was clear now that these memories, which had seemed isolated to each of us on her own and thus somehow irrelevant, had a context. It was clear that sexual violation (mercifully, of a limited sort) had been a part of our life in the Red Cottage. There was a kind of involuntary combustion in the way our terse factual statements shot out, accompanied by explosions of tears. But the air in the room was stable and calm. I felt very calm, as if I could sit there forever. I felt connected to my sisters—a true familial connectedness. I saw them, in a sense, for the first time.

ALL of our lives changed drastically within the year. I left my marriage, and a vexing paralysis that had troubled my writing for a long time lifted as I began the work of writing about my family experience. A year or so later, as a part of this endeavor, I designed a tour of Stanford's architecture for myself. Pamela, Johnny's daughter, who was now in her twenties, was interested, too, and she joined me. With thirty years separating us, we were the oldest and the youngest of Stanford's great-granddaughters, and we both had red hair, as Stanford did, though mine was partly gray by this time, and Pamela's was strawberry blond, quite unlike Stanford's chestnut. Still, the redness underscored the cat's cradle of family connectedness—the physicality of it.

We started on a June morning in downtown Manhattan, on the narrow streets where Chinatown and Little Italy intermingle. On Grand Street, we came upon the monumental neoclassical façade of the Bowery Savings Bank, which was designed by Stanford in 1892. The central feature of the façade was a pediment containing statuary, with a big clock in the middle and a frieze running underneath, the whole supported by four massive Corinthian columns. Behind the columns were four windows, one and a half stories high, set in complex, protruding frames, which cast deep shadows and created a dramatically inflected surface. We passed under the portico into a world in itself. The gilded and coffered ceiling inside the bank had a skylight at its center, with panes of deep-yellow glass. There were Corinthian columns all around, some of ochre marble, with red and black veins, and, in combination with the skylight, they gave the room a sombre glow. There was a work space in the middle of the floor, and the people leaning over desks generated rustles and small echoes under a ceiling so high that it was a kind of sky.

I examined the architecture intently, objectively—writing its features down in my notebook. Then, when I was done, there was a moment in which I was caught off guard, and the old fear set in. A quality in Stanford's interiors which had caused me to avoid them in the past enveloped me, like a perfume triggering an allergic reaction: a swelling in the chest near the throat, a pressure of tears behind the eyes—and, above all, dread. The source of the dread was the very geniality of the architecture: its delicacy, its glow, its seductiveness. It made me want to flee, but instead I pursued the dread, and it led me to an inchoate sense of another reality, encompassing the cloistered experiences of the Red Cottage. As soon as I acknowledged this, my aversion left me, and I found myself working strenuously to bring that set-apart reality out of darkness and into the golden light of the bank.

Stanford's best work emerges out of combinations of materials rather than structural form, and in the mysteries of proportions, particularly the proportions of interior rooms: the feeling of a doorway as one passes through, the effect of the size, placement, and setting of a window as one looks out. His signature is a breezy warmth, a kind of grace, a feeling of goodness—"kindness in a measurement," as my mother has put it. In combination with this charm in the Bowery Savings Bank, there was also the power of the neoclassical tradition, in which every aspect of the interior—the sure proportions, the sensuous, well-chosen marble, the pilasters, the columns—was working toward the effect of the whole, an effect of strength and authority. This was an architecture of stability and security, of lawfulness, of institutional justice. The experiences that I was acknowledging were, in contrast, outside any sense of law or institution, without elegance or aesthetic. There was, I knew, a word for every little turn and variation in the highly articulated environment of the bank. My experiences, again in contrast, were largely unarticulated and unstructured. And in a way they unstructured the bank. As I watched Pamela walk toward me across the mosaic floor, the richness of the ochre marble had a depth of sadness that I hadn't seen before.

At the end of our day in the city, Pamela and I drove up to Newport to have a look at the Gilded Age palaces Stanford had built there—principally Rosecliff, the white confection that he designed for the society matron Tessie Oelrichs. We spent the night, and the next morning was beautiful and summery. There were roses and Saint-Gaudens statues around the house, and swallows swooping around the delicate Renaissance façade. Through large, arched windows, we could see the blue ocean on the other side of the house.

Pamela flew toward this pretty palace, her hands spread flat, her strawberry-blond hair bouncing. I saw how different the meaning of Stanford's legacy was for her from what it was for me. She had not grown up on the Place, and she was only proud of her great-grandfather, eager to honor him for his achievement and to bask in the reflection of his fame. I watched her go, and with her went everyone: Stanford and Bessie, my grandparents, my uncles and aunts, my cousins, my parents, my sisters—each of whom would write a version of the family history different from this one. ♦

"Our flavors of the day are Prodigal, Importune, and Mal de Siècle."

THE ART WORLD

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

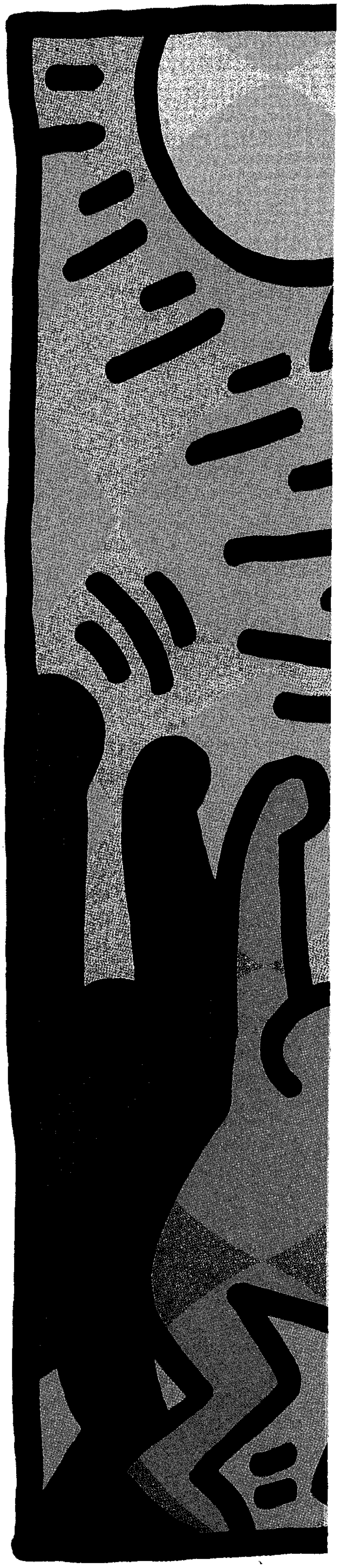
Of all the young artists who made it big in the eighties, Keith Haring reached the widest audience. You had to be a chronic sorehead to deny the appeal of this nerdy-looking kid from Kutztown, Pennsylvania, with his round glasses and lantern jaw, his phenomenal energy, and his absurdly joyous ambition to communicate with millions of people who didn't care two beans about art. Haring's career threatened nobody. Older, established artists, like Roy Lichtenstein and Jean Tinguely, loved what he did. The graffiti artists of his generation, whose work had provided the springboard for his own, never seemed to begrudge his having soared so far beyond them. His success coincided with the booming art market of the nineteen-eighties, and when he died, of AIDS, in 1990, at the age of thirty-one, the boom was just about over.

Haring beat the system by operating both inside and outside the art market. As early as 1981, when he was fresh out of the School of Visual Arts, in New York, and was doing his subway-station drawings of radiant babies and barking dogs and running figures, he was also showing at the Tony Shafrazi and Annina Nosei galleries, in SoHo. A year later, he was in Documenta 82, the most important of the big international art fairs, and his 1983 exhibition record lists gallery shows in New York, Tokyo, Naples, Antwerp, and London. Haring's natural gift—the ability to cover and animate a surface with strong, simple, cartoon-style images that had an iconic resonance—was adaptable to just about any surface he came across: poster boards, sides of buildings, T-shirts, record albums, postage stamps, human bodies, stage sets, Swatch wristwatches, a blimp, a B.M.W. convertible. A lot of this work took him right into commercial art, but he managed to avoid becoming known as a commercial artist—maybe because so many of his outside-art projects were volunteer efforts on behalf of children, against apartheid and nuclear war, and for a variety of good causes. Haring's gift made everything he did look easy. It wasn't, of course: try covering a large wall, working *alla prima*, as he did, without any preliminary notes or sketches, and see if what comes out is a unified, lively, and visually coherent design. Nevertheless, easy art was the bane of the eighties, and the widespread fantasy that you could make it, buy it, or sell it without paying your dues was in no small part responsible for the post-1990 loss of confidence in the whole enterprise. If Haring had lived longer, could he have survived the crash and moved on to become a better artist? Maybe, but I'd guess not. He was too emblematic of his era, and also, probably, too nice a guy. Either a comfortable life and lousy work, as Fernand Léger used to say, or a lousy life and beautiful work.

One of the endearing things about Haring's life was that he enjoyed it so much: no angst, no irony, and no ennui. When the money started to roll in, he took the Concorde to Europe, put himself and his boyfriend up in style at the Hotel Ritz in Paris, and never stopped partying. Princess Caroline of Monaco made him a Chevalier de l'Ordre du Mérite Culturel. Lionized by the jet set of three continents, he still found time to lead drawing workshops for city kids and to paint a three-hundred-and-fifty-foot-long mural on the Berlin Wall. And in 1988, when the death sentence that he had been dreading for a year or more announced itself, with a purple spot on his leg, he walked along Houston Street to the East River and stood there for a long time, weeping, and then he came back and poured his still phenomenal energy into making the two years that he had left as full and active and generous as the rest of his life had been.

This sort of natural-born gallantry makes the "Keith Haring Journals" (Viking, out in late July) a moving document. Haring started a journal when he was eighteen, and he kept at it, sporadically but copiously, until a few months before his death. He never lost his initial certainty—naïve, but essential to his own later achievement—that art was for everybody.

—Calvin Tomkins



Keith Haring's "Andy Mouse" (1986).

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FICTION

LA MAYONETTE

BY LILY TUCK

WE arrive at La Mayonette very late at night. My husband, Charles, and I had calculated eight hours for the drive but it took much longer since we did not take into account the winding part on the map between Geneva and Lyons—that part alone took five hours. Also, not realizing how far we still had to go, we had stopped along the way to have a picnic lunch and, lastly, just after it had got dark, the two bicycles that were attached, upside down, to the roof rack of the car worked themselves loose and we had to stop once more to reattach them. "If the bicycles fall off, someone could get hurt. Seriously hurt," I kept saying to Charles, as I tried to hold the flashlight steady and he tried to tighten the bungee cords that held the bicycles down, and this, too, took up more time. Now, and for once uncomplaining, our two boys are huddled against each other in the back of the car asleep as we drive up to Francine's house to get the key to La Mayonette. We wake her up but she does not seem to mind. She was afraid, she tells us, that we had had an accident; she is relieved to see us. Her long hair is tied into a single old-fashioned braid and hangs down her back, and the bright-green embroidered Mexican dress she is wearing as a nightgown is wrinkled from her sleep. She does not look any different since I last saw her, and we embrace warmly. I introduce her to Charles, whom she has never met. She gets us the key—a long iron key, like a key to a city—and tells us how to find the house. We kiss again and say *à demain.*

La Mayonette is painted a rough yellow—the same yellow van Gogh used when he painted the houses there—and although there are several other buildings, mostly farm buildings, next to them, it looks garish and out of place. In the morning, before I am properly awake, I can hear roosters crowing and a tractor starting up and setting off down the road. When I look around at the unfamiliar room—last night, not bothering to unpack, barely turning on a light, we all went straight to bed—I see an ordinary room sparsely furnished with a bedside table, two straight-backed chairs, and an armoire; only the wallpaper seems inappropriate. More than inappropriate: the wallpaper disturbs me. The design on it is a profile of a woman with red hair and dark sharp features, repeated a dizzying amount of times all around us. To make matters worse, the wallpaper was hung by an amateur. The faces do not match at the seams and are distorted—where there should be a nose, there is a chin, where there should be a mouth, hair.

In the next room, I can hear our two boys talking; their words are as distinct as if no wall separated us. "Shit," the younger boy says, "the bastard flew around me all night. I never got to sleep." He makes a buzzing sound and the older boy laughs. Something crashes to the floor and they both laugh. Already smiling, Charles opens his eyes and reaches an arm toward me. "We're going to have a good summer," he promises.

"In college, I read a story about a woman who goes crazy looking at the wallpaper in her bedroom," I answer.

La Mayonette is the name of the house we have rented in the Var district of France for the month of July. The house belongs to Francine's family and it was my idea to rent it, because of Francine, who was my classmate and friend a long time ago when I was a student in France, and because of the countryside. The countryside is hot and dusty and the azure sea and the crowded Riviera beaches, which are a few kilometres away and only a twenty-minute drive from the house, seem very remote from La Mayonette. Here the land is given over to vineyards and orchards and is contained by a ragged ring of scrub mountains on which grow patches of wild rosemary and thyme.

We are soon settled in La Mayonette and the days establish themselves into an easy routine. The two boys bicycle and run around as if they had always lived here and as if it does not matter that they are in France. The bread man delivers a loaf of flat round country bread every morning; and Jacqueline, who lives in one of the buildings clustered around La Mayonette, comes twice a week to clean and do the wash. She is silent and efficient and I am relieved that I do not need to speak to her and tell her what to do. Even so, I warn Charles to hide his money, his valuables; I do likewise. We learn our way around Pierrefeu, the little village perched on a hill six kilometres away. From there, we tour the *caves* to taste the wine grown in the region and end up buying two large plastic *bonbonnes* of pink and red wine—more than enough for a month, Charles says. We also buy a quantity of food: olive oil, tomatoes, garlic, fish, fruit—mainly the juicy yellow peaches that are in season.

On the Fourth of July, the younger boy says that he wants to bake a cake, but, inexplicably, he makes mashed potatoes instead. The kitchen is the largest room in the house and the one we use the most. A long oak table stands in the middle, and already the tabletop is crowded with pitchers of wildflowers and china bowls of peaches. We have brought in two armchairs from the living room, and Francine is sitting in one of them and her two daughters, who are a little younger than our two boys, are sitting together in the other. The little French girls stare at our boys but do not speak to them, although I hope that by the end of the month they will. The two boys are mashing the potatoes with vigor and unaccustomed camaraderie, no doubt for the benefit of the little French girls.

Francine, her husband, Didier, and the two little girls stay for dinner. In addition to the mashed potatoes, we eat roast lamb and ratatouille. Afterward,

FILIP PAGOWSKI

Charles and Didier light firecrackers while the rest of us sit on the terrace and watch. I hold the younger boy by the arm to keep him out of the way and safe, but he manages to squirm out of my grasp. I don't much like fireworks—they make me afraid of burning flesh and dismemberment—but so as not to spoil the fun I cheer with the others. "Bravo!" I shout. When the fireworks are done, we sit quietly and a little anticlimactically in the dark but star-filled Var night. The little girls have fallen asleep on Francine and Didier's laps and our two boys have disappeared inside the house, probably to read comic books. I look up at the sky for shooting stars—lovelier than fireworks.

La Mayonette, Francine explains to us, belonged to her aunt, her father's sister. When she was young, the aunt was very beautiful—Francine has seen photographs. She painted, she wrote poetry—Francine is not sure which but in any case the aunt was considered artistic. Mainly, the aunt kept to herself, Francine says, except that she loved dogs. When she died, there were more than a dozen dogs in the house—all kinds of dogs, strays for the most part—and, as a result, the people around here were afraid of her. Amongst themselves, they said she was crazy or else that she was a witch—almost one and the same thing. Francine says she remembers coming over to La Mayonette as a child, for tea. Her aunt was fairly old by then, or, anyway, she seemed old to Francine; even so, there was nothing about her to be afraid of. Her aunt had gotten quite stout and the dogs were friendly and benign. Poor woman, Francine says with a sigh, she was born with a third nipple—only Francine does not know the word for nipple in English, she uses the French word, *mamelon*. Of course, Francine adds, her aunt never married. No one speaks for a moment, then Francine says, "I worried a lot about it when my daughters were born, in case it is hereditary. One never knows, you know." She laughs a little and Didier makes a joke of it—something about more breasts to caress, he says, in French—and we all laugh.

Later, in bed, I confuse Francine's aunt with the woman in the wallpaper—no longer just a profile, the woman is depicted in her entirety and she is naked. Also, she is grotesque: on her body where there should be a leg, there is an arm, where there should be a hand, there is a foot. Charles touches me, and, relieved, I wake up.

Every morning, Charles and I walk and our two boys bicycle down the drive of La Mayonette and across the main road to Francine's house. She has a swimming pool and a tennis court. Francine and I like to lie in the sun and watch while the children swim. In the water, they are friendlier, and the two boys are learning a bit of French. Francine and I talk: I talk in English, Francine answers me in French—this way it is easier for us both. Predictably, we talk about our children, our marriages, and what we do. Francine is a potter. We also reminisce about our student days and a trip we once took together to Egypt. We laugh when we talk about Egypt—what Francine remembers about the trip I have completely forgotten and vice versa. I remember that on our last night, in Luxor, I slept with our tour guide and, afraid that Francine would disapprove, I did not tell her then—nor, although I am tempted to, do I tell her now. Francine sunbathes topless and, although unaccustomed, I do likewise. My breasts are not very big and when I lie flat on my back one hardly notices them. Francine's breasts are bigger, and in spite of myself I think about her aunt.

Charles and Didier play tennis, and although Charles is tall and lanky and Didier is short and wiry, they seem evenly matched. One morning Charles wins, the next Didier wins. From the swimming pool, one can hear the ball bouncing and the two men keeping score. Since they keep score in French, to me it sounds as if they are playing another game, not tennis.

Charles disapproves of topless sunbathing on account of our two boys, he says, and on account of Didier, too, and when I hear that they have finished their game I put back the top of the bathing suit, and so does Francine. It has happened, however, that on one or two occasions I have pretended to fumble with the straps of my bathing suit. I have put back the top at the last minute so that when Charles and Didier walk from the tennis court to the swimming pool Didier can see me.

This morning while we were walking down the drive to go to Francine's pool, the younger boy, who was riding his bicycle ahead of us, was nearly hit by a car. The car that nearly hit him did not try to stop or to brake for him. At first, because the speeding car was between us and the boy, we imagined the worst had occurred and it was only when we ran across the road and saw that he was sitting cross-legged on the side of the road holding on to his arm, his bicycle on the ground next to him—the spokes of the front wheel bent, handlebars twisted wrong way around—that we realized he was all right. Or almost all right.

On the way to the hospital in Toulon my husband drives and the younger boy sits on my lap. I stroke the back of his blond head at the same time that I try to protect him from the car's jolting motion. I also try not to look at his arm, which is already swollen and red and is dangling at such an odd angle that it looks as if it belonged on his other side. In the back seat, the older boy does not utter a sound, so that when we arrive at the hospital I have forgotten about him. "Oh, you are here, too," I say distractedly.

Only after we have been admitted to the emergency room and a nurse is cutting away his T-shirt with a pair of blunt-nosed scissors does the younger boy start to cry.

"Does it hurt a lot?" I ask him.

Sitting up on the examining table, the younger boy crosses his good arm protectively over his narrow, bare chest and shakes his head no.

"Don't worry, we'll buy you a T-shirt just like it," I promise him lamely.

Nevertheless, while the doctor goes about setting his arm I have to leave the room.

Back at La Mayonette, I suggest to the boy, whose arm is now encased in shiny white plaster and held securely to his chest with a sling, that after all he has had to endure he should take a rest. He can lie down on my bed in our room for a while and I will read to him. But he refuses. He says he wants to go along with the older boy to the swimming pool; even if he cannot swim, he can at least show the little French girls his cast, his sling. I don't insist. Instead, I tell Charles to go with them if he wants to but that I want to stay home.

It is around noon. Outside my bedroom window, I can hear the farmhands

THE FOURTH QUARTER IS COMING!

taking their midday break. Their lunch is spread out on the ground, as well as bottles of water and wine. The men are talking and laughing and I would have to concentrate to understand what they are saying, but I don't. I only listen to the sounds they make. Tomorrow is Bastille Day and I think that I can already hear the echoes of the holiday in their laughter. It is a laughter I cannot share and I envy their hard-earned, simple pleasures. From all four walls of the bedroom, dozens of sharp-faced, red-haired women are staring at me. "He is my boy," I say out loud and take off one of my sandals and hurl it as hard as I can at the woman nearest me in the wallpaper. I take off the other sandal and do the same thing, then I start to cry.

As a farewell dinner on our last night in Egypt, a *méchoui* was held, a few miles out in the desert. From Luxor, we were given the choice of getting there on horseback or on camelback. Most of the group, including Francine—she is frightened of horses—chose to go on camelback. I chose horseback, as did our tour guide. At the *méchoui*, there were Bedouins dressed in burnooses who roasted an entire sheep on a spit. There was a band playing indigenous music while a belly dancer with a sparkling stone pasted to her navel gyrated ceaselessly. A great deal of wine was served, which we drank out of silver-looking cups. Afterward, on the way back to Luxor, the full moon was so bright that I could see the desert as clearly as if it were noon. The little Arab mare I was riding, unused, perhaps, to being out so late, was a bit nervous. Her gait, a half prance, half trot, rocked me pleasingly in the saddle. On his horse next to me the tour guide rode so close that his knee pressed almost painfully into mine. This, too, added to my mare's excitement.

Although it is Bastille Day, we are subdued. The two boys are quiet. The younger boy is tired—the cast, now decorated with drawings and signatures (even the cleaning woman, Jacqueline, has written her name on it) is bulky and uncomfortable—and he is also depressed. To try to cheer us up, Charles decides to drive to Ramatuelle for dinner. He takes the longer but more scenic road and, going around a sharp curve, we come perilously close to having a head-on collision with a van coming from the other direction; no one dares to say a word. In Ramatuelle, we walk single file down the picturesque narrow streets. On a whim, I announce that I want to go to the cemetary and visit the grave of Gérard Philipe, the actor. Our two boys have never heard of Gérard Philipe but they humor me as I tell them how Gérard Philipe died too young and at the height of his career and how the entire country mourned him. The cemetery overlooks the sea and is quite beautiful; even after all these years, there are half a dozen bouquets of flowers heaped on top of Gérard Philipe's grave. Oddly, the cemetery makes me worry less about the younger boy's broken arm, and we enjoy our dinner in the restaurant. We stay and listen to the village band and watch the fireworks display. This time I am not frightened. It is late again when we drive home, and in the car I hold Charles's free hand.

WHEN I wake up the next morning I get out of bed and get dressed without waking Charles. I drive to Pierrefeu. Already, the streets there are crowded with housewives doing their morning shopping. To feel as if I belong with them, I buy milk and oranges; I also buy fresh croissants. A group of cyclists wearing yellow-and-black jerseys are getting ready for a race. They call out to each other: "Jean-Claude," "Jean-Pierre," "Jean-Marie"—all of them have double names—as they make their last-minute adjustments to their bikes. I stand and watch them for a while and one of the cyclists looks up and sees me watching him. I smile and tell him *bonne chance.* I am still smiling when the cyclist makes a braying noise at me—the high-pitched honking bray of a lonely donkey. He does it again so that the other cyclists with the double names look up from their bikes and laugh loudly. Startled and ashamed, I quickly turn away. I realize that I have no business being there and that I have been gone much longer than I intended. Charles and our two boys must be awake by now and wondering where I am. I walk back to where I parked the car and drive home to La Mayonette as fast as I dare; as fast, no doubt, as the person who drove the car that nearly hit my son.

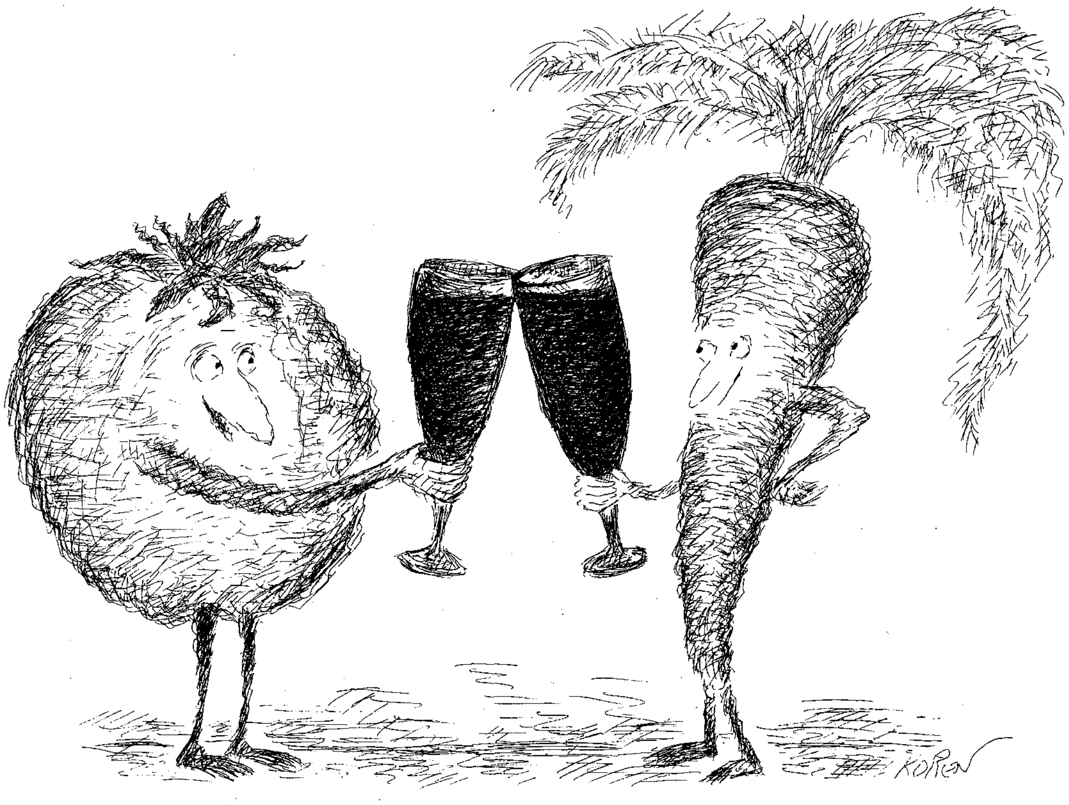
The last week of July is much hotter and we are not as energetic. We get up later and later every morning, and from our bed I count the woman's profiles. One hundred and seven—not including the profiles I cannot see, behind the armoire. Each time I get a different number, I start counting her profiles all over again. Also, Charles and I do not make love as often; when we do, my eyes are shut and I make believe that Charles is Didier. Afterward, I blame the red and pink wines we drank the night before; I blame the hundred and seven profiles of the woman in the wallpaper watching—no, spying—on us; I blame myself. Outside, the air seems dense and hard to breathe; in the house, there are many more mosquitoes and flies. The younger boy collects them in a jelly jar that he leaves on the table in the kitchen. I want to tell him not to, but I pick on him enough as it is. Also, he complains about how his arm in the cast itches and he does not sleep at night. Since he cannot swim, he spends most of the morning in the driveway, under the pine trees where it is cooler, picking piñon nuts with the little French girls. Our boys tower over the little French girls, but at least they are speaking together. The two big *bonbonnes* of wine are nearly empty and neither Charles nor I can believe that we have drunk so much wine. "It does not seem possible," Charles says, shaking his head. Already, I am anxious at the prospect of leaving La Mayonette and I wonder when Francine and I will see each other again.

During our last meal together, after the four of us—Francine, Didier, Charles, and I—have finished off all the wine in the two large plastic *bonbonnes*, Didier brings out an old bottle of marc and we drink that. It is then—a little drunk—that I tell Francine that I went to bed with our tour guide in Egypt. "I only did it once," I tell her, and Francine laughs and says she had guessed it. She, too, sounds a little drunk—all four of us, probably, have drunk too much of the marc, which is much stronger than the wine. And anyway, Francine continues, she slept with him as well. When I ask Francine how many times—once, twice, three times?—she only shakes her head so that the long braid down her back swings from side to side. Then I say to Didier, who is sitting next to me, that now it is his turn to tell us something he is ashamed of or that he regrets. Winking at me, Didier says, Nothing, nothing at all—*rien du tout*. In his entire life, Didier says again, there is nothing that he feels ashamed of or that he would not do over again if he had the chance, and Francine breaks in and says something sharp like "*Tu te fous du monde, quoi!*" She sounds angry. To change the mood, Charles says that one of the things he feels most ashamed about happened a long time ago when he was a young boy, and it has nothing to do with sex. Quite the contrary, Charles says, it was while he was at boarding school and his mother used to write him a letter once a week and Charles never read those letters. In fact, Charles tells us, he never even bothered to open those letters, so that one time when he went home for the holidays and his mother unpacked for him she found all her letters there at the bottom of his suitcase, a whole packet of them, unopened.

The day we are to leave, Francine tells me that she thinks she is pregnant. "I haven't told anyone yet. Not even Didier, until I am sure. Naturally, this time I hope it is a boy. But if it is another girl," she says, "I will name her after you."

Charles has packed the car and our boys' bicycles again are tied precariously upside down on the roof rack. I shake my head in disapproval. "This time, for sure, the bicycles are going to fall off," I tell Charles. Annoyed, he does not answer me. "We have so much more stuff than we came with," I complain. The older boy appears, carrying a large stack of French comic books—a parting gift, I suppose, from the little girls. "Can't you get rid of some of that?" I ask him. Exasperated, I go back inside La Mayonette for one last look and to see what we have forgotten. I find a hairbrush in the boys' bathroom, a few centimes on a bureau, one of Charles's ties hanging from the doorknob of our bedroom.

I would like to do something before we leave; I am not sure what. I stand irresolute in the middle of our bedroom. I hear Charles calling—they are waiting for me. Just before I walk out the door, I touch the wallpaper profile nearest me and I kiss the woman on the lips. ♦



"Here's to us, kid—and the healing powers of raw juices."

A CRITIC AT LARGE

DOG DAYS

Why we have never been so enamored of an animal.

BY MARJORIE GARBER

NEW YORK CITY dog owners and the Park Enforcement Patrol are periodically at odds about whether dogs should be permitted to walk (or run) free. "When you give an inch, they take a lawn," says Parks Commissioner Henry J. Stern, who keeps his golden retriever, Boomer, firmly leashed. But pressure groups like You Gotta Have Bark, in Prospect Park, and the Urban Canine Conservancy, in Central Park, have lobbied for greater access to the city's wide-open spaces. "Let Rover rove!" is their battle cry. Plans are afoot to seek permission for a spacious dog run in Central Park's Sheep Meadow, to be paid for by a dog-food company in exchange for "a tasteful bronze plaque." Meanwhile, park rangers ticket the indignant scofflaws who contend (in the words of the *Times* reporter Douglas Martin) that "canine happiness is a greater good."

The recent account in the *Times* of this controversy and a subsequent endorsement of "canine liberation" by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas unleashed a flood of responses. In a highly unusual allocation of space, the *Times* devoted its entire letters column to the topic, printing seventeen letters in all, under the urbane heading "Sunday in the Park with George, Rover and Spot." Major elections, budget battles, and acts of God have had to make do with less. Dog owners wrote to complain that they alone were being singled out by park rangers ("Have you ever seen a skater get a ticket? A litterer? A graffiti artist or a kid doing damage?"), while a bird-watcher protested that loose dogs endanger the city's "wild avifauna." "Parks and other public places were created for all Americans, be they bare of behind or covered with wool, two-footed or four-footed," one letter declared. "The latter have faithfully served our country alongside the former in war and peace, and therefore deserve to share fully in the freedom they helped to preserve." Political hyperbole was, indeed, the order of the day. "Dog lovers of New York, unite!" Elizabeth Marshall Thomas exhorted. "You have nothing to lose but choke chains."

Not content with vox populi, the paper itself weighed in with an editorial a few days later, conceding that "the dog owners do have emotion on their side" but supporting the city's "rationality" in requiring leashes on pets, at least during prime time. (The Parks Department, in what the *Times* proudly called "a very New York-style accommodation," had made it clear that it wouldn't enforce the leash law before 9 A.M. or after 9 P.M.) Nor was this the last that readers heard on the subject: an Op-Ed piece a few days later lamented the supposed exclusivity of neighborhood dog runs, the fees they demanded, and the arcana of the application process. It was like getting your child into private school, only, if possible, more difficult.

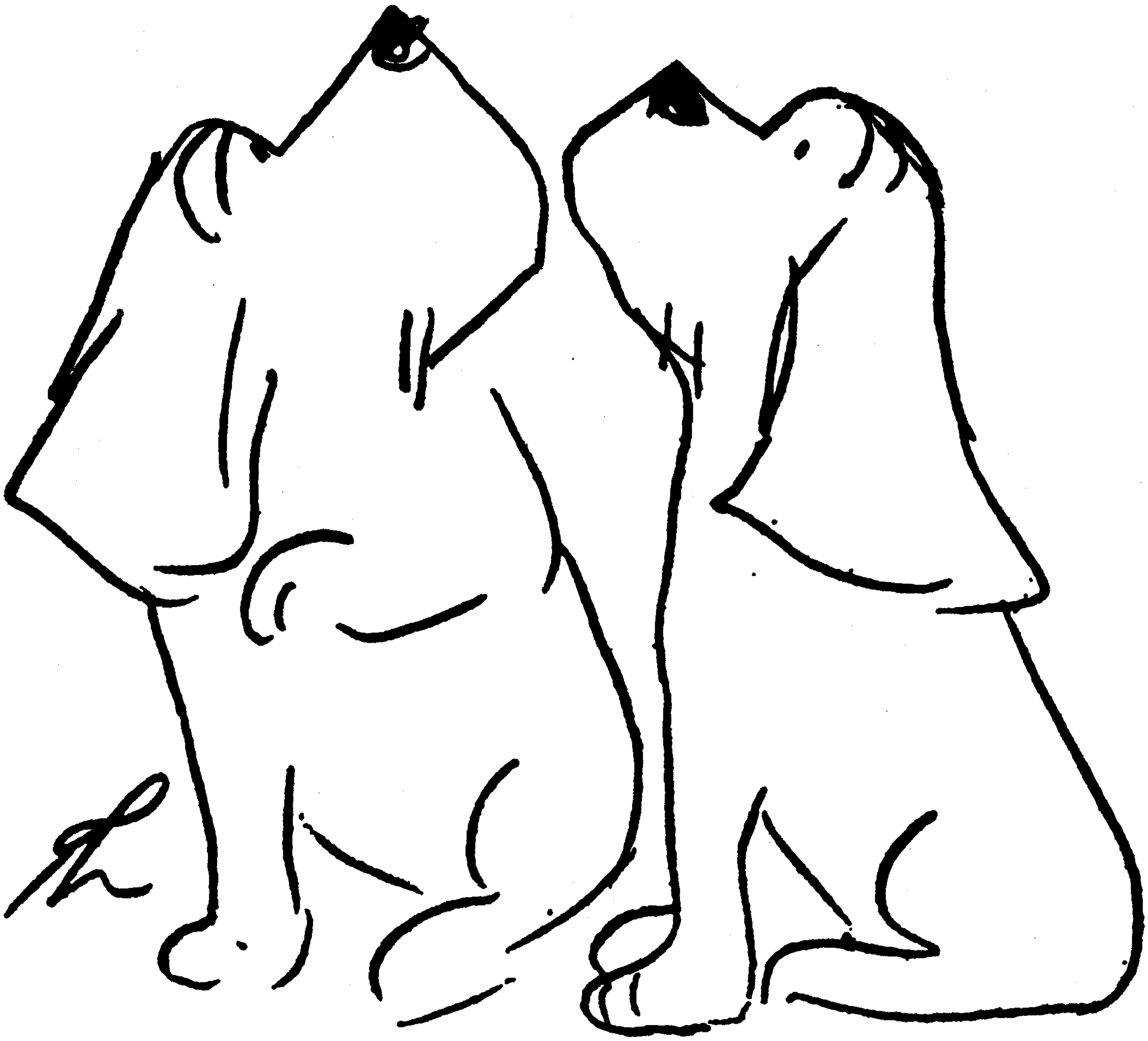
TO leash or not to leash: why is this question currently testing the limits of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? The answer, I think, has to do with the way the dog both does and doesn't stand in for the human being. A. R. Gurney's Off Broadway comedy "Sylvia" caught this note perfectly by casting a human actress in the part of a dog. Sylvia, "lost and abandoned" in Central Park, jumps into Greg's lap and becomes the love of his life—much to the consternation of his human spouse. When the *Times* divided the controversy between "rationality" (health, safety, control) and "emotion" ("the dog owners do have emotion on their side"), the emotion in question was a kind of identification with the dog: "Who wants to contemplate the life of retrievers or Rottweilers condemned to go through life without ever running on their own?" The dog endures the same confinement as human city dwellers and yet remains capable of a joyful animality that human beings fear they have lost forever. It is this impossible extension of themselves that humans fight so passionately to preserve.

But why are the stakes so high in the dog wars today? How are things different from the way they were four decades ago, when Richard Nixon's "Checkers speech" established him as an ideal all-American dad? ("The kids love the dog.") Some people, of course, would like to return to the Checkers-Fala era in American family consensus-building. The Republican Bob Dole, emulating Nixon in a similarly awkward attempt at public intimacy, recently spoke out in praise of his wife and his schnauzer in an address before a group in Bakersfield, California: "I got a dog named Leader. I'm not certain they got a file on Leader. . . . We've had him checked by the vet but not by the F.B.I. or the White House. He may be suspect."

Like Dole, many Americans now live with dogs instead of children. ("Children are for people who can't have dogs," a New York friend of mine remarked recently.) Canine hip-replacement has become, like juvenile orthodontia, a household medical expense, and dogs are attending preschool and therapy sessions. A summer camp in Maryland, run by Shady Spring Boarding Kennels, features dog-paddling, Frisbee, and hiking, a Bark-and-Ride camp bus, a spa offering haircuts and pedicures, and photographs of dogs in their bunks for the proud owners to take home. "People treat their dogs like their children," the camp director, Charlotte Katz Shaffer, says. "They look for a kennel like they look for a pediatrician." The child-centered world of the fifties, so nostalgically recalled by the likes of William Bennett, has become the dog-centered world of "Homeward Bound," "Beethoven," and "Look Who's Talking Now."

At a time when "universal" ideas and feelings are often compromised or undercut by group identities, the dog tale still has the power to move us. Para-

Drawing (opposite) by James Thurber, from The New Yorker, 1942.



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doxically, the dog has become the repository of those model human properties which we have cynically ceased to find among human beings. On the evening news and in the morning paper, dog stories supply what used to be called "human interest." There was the story of Lyric, for instance—the 911 dog, who dialled emergency services to save her mistress, and wound up the toast of Disneyland. Or the saga of Sheba, the mother dog in Florida who rescued her puppies after they were buried alive by a cruel human owner. His crime and her heroic single-motherhood were reliable feature stories, edging out mass killings in Bosnia and political infighting at home. Here, after all, were the family values we'd been looking for as a society—right under our noses.

Indeed, at a time of increasing human ambivalence about human heroes and the human capacity for "unconditional love," dog heroes—and dog stories—are with us today more than ever. Near the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street stands the statue of Balto, the heroic sled dog who led a team bringing medicine to diphtheria-stricken Nome, Alaska, in the winter of 1925. Balto's story recently became an animated feature film, joining such other big-screen fictional heroes as Lassie, Rin Tin Tin, Benji, and Fluke.

YET the special capacity of the dog for incarnating idealized "human" qualities like fidelity and bravery ("all the Virtues of Man without his Vices," wrote Lord Byron feelingly about his beloved Newfoundland, Boatswain) has long been the object of literary admiration. Indeed, it is as old as canonical literature itself. Homer memorably told of the loyalty of Odysseus' old dog Argus, who waited two decades for his master to return, and then died content. In the Rieus' translation:

> There, full of vermin, lay Argus the hound. But directly he became aware of Odysseus' presence, he wagged his tail and dropped his ears, though he lacked the strength now to come nearer to his master. Odysseus turned his eyes away, and . . . brushed away a tear. . . . As for Argus, the black hand of Death descended on him the moment he caught sight of Odysseus—after twenty years.

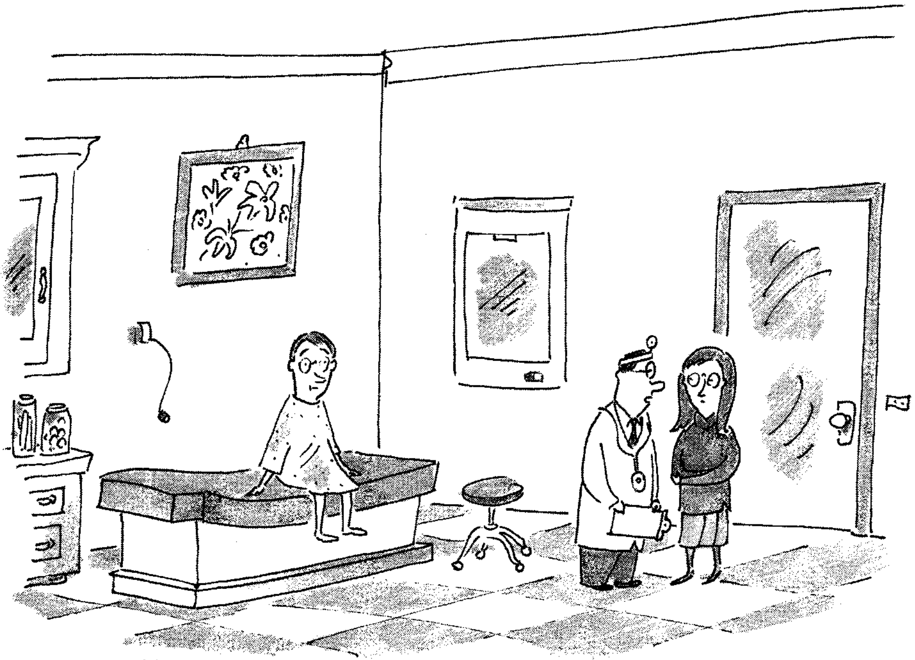
Recent collections like "Dog Music: Poetry About Dogs," edited by Joseph Duemer and Jim Simmerman (St. Martin's; $16.95), and the charming "Unleashed: Poems by Writers' Dogs," edited by Amy Hempel and Jim Shepard (Crown; $19), have joined the ranks of anthologies from the turn of the century: "The Dog in British Poetry" (1893), "Praise of the Dog" (1902), "To Your Dog and to My Dog" (1915), "The Dog's Book of Verse" (1916). "Dog Music" is a collection of poetry by Elizabeth Bishop, James Merrill, John Updike, Richard Wilbur, and James Wright, among others. Just to read the titles of their poems is to see how much they are about the human condition, the capacity for human emotion and consciousness: Richard Jackson's "About the Dogs of Dachau," James Seay's "My Dog and I Grow Fat," Keith Wilson's "The Dog Poisoner," Joan Murray's "The Black Dog: On Being a Poet," and so on. "Nobody can tell me / The old dogs don't know," James Wright says quietly in "The Old Dog in the Ruins of the Graves at Arles." In "Dog Under False Pretenses," William Dickey wonders, about the dog he adopted after her first owner returned her, "Why was she given up?"

> For the first three days I thought she was
> timorous, elderly, a quiet dog . . .
> After all these years
> I should recognize, when I see it, shock.

If literature is about love and loss, or loss and love, something about the world we live in today tends to make those feelings more accessible and more poignant when they center on a dog. Whether these poems are really about dogs or about people is a hard question, but that is, in a way, their point: to get to the person, go by way of the dog.

Canine tributes in prose abound, too, many of them published with the proceeds earmarked for canine charitable causes. There is the lavish and beautiful book entitled "Dog People: Writers and Artists on Canine Companionship," edited by Michael J. Rosen (Artisan; $25), which includes contributions from Edward Albee, William Wegman, David Hockney, Susan Conant, Armistead Maupin, Jane Smiley, Daniel Pinkwater, Nancy Friday ("My Shih Tzu/My Self"), and a host of other dog-loving luminaries. Artists and writers seem to permit themselves an emotional latitude when speaking of their dogs which they might consider inappropriate, unseemly, or merely too private when referring to friends and lovers.

Identification as much as admiration seems to tie the owner to the dog. Consider "The Dogs of Our Lives: Heartwarming Reminiscences of Canine Companions" (Birch Lane; $21.95), compiled by Louise Goodyear Murray, with contributions by such dog-lovers as Steve Allen, William F. Buckley, Jr., Sally Jessy Raphael, and Norman Vincent Peale. Each writer tells a dog story to illuminate his or her own life. Thus the inspirational Dr. Peale, the author of "The Power of Positive Thinking," tells of Barry, a German shepherd who travelled on his own from the boot of Italy back to his original family, in Bonn, Germany, and then asks, rhetorically, "If a dog will walk twelve hundred miles for one year to obtain his objective, why won't a human being keep trying again, and again, and again? . . . People who truly try are people who accomplish things!" The child-centered Fred (Mr.) Rogers describes getting his dog Mitzi when he was little "as a present for taking some terrible-tasting medicine." Roger Caras, the president of the A.S.P.C.A. and a longtime spokesman for the humane treatment of animals, tells of his adoption of Sirius, a two-year-old greyhound who was scheduled to die because he had stopped winning races. When they met, Sirius, belying his name, was smiling. ("He doesn't have a home?" Caras asked a volunteer at the greyhound-rescue network. "Well, he does now.") If those are stinging little tears you are surreptitiously wiping away, you are in good company: dog stories—especially dog-rescue (and, alas, dog-cruelty) stories—are perhaps our most reliable contemporary source of genuine, unforced altruistic emotion.



"Does he usually ooze this much sincerity?"

SIGMUND FREUD, who himself became, late in life, a devoted dog-lover, observed, "Dogs love their friends and bite their enemies, quite unlike people, who are incapable of pure love and always have to mix love and hate in their object relations." This is a view that many have held. In his epitaph for Boatswain—by whose side the poet asked to be buried—Byron declared:

> To mark a friend's remains these stones
> arise;
> I never knew but one—and here he lies.

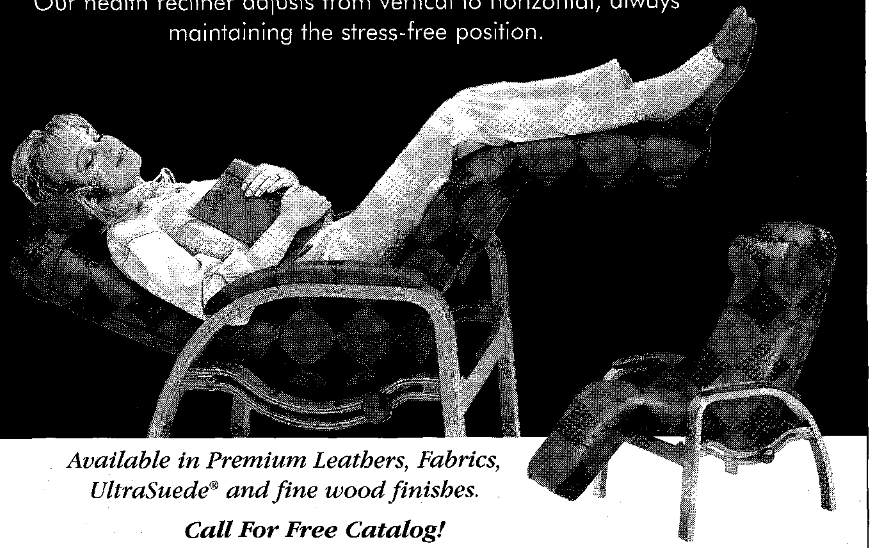
Not for nothing is Fido the pet name of man's best friend—and woman's, too. Emily Dickinson found life without her beloved dog Carlo almost insupportable, writing to her friend and mentor Thomas Higginson a spare and eloquent missive:

> Carlo died—
> E. Dickinson
> Would you instruct me now?

But if dogs are mourned they are also famous mourners. Emily Brontë's mastiff, Keeper, followed her body to the grave, leading the funeral procession together with her father, as perhaps befitted a male survivor; Anne and Charlotte walked behind. Keeper joined the Brontë family in its pew while the service was read, then took up his station outside Emily's empty bedroom, and howled. Greyfriars Bobby, a Skye terrier who sat by his master's Edinburgh graveside for fourteen years, was immortalized by a Victorian fountain (and dogs' watering hole). Bobby's statue has become a major tourist attraction, vying for popularity with the local castle. Nor is this popularity simply a by-product of the Victorian fashion in mourning. In the twentieth century, Hachiko, an Akita who belonged to a professor at Tokyo University, became the Greyfriars Bobby of his era. It had been Hachiko's custom to meet his master's subway train every night, and after his master died, in 1925, Hachiko went to the station and waited faithfully each evening until his own death, in 1934. A statue of Hachiko, paid for by his admirers, now stands at the subway exit.

A more recent canine mourner seemed at times the most eloquent and straightforward witness in the O. J. Simpson trial. Nicole Brown Simpson's own Akita became the focus of days of testimony centering on what the witness Pablo Fenjves referred to as the dog's "plaintive wail," which a reporter described as a "truly memorable phrase, one that simultaneously captures the sadness beneath the circus, undergirds the prosecution's case and offers a morsel of poetry amid the cop talk, Californiaspeak and legalese." The lead prosecutor Marcia Clark's "eyes lit up," according to Fenjves, when he first spoke of a "plaintive wail," and prosecutors later insisted that he use those words in his testimony. "That's a very important phrase," Clark's associate Cheri Lewis said. It was as if only the dog could tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Of course, the behavior of some of these animals, if it were to be faithfully followed by human beings, would strike us as distinctly odd and perhaps psychologically unsound. It's one thing for Hachiko to meet his master's train for nine years; it's another for a bereaved human being to do so. Get on with your life, we say, and we mean it. But we can demand—and receive—from dogs a highly gratifying devotion that we no longer feel comfortable about demanding from one another. In addition, these icons of



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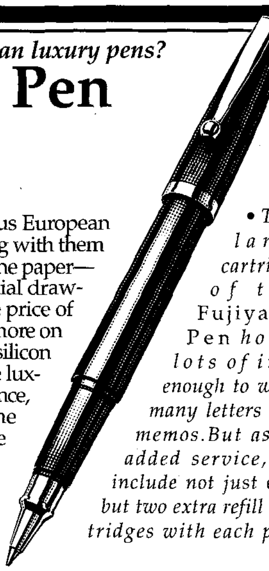

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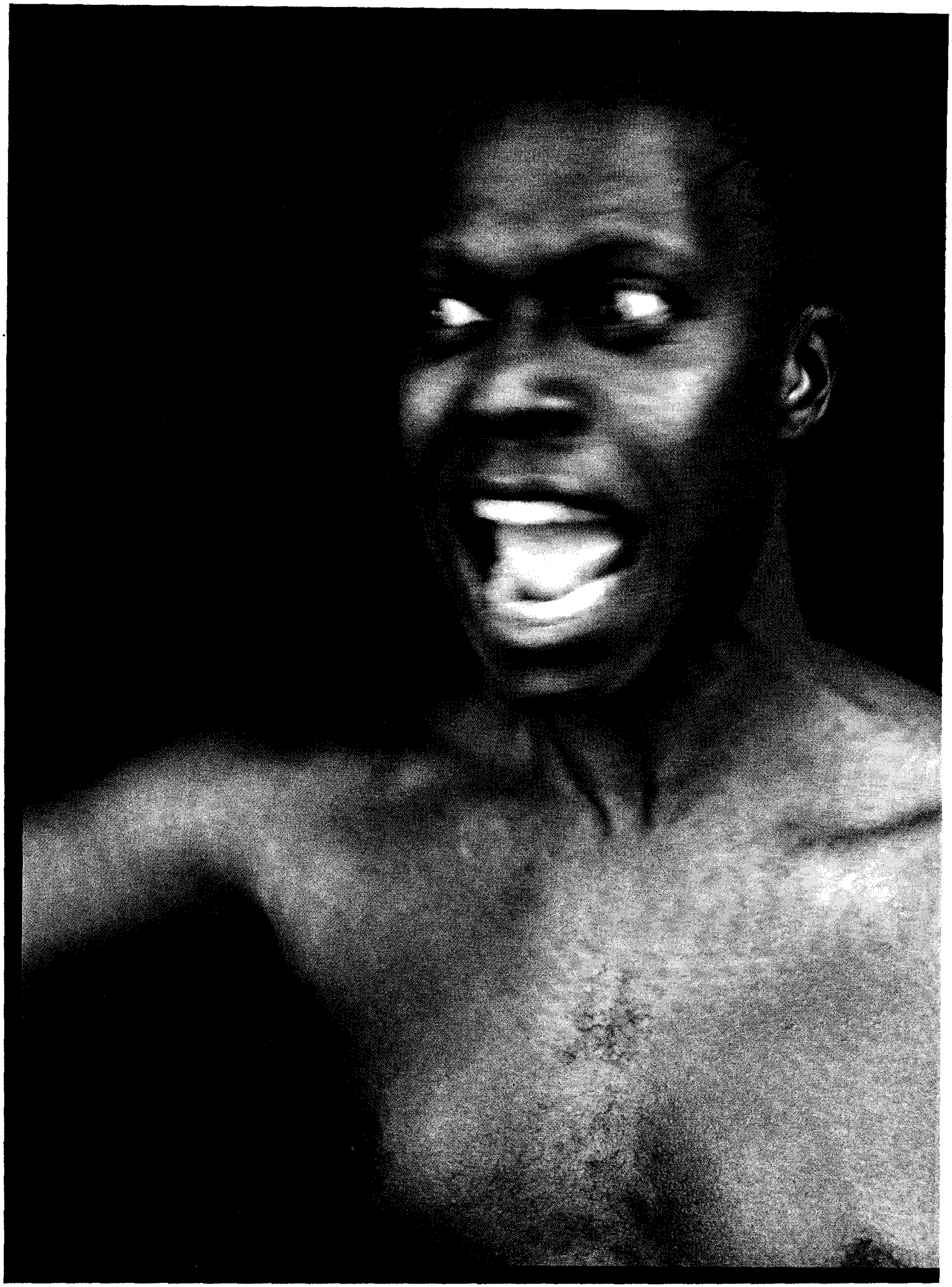


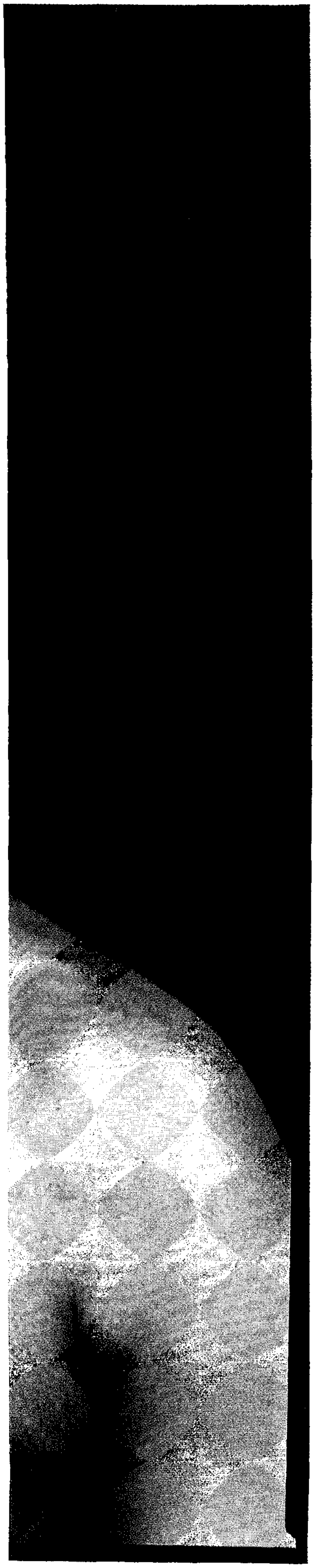
absolute fidelity offer us a sense of scale. The dog, by being "superhuman" in realms like constancy and loyalty, gives us permission to temporize, vacillate, and even fail.

It's worth noting that the first "humane society" began, in the eighteenth century, as an organization to benefit people, not animals. The dogs were the guards, not the guarded; the Royal Humane Society was founded in London in 1774 for the rescue of drowning persons. Thus a portrait entitled "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," by the famed dog artist Edwin Landseer, pictures a placid and handsome Newfoundland lying on a pier by the water's edge. (The Newfie, together with the mastiff, was the nineteenth century's hero dog of choice.) Today's humane societies, including some that date back more than a hundred years, are "societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals"; significantly, they were founded in both England and America shortly after the abolition of human slavery and involved many of the same activists.

There is something right about using the word "humane" to describe the impulse to protect animals. The mistreatment of defenseless dogs arouses in us profound emotions of empathy and outrage. All our own fears of betrayal and abandonment leap immediately to mind. Only the other evening, I saw a local news feature about two dogs, nicknamed by their rescuers Mama and Baby, who had been tied to a tree in a densely wooded area and left to die. The reporter herself was in manifest distress, and explained that Baby reminded her of her own beloved dog.

Whether leashed or unleashed in life, the dog roams at large in our cultural imagination. An abandoned dog can break our hearts in ways that human strays all too often no longer do. Yet, at the same time, the dog offers a kind of emotional and practical microclimate in which we can make manageable a host of problems that in other areas of life seem overwhelming or out of control: health insurance, day care, preschool, homelessness, depression, euthanasia. The president of the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis has observed ruefully, "How ironic that we seem to care more about the happiness of animals than humans."

But is it ironic? Or is it just another way of locating and pursuing human pleasures—like love—that seem increasingly hard to come by? As the market for pet products and services booms, the notion of spending so much time and money on dogs strikes many people as vain, as another way of "putting on the dog" by competing in ostentatious expense. No doubt the human comedy in the cavalcade of pet paraphernalia has as much to do with excesses of capitalism as with excesses of emotion. Why should it be more peculiar to have seven different kinds of dog leash than seven different kinds of Barbie doll? The fortunes of people and dogs have been linked for centuries, and if our own century has a sometimes risible way of showing as much, that is a sign of



BRAUGHER POWER

No actor accompanies his lines with more energetic head-bob than André Braugher, whose regular strutting ground has been NBC's shaky-camera cop series "Homicide." As Detective Frank Pembleton, Braugher sports a gleaming bald dome and has a jazz soloist's restless attack: he plays words like bebop notes. He declaims with such brainy, lassoing ease that he leaves his co-stars looking dense, and he turns the show's interrogation scenes into psychodramatic endurance tests, in which he mocks and cajoles the suspects, endures their racial taunts, and brings them (and sometimes himself) to the brink of breakdown.

With "Homicide" on summer lull, Braugher is currently spouting blank verse as the King in the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of "Henry V." He is no stranger to Shakespearean speech: his show-biz début came when he played Claudius in "Hamlet" while he was an undergraduate at Stanford, where he was studying engineering. He eventually abandoned the slide rule because, as he told the Washington Post, "no one applauds when you finish your calculations." As an actor, Braugher ratiocinates with his entire body, like Olivier at his wittiest.

André Braugher,
photographed by Brigitte Lacombe.

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the century's folly, not the dog-lover's.

In the end, it is not substitution or anthropomorphism that produces the human love of dogs and the current preoccupation with them in our culture. The pathos of lost, unwanted, abandoned, neglected, or maltreated animals—from Homer's loyal Argus to yesterday's Mama and Baby—speaks, somehow, to the rootlessness and nostalgia inherent in the postmodern condition. Blessedly, dogs are free of irony and are strangers to cynicism (despite the etymology of the word—from the Greek *kynikos*, "doglike"). In a relentlessly ironic age, their uncritical demeanor is perhaps just what we need. It is with dogs that, very often, we permit ourselves feelings of the deepest joy and the deepest sorrow. "Dogs are not our whole life," Roger Caras writes in "Dog People," "but they make our lives whole." In this sense—so one could almost claim—it is the dog that makes us human.

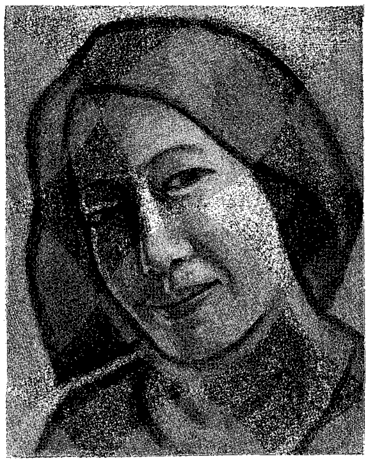
Lassie used to come home every week, often having rescued Mom or Timmy from some scrape on the way. Now our welcome mats display two-dimensional collies—or Labradors, or Afghans ("available in fifteen breeds")—and working dog owners call home to speak to their pets on the answering machine. Home is where the dog is. If the dog brings back the fifties in a miniaturized form, it's because the dog is what we would like to have been to our parents: totally lovable, totally loved. The puppy represents what the yuppie fantasizes about childhood, what the older person fantasizes about youth, what the city-dweller fantasizes about the country, what the weary workaholic fantasizes about freedom, what the human spouse or partner fantasizes about spontaneity, emotional generosity, and togetherness. In soft-focus television commercials, and at the front door, the dog, leash patiently in mouth, is always waiting for you. ♦

WEIRD ANTHROPOLOGY

To be young, Chinese, and Jewish.

BY ANNA SHAPIRO

MONA CHANG, whose parents come from Shanghai, has lived in the wealthy Jewish town of Scarshill, New York, for only two years, but she already says "*Oy*" and "*Nu*?" and knows to stamp her feet at the mention of "What's-his-name, may he roast in hell, Haman." She informs her Japanese would-be boyfriend that Lender's bagels are "gross": he should buy only fresh at the bagel shop. And she learns how to play mah-jongg from her friend Barbara Gugelstein. After successfully adjusting to her new world, Mona—nicknamed Changowitz—decides that the Chinese, as a minority, are "rank amateurs." On the other hand, "the Jews have books, they have games, they have tchotchkes. They have catalogs. And soon, G-d willing, so will Mona."


Gish Jen

TOM CURRY

Gish Jen's second novel, "Mona in the Promised Land" (Knopf; $24), follows Mona Chang from dorky junior-highdom through her seventeenth year. While the high sixties modulate into the early seventies, she has her first sexual relationship, develops the obligatory social conscience (a black kitchen worker at her parents' pancake house reluctantly sparks local adolescent activism), and becomes a convert to Judaism. And yet the movement of this story feels less like the traditional machinery of fiction—where a silver ball drops, runs down a chute to release a lever that catapults it down a twisting tube, etc.—than like a Rubik's Cube, where characters move sideways, up, and across until they fall into place.

It is only at the novel's end that its

design—both more organic and more elaborate in artifice than a diligent shifting of squares implies—can be fully appreciated. Until then, the book is an exercise in utterly weird and hilarious anthropology, and a revelation of the piquant juxtapositions that highlight what is surreal in ordinary life—suburbs, for instance. Moreover, Jen's exposition is so colorful and arresting in its imagery that it is almost an end in itself: like good poetry, it shocks with what is so familiar that you wouldn't notice it otherwise.

Jen plays with stereotypes: Jews can't see the point of an expensive New England resort where the towels are as small and thin as dishrags, but then the Jews have too many delis, ostentatious houses, and nose jobs. Yet Jen's stereotypes are incarnated in such highly particular individuals that it is the stereotypes that are forced to blush. For example, she summons in a single paragraph a person you surely know, if not from a childhood in Westchester or Great Neck, then as the smart girl's walking wet dream:

> Seth Mandel is a shortish, bright-eyed, pony-tailed guy, with big broad shoulders and the surprise domestic side you associate with primates like the silverback gorilla. Not only is he the type to offer people back rubs of surprising penetration, but he'll pick a piece of lint off your sleeve if he sees it, saying, *Excuse me, I can't help it; I'm driven by early training and the force of neurosis.* And then his eyes will crinkle, and a crack will open in his red-brown beard, and you'll know he's smiling his wide crooked smile.

Seth lives in a tepee in his parents' back yard (a tepee equipped with a sky-blue Princess phone), but he takes his laundry in for the maid to do. He nevertheless comes across as so winning that the reader is annoyed at Mona for letting her friend Barbara have him. Happily, nineteen-year-old Seth, biding his time between high school and the élite colleges competing for his attendance, continues to loom benignly in the odyssey that begins with Mona's peculiar education in Judaism.

For Mona, her religious shift is a refusal to become a member of the master race. She perceives the element of cultural castration in assimilating only the blandest, most upwardly mobilizing American ways, just as her friend Barbara objects to having her nose shortened. Mona's parents do not share this view. They want their two daughters to be smart yet somehow not too smart; they also want them to assimilate but not to *another* minority. When Mona's older sister, Callie—under the influence of an African-American Radcliffe roommate, Naomi—goes Chinese, learning Mandarin and eating pickled vegetables for breakfast, they are similarly disconcerted.

It's as easy for the reader to fall under the sway of Naomi's powerful personality as it is for Callie Chang, but Jen's dramatization of underclass black culture—when the teens take up the cause of Alfred, a cook at the pancake house—is discomfiting. Alfred has been kicked out by his wife (quite understandably, as it happens), so Barbara attempts to house him secretly in her family's mock-Norman Scarshill palace until he finds new digs. Instead, he lazes around getting high with his friends, talking up sexual opportunities, and talking down Barbara's "Jew-daddy." A wince-free reading may not be possible.

Amazingly, though, most of Jen's stereotypes ultimately manage to be funny. Yet for all the comic pyrotechnics of culture clash, something more difficult and subtle mobilizes her characters into meaningful alignments. Mona and Barbara are members of the inevitable teen subculture that functions as a buffer against parents' achievements and demands. But the two girls also devise their own private codes, like these for male sexuality—"Him and his Big Idea" and "You let him give you his tea?"—and their codes form a miniculture: the culture of their friendship. And, while this miniculture may be synthesized from Chinese *bobbe-mysehs* and Yiddish tonalities, it is nourished simply by their pleasure in each other's company.

That such efforts become the stuff of enduring bonds may be Jen's unspoken big idea here. It's as if she were capturing the growth of emotional ties in stop-action photographs—as she might capture plants radiating into bloom—and were showing marriage, friendship, and family to be in need of all the patient inventiveness that goes into a work of art. Her fine attention to this kind of cultivation becomes unexpectedly moving as Mona progresses beyond the limits of her family toward a new one of her own making, within the fiendish complexity that is the world. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON, by Philip Norman (Random House; $25). Norman, whose biographies of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones tell not only what happened but what it was like to be there, does the same in this comic novel, about Louis Brennan, a young reporter who joins a stuffy London newspaper during the heady days of 1966-67. It's Fleet Street meets Carnaby Street as Louis considers the Six-Day War and the Stones' drug bust while racing to the best parties in his toe-pinching winkle-picker boots. Yet Norman's story is not about nostalgia but about backstabbing, shifting loyalties, and a new girl in the office who, unencumbered by talent, trumps Louis at every nasty—and often quite hilarious—turn.

AMONG THE GINZBURGS, by Ellen Pall (Zoland; $22.95). The ironic detachment of the middle-aged Ginzburg children is their charm. It is also their curse, as the fifth, and youngest, of them sees when they gather for a weekend of friendly insults, shared carping, listening to Procol Harum, and watching their brilliant but feckless father die. The sentences uttered by these literary descendants of Salinger's Glass family are good enough to eat. So are the sentences that describe them.

THE UNRULY QUEEN, by Flora Fraser (Knopf; $35). This is first-rate biography, a solid, stylish book about a very odd couple—Caroline of Brunswick and the Prince of Wales—whose incompatibility became entangled with public policy during the Regency, when Great Britain fought Napoleon and confronted the dislocations of the Industrial Revolution. When the English first became aware that the royal marriage had soured, they sympathized with the new Princess, primarily because they detested the Prince, who, both as Regent and as George IV, was one of the least popular rulers in British history.

THE SONG OF THE DODO, by David Quammen (Scribners; $32.50). This marvellous book tackles a large, complicated subject, but its author—whether tracking Komodo dragons, describing arcane scientific squabbles, or recounting the development of evolutionary theory—presents his material clearly, engagingly, and with a tart sense of humor. Man's subjection of the earth has torn ecosystems into isolated patches too small to sustain the previous diversity of life, and has thus engineered one of the world's great ages of extinction, on a par with the disappearance of the dinosaurs. Quammen abstains from preaching, and allows his reporting to convey the magnitude of our loss.

CONFESSIONS OF AN IGLOO DWELLER, by James Houston (Houghton Mifflin; $24.95). In 1948, the author, a young Canadian artist, went to his country's Far North to draw and paint, and, discovering many gifted artists among the Inuit, he dedicated himself to encouraging them and bringing their work to the wider world. This engrossing memoir of his fourteen years in the Arctic is funny, informative, and affectionate.

DANCING

OUR DANCERS IN THE NINETIES

The trouble with ballet is not lack of talent.

BY ARLENE CROCE

THE central fact of ballet history of the last decade is the disintegration of the company and of the company style. It has happened everywhere, and to companies with once invincible reputations: the New York City Ballet, the Royal Ballets of Britain and Denmark, the Bolshoi, the Kirov. Such companies were fortresses of style; they absorbed change, withstood adversity, challenged each other for world domination, and, through it all, maintained a healthy local accent and native vigor that inspired civic pride even in the non-ballet-going public. Who knew then that they would fade so soon (some sooner than others—the Bolshoi was already disappearing) and become as obsolete as ocean liners in the age of jet travel?

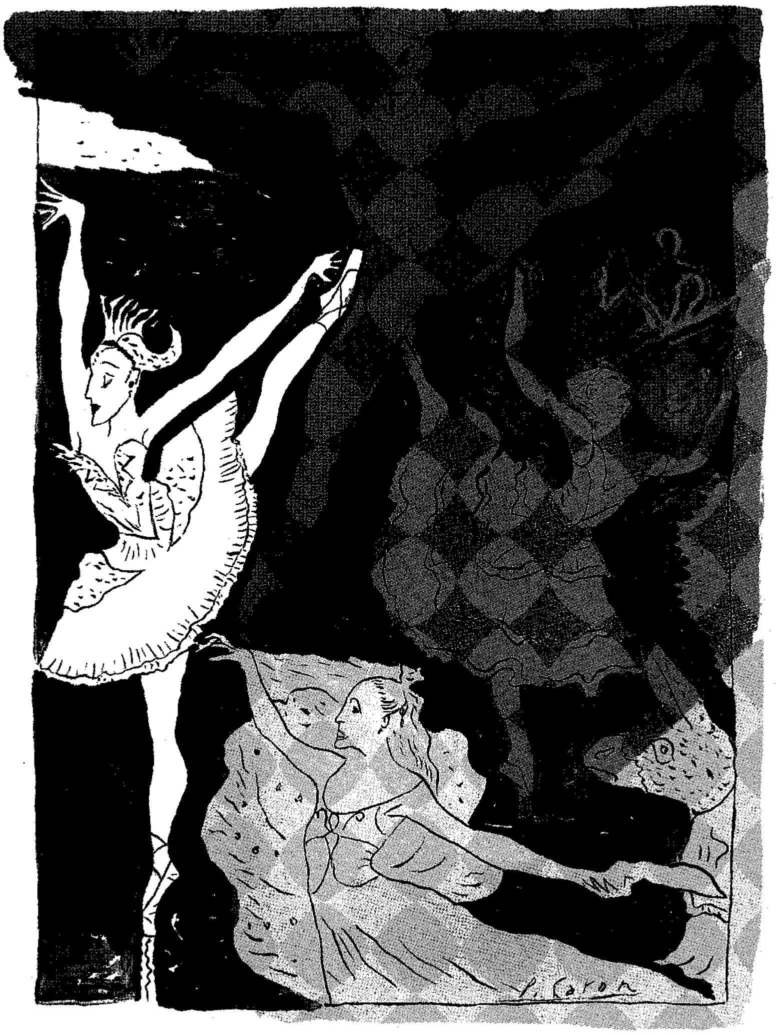
The companies of the eighties and nineties resemble the fortress companies of the sixties and seventies in name only: they are dance collectives that operate more or less as corporations do; they are business companies. This is true even in Russia, where all business used to be run by the state. Just ten years ago this summer, the Kirov Ballet, of Leningrad, made its last tour of America as a fortress company. It had an exciting new generation of dancers, headed by the rising young ballerina Altinay Asylmuratova. Insofar as talent could be equated with prosperity, the future looked bright; there was no sign of the company's forthcoming internal dissolution, such as could be seen in the Bolshoi. Perestroika was a crushing blow to the unity of the Russian companies, maintained more by iron discipline than by aesthetic choice. In the West, the survival of Balanchine's New York City Ballet after his death was a beacon—illusory, as it turned out—to other companies in search of a new direction. By the end of the eighties, Balanchine's ballets had become a prime commodity in the world market even as Balanchine's company suffered the same fate as all the rest—loss of leadership, ensuing loss of identity, technical collapse, an artistic program composed of defeatist solutions to the threatened extinction of the classical tradition. Each company has its own "solution": New York City Ballet has new ballets that ask less and less of its dancers' hard-won classical technique; the Royal British has scenery; the formerly Soviet companies freshen up the repertory with Diaghilev revivals eighty years late.

These companies are responding to internal crises with external remedies: a greater infusion of funds, a more rapid audience turnover. Administrative policy is serving as a cover for inept artistic direction. Is there a connection between this development and the fact that most of the artistic directors are former premiers danseurs whose only previous experience in directing a company may have been a few off-season runouts? In exchange for the reassuringly masculine presence in a supposedly unserious feminine art form, the boards who elect these guys may be getting zero capacity and a bundle of hard-to-handle temperament to boot; the typical male star is notoriously a worse prima donna than any ballerina. In any case, artistic direction, which used to mean the careful matching of dancers' capabilities to a progressive standard and the keying of both factors to audience psychology, is now indistinguishable from marketing strategy; the only things that progress are the audience's ignorance and the prices it will pay.

Last year, N.Y.C.B. brought in a "West Side Story" suite; that it was done well is less significant than that it was done at all. This year, the audience that was attracted to the company by "West Side Story" was treated to some new ballets in ballet newspeak, which means a large admixture of aerobics. The question these strategies bring to mind is the one Henry James answered when he stopped trying to write plays: he said that he had to throw the cargo overboard to save the ship. But N.Y.C.B. can't seem to give up its show-biz connection. To get the season under way, it put ten of its female dancers on the David Letterman show. Wearing costumes from Balanchine ballets, the dancers twirled one by one into camera range and uttered lines composed by Letterman's writers: "You gonna finish those cheese fries?" "Baseball players can scratch themselves, why can't we?" "When I have to jump really high, I pretend there's a ferret biting me in the ass." These were supposed to be things no ballerina would ever say—a Top Ten list devised, as was the whole presentation, by the Letterman staff. Nobody was invited to *dance* on the Letterman show. That, presumably, would have spoiled the fun.

Dancer abuse takes many forms. For nearly a decade, the majority of the plum roles in the N.Y.C.B. repertory were cast with aging ballerinas or aging would-be ballerinas while talented young dancers were sidelined. Now that the elders are getting out of the way, and Darci Kistler is on maternity leave, young dancers are being tossed into roles for which, through no fault of their own, they are technically underprepared. They've inherited standards of execution adjusted to the demands of forty-year-old dancers and aerobicized ballet. The company thinks it is preparing them by teaching them the steps, but steps to a dancer are no more than words on a page to an actor. A measure of the talent of the young Maria Kowroski was her ability this season to dance leading roles in "Apollo" and "Agon" and "Swan Lake" and "Symphony in C" without an adequate support system. There is nobody on the teaching staff who has ever danced those roles under Balanchine and who might have explained their intricacies to her. Relying on her own sense of style and the partnering of Igor Zelensky, Kowroski established her claim to stardom. But she could have done much more.

What one sees in Kowroski is the magnificence of her attributes—a large, lovely face and body, a theatrical sensibility, a softness, an intuitive musicality—and also the technical deficiencies, which keep the attributes from adding up. She dances on a big scale, but it could grow bigger still and more pliable. It could be an event rather than a fact—a verb (as Martha Graham liked to say) rather than a noun. For that to happen, she would need a lot more strength in turnout, a less retracted pelvis, an altogether more forward placement, and active épaulement. In the old days, she would have acquired all this in class. She would have been kept from making beginners' mistakes: going to extremes, repeating her effects, focussing on something up in the flies. In "Swan Lake" and "Symphony in C," she looked like a Kirov dancer (Zelensky, a former Kirov star, may have had something to do with that), and Kirov is a long way from Balanchine.



Jewels in a tarnished setting: Stiefel, Herrera, Nichols, and Kowroski.

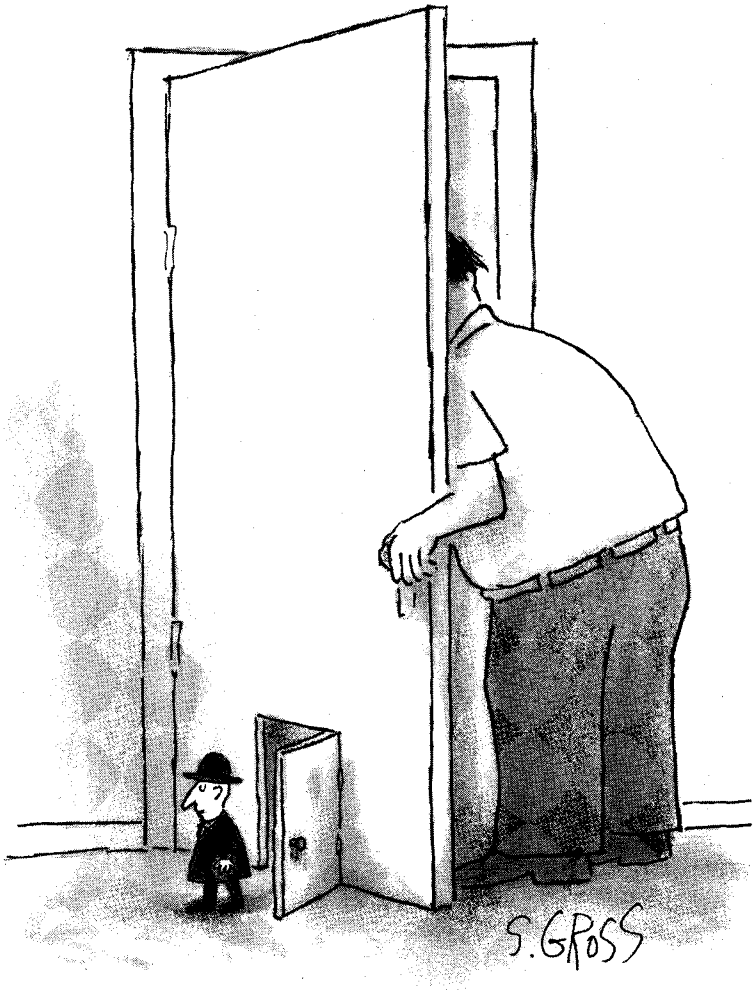
PHILIPPE CARON

Kowroski's faults can all be corrected, which is not to say that they will be. The alternative to becoming a Balanchine-style ballerina is becoming a ballerina in a business company, carrying on in star roles without really dancing them. This could happen to Kowroski (it happened to Margaret Tracey and Wendy Whelan), or she could simply disappear, as to all intents and purposes Monique Meunier and Jenifer Ringer have disappeared. The company's failure to make principal dancers of these two extraordinary young women is not explained by the stories that one hears about their problems, particularly Meunier's problems, which at different times were said to include being too young, too weak, too fat, seriously ill, or psychologically blocked and generally helpless. Some of these stories have come from Meunier herself and may be true. Her star rose in the 1989 School of American Ballet Workshop, and has been rising and falling ever since. Jenifer Ringer's seasons were 1993-95; those of us who saw her performance of the Intermezzo in "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet" are not likely to forget it or her impact in smaller roles. Meunier and Ringer, still under twenty-five, are the most notable of the several ballerina candidates who have appeared and vanished since Balanchine's death, trailing apologies for their weakness, youngness, fatness, etc. It's my experience that dancers who are being properly nurtured do not disqualify themselves in these ways. It's also my experience that iron women who can dance the hell out of anything are not necessarily ballerinas—witness Stacey Calvert, Yvonne Borree, and Miranda Weese. Borree, once a logical choice for the Patricia McBride roles that Margaret Tracey was failing to fill, sat around too long; she's still scraping the rust off. In Weese the company has the kind of dancer—fluent, aggressive—normally found among the men, but this doesn't mean she's strong. N.Y.C.B. doesn't produce strong dancers anymore; it produces coarse ones. The advent of Kowroski is interesting not because she's strong but because she's elegant—large and fine-grained at the same time.

Strong dancers in the Balanchine tradition are still being produced by the School of American Ballet. Every spring in the annual workshop performance, you see two or three. Then, once they go into the company, you lose them. Two years pass, then five. A certain amount of bench-sitting is unavoidable in a big company crowded with talent; yet, as I've said, it isn't talent that's being served. A lot of other things—politics, nepotism, the egos of first dancers, the needs of subscribers—can get ahead of talent. A ballet company adds one evil to the standard forms of institutional venality, and that is that most of the victims are too young to understand the system. They wonder why, when they work so hard and do everything they're told, they're still not getting anywhere. There were times when, watching Balanchine, we on the outside would wonder the same thing and study the company for signs of a pattern, but the old Kremlinology doesn't work on the new regime. Kowroski, after only a year in the company, is in danger of being used up before her time. Why, having handed her all these big roles, has the company given her no opportunities to develop in them? Not until the last week of the season did Kowroski get more than one or two performances a week. If I can't figure out company behavior, how can a nineteen-year-old? On the same program as Kowroski's "Swan Lake" we were given Margaret Tracey in "Chaconne," a piece of miscasting so colossal that I stayed to watch it. The result was amazing: she danced every step, or nearly every step, but so thinly, so weightlessly, and so inconsequentially that the outcome wasn't "Chaconne" at all. The great old galleon had turned into a paper sailboat. Was it a purposeful transformation, yet another demonstration of the defeatist way of saving something by changing it into its opposite? Were we now going to get "Eastern Symphony" and "Prodigal Daughter"?

It's a crazy but perhaps accurate supposition that this fetishism of doing-the-steps in order to give-a-performance is the company's way of being true to Balanchine. He was famous for telling his dancers "Just do the steps, dear." (What he meant was "Do them the way I taught you. Speak the speech *as I pronounce it to you.*") When today's dancers look at the last of the ballerinas bred under Balanchine (if, indeed, they ever look at her)—when they see Kyra Nichols at the top of her form—they probably don't see the form, only the steps she's dancing and the effect she's having on the audience. Nichols has now reached the privileged moment in a dancer's career when she is doing less and giving more. I remember that moment in Fonteyn, in Tallchief, in Kolpakova, in Farrell; it's the ultimate refinement of classical style, the crowning achievement of a lifetime in dance. At thirty-eight, Kyra Nichols is too remote from the needs and concerns of insecure young dancers for them to be able to learn from her: she's not a model for steps; she's a vision of dance. An artist of sterling technique and shadowless temper, she is passing just now through unaccustomed territory: the romantic side of Balanchine—"La Sonnambula," "Swan Lake," the "Rosenkavalier" section of "Vienna Waltzes." And the rarefied state she's in makes her seem the ideal dancer for these ballets.

Of the generation of ballerinas born by the end of the sixties, Kyra Nichols is the only one with a completely formed, articulate technique and a distinguished repertory in which to deploy it. She ripened on the vine while her two great N.Y.C.B. contemporaries, Darci Kistler and Maria Calegari, and the Kirov's Asylmuratova, the Bolshoi's Ananiashvili, the Paris Opéra's Sylvie Guillem, and the Royal Ballet's Darcey Bussell all suffered disruptions and cancellations of one sort or another. To the emergence of the business company we owe the phenomenon of the disaffiliated ballerina—the dancer who seeks artistic completion by freelancing or by guest-starring all over the world. Nichols is a disaffiliated star who never left her home company. One could say that it left her, but there has been no actual rupture between Nichols and Peter Martins. Since they've stopped working together, she has if anything found more freedom to maneuver and more challenge and inspiration in her roles. The splendid isolation of Kyra Nichols can even be a dramatic statement. When she enters in "Vienna Waltzes," it's on a note of high resolve: "Alone, then!" Head up, erect as only Kyra Nichols can be, she walks into the darkened ballroom.



Nichols isn't completely alone as a Balanchine loyalist; Nichol Hlinka and Ethan Stiefel are also stylistically exemplary, and so is Peter Boal when he is well cast. (As Tracey's partner in "Chaconne," he tried so hard to get some energy into the movements that he ruined his own performance.) Merrill Ashley is trying to maintain two careers, a fading one as a dancer and a budding one as a teacher, but she must be counted a distinct asset. And then there is the School of American Ballet. This spring, it put on its esteemed productions of "Concerto Barocco" and "Valse Fantaisie," and took a fling at "Rubies," which failed (not for kids). Among the dancers were the usual prospects. How long before they stop appearing? Since most of the school's teachers are former members of the company, it can only be a matter of time before the current knowledgeable generation is replaced by people who come from another world—the world of N.Y.C.B. in the nineties.

WHEN remarkable young dancers like Kowroski and Paloma Herrera become stars without having been trained up to the level of the roles they will have to carry, it isn't just a damn shame and an abuse of talent; it's an affliction—it means actual physical hardship. Paloma Herrera, who comes from Buenos Aires, was an S.A.B. Workshop star in 1991, when she was fifteen. She signed with American Ballet Theatre having spent six months in the school. Last year, she was promoted to principal dancer, and is now the biggest female box-office attraction A.B.T. has had since Gelsey Kirkland. Herrera's technical problems are as bad as, if not worse than, Kowroski's, but her drive, her youthful energy, and her sheer animality override them; she's a true beast of the theatre. And the A.B.T. management

PAUNCH

Barefoot, in burgundy shorts and a salmon-pink
T-shirt, I pad across the deck
and sink
into one of four old Adirondack

chairs that themselves slump into themselves. There's a flare
from the citronella bucket
as, there,
our eight-week-old stray kitten, Pyewackett,

ventures across what might have seemed a great divide
between her and me, had she not
now begun to nag and needle

and knead
my paunch for milk. The bucket fills with human fat.
The chair takes a dim view through a knothole.

—PAUL MULDOON

seems to think she can do anything. At one end of her range this season lay Kitri in "Don Quixote," which has maybe three steps; at the other lay Polyhymnia in Balanchine's "Apollo," and his "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" and "Ballet Imperial," in the latter of which she danced both principal and soloist roles. Both had her breathing a little hard. Her one attempt at the tremendous ballerina role was brave but inconclusive; mainly, it revealed that Jose Manuel Carreno is a better partner for her than Angel Corella, and that the ballet easily accommodates what is already a wonderful Latin softness and plasticity in his style and, incipiently, in hers. (Balanchine himself staged the ballet for the Colón, her home-town theatre.) But without careful supervision Herrera could turn into iron.

The aesthetic inconsistencies and the physical perils that Paloma Herrera deals with every day are an old A.B.T. story. Of all the major companies, it has changed least; it always was a business company, more concerned with selling tickets than with developing the art. In the eighties, Baryshnikov's regime raised the level of taste and extended the capacities of the corps and the middle-rank soloists, but it created few stars for the public to adore. Now, with talented dancers looking for work the world over, the company can put together a roster and a repertory that function more pleasurably as ballet entertainment than the strained offerings of the more brightly endowed companies. It can be dumb-ballet entertainment, like the Rose Adagio, a pas d'action from "The Sleeping Beauty" lifted out of its normal setting and done as a stunt, or Ben Stevenson's "Cinderella" instead of the Frederick Ashton version it was obviously modelled on. Or it can be not so dumb. To rehearse "Ballet Imperial," the company brought in Merrill Ashley (her first such assignment). The result of her coaching was that A.B.T. now has something to show besides a more "imperial" alternative to the N.Y.C.B. production. At the same time, because the management insisted on having multiple casts, many of the big moments that eventuated in the performances were moments the dancers had been able to work out for themselves. Amanda McKerrow and Wes Chapman evoked a kind of understated sentiment that I identify with an earlier era in ballet. Their dancing was not the grandest that this ballet has seen, but it was immaculate, like all their work. On other occasions, Ashley Tuttle, with Chapman or Guillaume Graffin, made a thing of coherence and fascination out of Kevin McKenzie's scrappy "Nutcracker" pas de deux. A.B.T. dancers have a long tradition of self-reliance. In that respect, too, they're ahead of the competition.

Corella, at twenty, is better off as a character dancer than as a classical virtuoso. Keith Roberts can be both, even though he's not nearly so gifted or so well built as Corella. Roberts understands and projects the paradoxes of classical style—the contrapposto, the two-things-at-once oppositions. Corella is by comparison flat and facile; he lacks only Julio Bocca's force to become what Bocca has become, a dance performer rather than a dancer. Corella's sweetness and hair-in-the-eyes boyishness endear him to the audience, just as Bocca's fury does. Part of Vladimir Malakhov's charm is that it isn't there when you expect it. He makes no extra move toward the public, does not ingratiate himself. He is as pure a dancer, in his own terms, as Kyra Nichols is in hers. In the bizarre "Apollo" tournament that was held this season between N.Y.C.B. and A.B.T. (nine performances with eight changes of cast), Malakhov faced Ethan Stiefel for first-place honors. I would not care to choose between them. Both men were making débuts in this role, and both are already closer to the elemental, fiery quality that is the most elusive part of Apollo's magic than anyone has come since Baryshnikov danced the part.

This may be seen as a greater triumph for Malakhov, who was trained in Moscow, than for the American Stiefel, who has danced Balanchine all his life. Yet the *way* Stiefel dances Balanchine is completely his own invention. His "Apollo" was born in the marvellous dynamics of his performance earlier in the season of the third movement of "Symphony in C." The easy play of the torso against the jackknife precision of the legs and feet, the spaciousness, the elastic rhythm made a spectacle unlike anything else in the performance. Stiefel is the N.Y.C.B.'s only young star, the only really first-rate dancer to develop under the Martins regime; and he is now leaving the company for the Zurich Ballet, where he has previously spent time, and will appear with A.B.T. next spring in New York. It is a disconcerting trend, this leaving home. Dancers cannot float indefinitely untethered; they cannot make careers for themselves on their grasp of an academic tradition that by definition depends on the handful of institutions that have cultivated it in this century. However, when the tradition is being actively undermined by the institutions themselves, it's every man for himself. ♦

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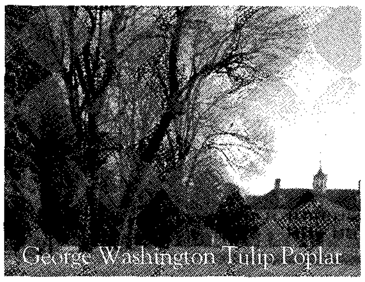

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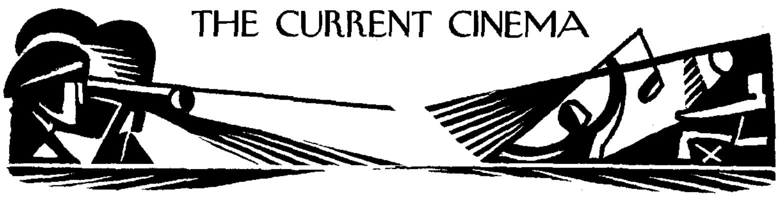
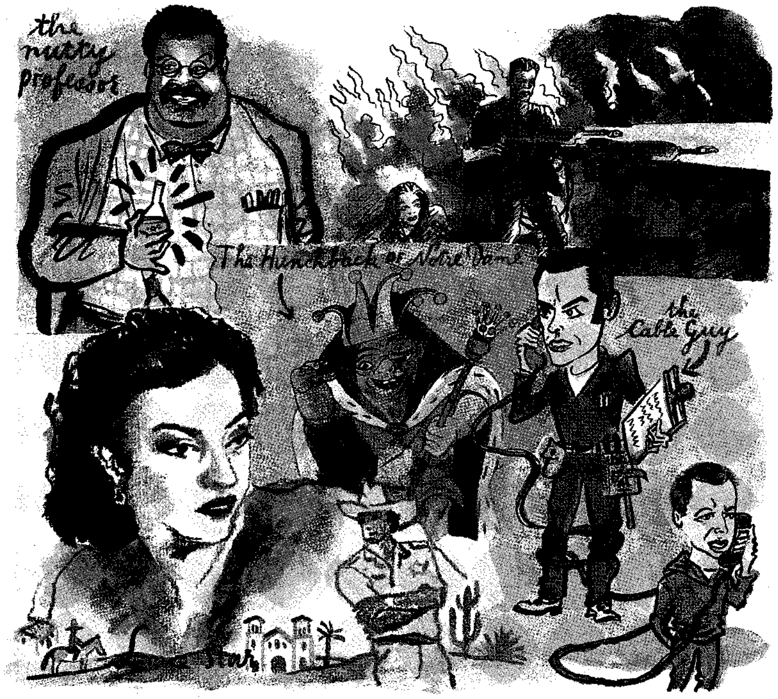


THE CURRENT CINEMA

LONE STARS

Quasimodo, Eddie, Arnold, Jim . . .

BY ANTHONY LANE



From fifteenth-century Paris to the Mexican border: early-summer hits and misses.

GERARD NICOLAS

“SOME of the most pathetic pages we ever remember to have bedewed with (irresistibly flowing) tears”: so wrote an early reviewer of Victor Hugo's novel “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” in 1835, although he sounds more like a reader for Walt Disney Pictures. And now the studio, which knows a good bedewing when it sees one, has decided to turn the story into an animated film—to add this gushing fable to its own irresistible flow of tears and cash.

The book's original title was “Notre-Dame de Paris,” but English-speaking translators (and movies) have traditionally preferred to stress its hunchback element: a sentimental move, but a smart one. If you think that Quasimodo is out of whack, you should try reading the novel—a misshapen mess, humpy with exposition, in which Hugo simply heaves the plot aside for twenty pages at a time so that he can find somewhere to dump all his research into fifteenth-century Paris and show due reverence for the symbolic thrust of Gothic architecture. His gruelling rosters of ecclesiastical detail were presumably of use to the draftsmen at Disney, who have arrived at some vertiginous—not to say nausea-inducing—images inside the bell tower, and a couple of great swooping shots from the top of the cathedral to the square below; but, on the whole, any adaptation of Victor Hugo that shows talking gargoyles named Victor and Hugo addressing the hero with the words “Hey, Quasi!” can be considered a liberal reading of the text.

Like many Disney productions, “Hunchback” doesn't know its own strengths. The directors, Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise, would like to lay us flat with the poignancy of the central mismatch. The trouble is that they have already done that, and made a better job of it, in "Beauty and the Beast." Their version of Quasimodo, voiced by Tom Hulce, is more cute scamp than beast, and Hugo's idea that the bell ringer's soul is itself shrivelled and warped, under pressure not merely from the unstinting cruelty of the citizens but from distress at his own appearance, is much too interesting—and too politically incorrect—to survive the Disney makeover. We are supposed to love Quasimodo for who he is inside, if a cartoon can be said to have an inside. Esmeralda's lines, on the other hand, are spoken by Demi Moore, so I guess we are meant to love her on the outside, in a major way. Even the unwatchable scene of kitsch devotion—as this lustrous Gypsy, with eyes the color of putting greens, kneels before the Madonna and croons, "Were you once an outcast, too?"—cannot disguise the fact that Esmeralda's lasting legacy will be the world première of Disney cleavage.

It certainly gets up the nose of Frollo, the resident villain. Dubbed in the bottomless tones of Tony Jay, Frollo is the archdeacon of Notre Dame who is both responsible for the upkeep of the hunchback and tormented by a lifelong desire to lay his reverend hands on Esmeralda. In the process, he reinforces the principle that the baser your instincts, the more tenacious your grip on the soft-shelled minds of Disney viewers: a charming equation, which represents a precise inversion of the values for which the company has long been respected by the moral majority. Parents who take their children to "Hunchback" will be treated to the unusual sight of an animated priest chanting at the top of his voice about the depths of repressed sexual need. "This fire is my skin," he sings while faceless, red-hooded wraiths line up to roast him alive in his own guilt. As the number surged to a climactic end, a kid behind me asked, "What happened?"

Good question. "Hunchback" is not merely schizophrenic in tone, cursed with the standard Disney split of spooky-cute; it also—an unheard-of lapse—seems unsure of its target audience. I wonder whether the studio looked at its market research, realized that there were parents sitting in the dark getting antsy, and decided to junk the old-fashioned notion of a picture that would appeal to all ages in favor of a picture that would offer kid

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stuff decked out with judicious adult additions. It doesn't work, the problem being that kids take their movies neat. If you start throwing words like "indigenous" and "calumny" at them, they may start to think that they're being ignored or, for that matter, calumniated. They'll still go and see the film, but they may levy sanctions against the spinoffs—buy only two copies of the video instead of the requisite twelve, decline the flame-grilled Hugoburger with Frollo fries, and so on. What's more, "Hunchback" is dangerously low on anthropomorphism, which is what children are wild about: if they must have grownup gags, they want to hear them out of the mouths of chipmunks. I could be all wrong on this, but I wouldn't be surprised if the new Disney picture fared less well than its immediate predecessors. Just a hunch.

THE success of "The Cable Guy" hangs more simply, and more riskily, on the presence of Jim Carrey in the title role. He was paid twenty million dollars (roughly a third of the movie's budget) for his sins, and you can't help feeling shortchanged. Not by his fee—good luck to him—but by his sins, which aren't remotely as venal or as disturbing as you might expect. Carrey has been giving such strange and funny performances in the past few years that it must have seemed a promising plan to let him explore darker territory: wherever strange went, surely funny would follow. Well, it was a nice idea.

Directed by Ben Stiller, who made "Reality Bites," and written by Lou Holtz, Jr., the film has the Carrey character—a man of many names, all of them false—come to install cable in the new apartment of Steven Kovacs (Matthew Broderick). And that's it. The two men become friends, of a sort; the film toys with the gay option but never commits, preferring to nudge us with double-entendres—"Can I have your skin?" the cable guy asks, as the two of them chew chicken. His duties grow from that of occasional bugbear to full-fledged psycho stalker, but there's nothing demonic in the transformation, and poor Broderick looks both too sensible and too readily embarrassed to be gulled by this geek with a lisp. Advance word on the movie spoke of something shadowy and twisted, but I was more freaked out by Frollo the archdeacon than by Carrey the cable guy. Stiller is so in awe of his star that he is content to let Carrey play. Not play a role: just play, in the way that children play with acrylic paint and other children's hair. Carrey has a bad case of Robin Williams syndrome: he is so rubberized, so bounced around by the momentary high of parody, that the patience required to construct a dramatic performance never enters his crammed head, let alone his stretchy face. The crowing riffs continue as planned, but you can hear them dying in the air, leaving behind a curious, uncomic desolation. People around me in the theatre began by laughing hard; then they laughed a little harder, with an edge of strain; then they tried to laugh; then they sounded like people who wanted to laugh but couldn't; then they stopped, with the movie far from over and reality losing its bite. There are flickers of satire in "The Cable Guy," when it seems poised to mock the intrusiveness of television itself, with the cable guy as TV made flesh—a toxic presence in the corner of the living room. But the joke is on Jim Carrey; watching him here is like compulsory channel-surfing, and the best cure is to switch off.

WHO would have thought it? Jim Carrey, the rising star given a chance to extend himself, blows it completely, whereas Eddie Murphy, an actor who was thought by many to be heading in the opposite direction, grabs hold of a goofy little movie and digs more out of it than you could imagine. "The Nutty Professor" is a remake, or a reinvention, of the Jerry Lewis classic: Lewis himself is one of the executive producers, and he should be happy with the homage. Where he was the laboratory dork who quaffed the magic formula and rose up as an oiled smoothie, Murphy plays a kindly, balloon-size gentleman, called Professor Klump, who, in pursuit of his beautiful colleague, Carla, turns himself into that most efficient of creatures—Eddie Murphy. The character's name may be Buddy Love, but there is no question that he is meant to be undiluted Eddie: testosterone in a shiny suit, the grin and patter so quickfire that slower mortals get burned. Right from his early standup shows and "48 Hours," Murphy's comedy has been one of attack, wounding his victims not just with invective but by denying them the space to have their say. And now what does he do? He stabs his own vanity in the back; he shuts himself up.

It all comes down to a fight in the final scene: the fat professor at war with the slimline predator, both of them trapped inside a single body. The special effects are a gas—literally so, with Murphy swelling to Pavarotti proportions and then back to normal in front of a horrified crowd. The entire film is fairly gaseous, in fact—it's peppered with regurgitation jokes and nuclear flatulence—but the grossness is genial, and the audience quickly picks up the sense that Murphy is having himself a grand time. For good measure, he plays not just the Professor but most of the rest of the Klump family, too; there are long scenes at the dinner table where the sheer, ravenous unsubtlety of the farce breaks down your defenses. And yet, when you look back on the film, you find a surprising delicacy tucked away in the Rabelaisian gusto. There's a nightmarish moment when Klump imagines himself as a King Kong figure, twenty stories high, forcing his giant hand into Carla's room; she veers away in fright, but the hand ignores her, reaches out to a table, and gently plucks a tiny leg from a roast chicken. When Eddie Murphy made "Vampire in Brooklyn," his alter ego was no less ingratiating than his ego; here, helped along by the director, Tom Shadyac, he gets the balance right. Buddy Love allows him to flaunt, and deride, the Murphy that we already know; the enormous Klump, to our astonishment, reveals a capacity for stumbling sweetness. He accompanies Carla to her door after a date and doesn't even try to come in; a twenty-story Eddie Murphy is one thing, but an Eddie Murphy frozen with sexual timidity—now, that *is* a sight.

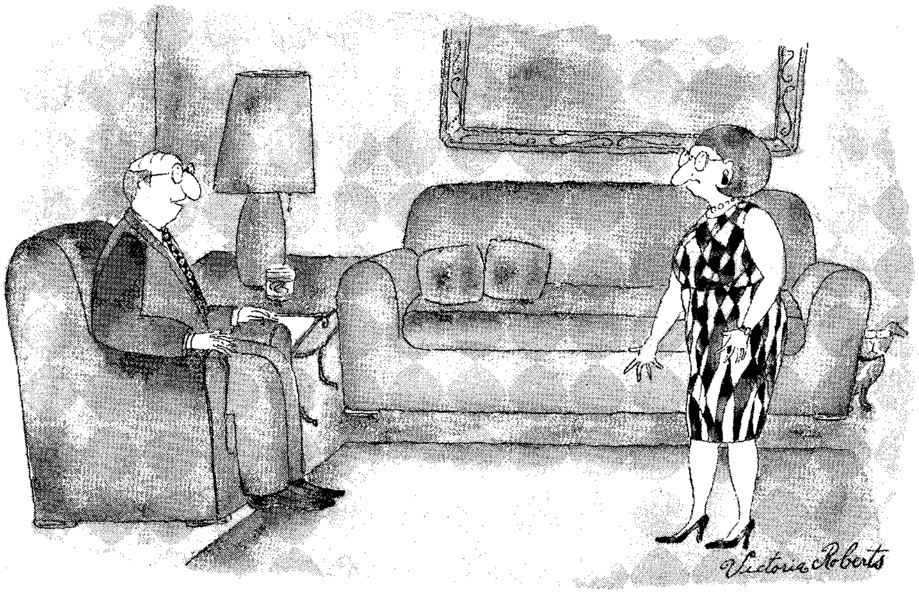
"ERASER" is the latest Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle, although it is becoming clear that Arnold himself is the vehicle—a talking tank, designed to carry a range of interchangeable plots over rough terrain. "Eraser" is one of his funniest rides, not through any comic horsepower in the script but simply because it provides such a shameless tour of the blockbuster scene. Anyone who has been out of the country or off the planet for a couple of years can use this compendious film to catch up. If you missed Pierce Brosnan falling toward a pilotless plane in "GoldenEye," try Arnie's free-fall pursuit of his own parachute; if you couldn't take all three hours of "Casino," substitute the Scorsese regulars who roll up as joke mobsters for the "Eraser" finale; and if you were too busy to queue for "Mission: Impossible," welcome to a nearly identical theft of computer disks.

Schwarzenegger plays John Kruger, a marshal with the Federal Witness-Protection Program, who is assigned to defend Lee Cullen (Vanessa Williams). The remainder of the narrative appears rather messy, but, if my calculations are correct, it also obeys a rule of elegant simplicity: the number of people attempting to rub out Kruger and Lee is equal to the number slaughtered by Kruger himself. At the end, there is almost no one left—Arnold even shoots an alligator ("You're luggage"), and then shows his contempt for the process of law by putting the villains on trial in front of a freight train. When Clint Eastwood took justice into his own hands at the close of "Dirty Harry," we were meant to worry about the lone-dog politics of such an act—about the faint stink of Fascism. Charles Russell, the director of "Eraser," treats multiple explosions as if they were stubbed toes, but I felt nothing sinister in the applause that greeted this outright rejection of seriousness. Not that Schwarzenegger has dwindled into a comic figure; far more cannily, and with quartz-precision timing, he has expanded into an agreeable star, someone in whom we—like the young John Connor in "Terminator 2," or Lee in "Eraser"—can place our trust. It takes good grace as well as confidence to market and then mock your own personality; Arnie does with the determined cyborg what Eddie Murphy is learning to do with the motormouthed stud. Kruger is so invincible he's beyond human: it certainly looks that way to a couple of kids who watch him drop out of the sky and crash into the roof of a car. "Where is this?" he asks them. Back comes the perfect reply: "Earth."

IF you fancy a change from mindless violence—if, that is, your taste runs to violence so mindful that it hangs around in weary brains for thirty or forty years—then you should seek out the relative calm of John Sayles's "Lone Star." Next to the big-snack movies on release just now, this feels like nourishing fare. It is set in the small, unquiet town of Frontera, on the Texas-Mexico border, where Sam Deeds (Chris Cooper) is the local sheriff—but only just. Sam is the son of a previous sheriff, Buddy Deeds (Matthew McConaughey), who was halfway between hero and myth; the memory of the dead lawman somehow wields more power than the living one. None of this makes Sam's job any easier, as we see when he introduces himself to an elderly resident. "I'm Sheriff Deeds," he says. "Sheriff Deeds dead, honey," the old lady replies. "Story of my life," says Sam. Cooper is wonderfully cast in this troubled part; few Hollywood directors would look into those pinched and melancholy features and see a leading man, but Sayles tends to cast his films on the assumption that the story of a life can be written all over a face.

Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters: the wars and truces between generations slowly come to obsess Sayles and his audience as the plot unfolds—or, rather, as it folds tightly in on itself. We have Sam and Buddy; we have Sam's former sweetheart, a schoolteacher named Pilar (Elizabeth Peña), and her mother; we have Delmore (Joe Morton), the black Army colonel, who has problems with his son *and* his father, Otis (Ron Canada); then, in case that sounds too simple, we also have Otis and Sam as young men. The most beautiful movements in the film are those in which Sayles finds a path around the vulgar pitfalls of flashback; when the camera studies Sam on the bank of a river, for instance, pans away to the water, then returns with unshakable calm to find that Sam's place has been taken by his teen-age self. Frontera, in other words, flows in his blood; past and present stream together until you can't tell them apart.

It may come as a shock, amid such placidity, to learn that "Lone Star" is jolted by the shedding of blood. But the film compounds its dusty decrepitude—look out for the ruined drive-in, a ghost of "The Last Picture Show"—with bigotry and unsolved murder. Something for everyone, I guess. The root of all evil is Sheriff Charley Wade (Kris Kristofferson), who was run out of town—and possibly shot dead—by Sam's father in 1957. Kristofferson is a piece of work; in what is easily his finest and meanest hour since "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid," he gives himself so thoroughly to the role of Wade and demands so little sympathy for his leathery corruption that it's scary just to think about the man. The picture needs him, too; it hangs around too long, and there are patches where the moral scheming shows through. (We'd get the point about Frontera's tricky racial history without having to listen to teachers and parents discuss it.) Whenever the action flags, however, the narrow eyes and trigger finger of Charley Wade bring it jumping to attention. I was kind of disappointed that he failed to waste any alligators, but, that aside, "Lone Star" is a pretty good film. ◆



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MUSICAL EVENTS

BABBITT REDUX

At eighty, Milton Babbitt is still turning somersaults.

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

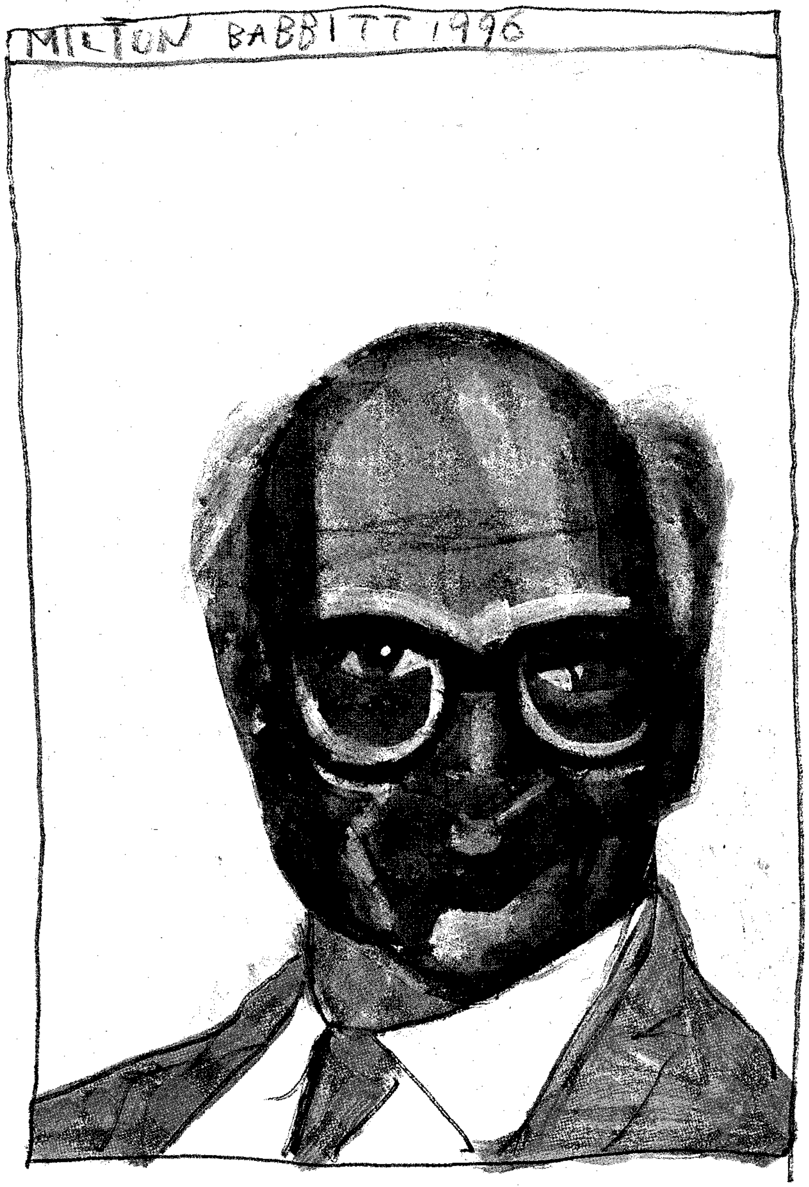
MILTON BABBITT'S music has always been more concerned with telling us how, rather than what, to think. It doesn't present us with patterns we can recognize but goes by in one sweeping rush of strangeness and lucidity. It challenges our conventional notion that thinking is the means by which we handle something else; namely, ideas. In Mr. Babbitt's musical world, there are no separable ideas, no figments we can hold onto: everything is building the pathway of thought, of mental process, and there's nothing on the path. His achievement is profoundly traditional in that the union of form and content has long been a goal of Western music; at the same time, it's profoundly nontraditional in that our customary ways of hearing depend so much on identifying things—themes, rhythms, harmonies—that in Mr. Babbitt's work we'll never find.

It wasn't always so. In his earliest published compositions, now nearly half a century old, Mr. Babbitt maintained his inheritance from Schoenberg, Webern, and Stravinsky in dealing with distinctive musical motifs. Such works as his Three Compositions for Piano and his Second String Quartet seem, compared with his later music, almost ingratiating in their eagerness to have us understand them. But by the early nineteen-sixties he had left the pleasures of easy comprehensibility behind as he came to recognize how the twelve-tone system, in the way he had developed it, could guarantee the integrity of a work from deep within the structure, leaving very little on the surface to reassure us that the piece was making sense. Hearing such music, we become uneasy. It's obvious that a lot is happening, but we find it hard to say quite what. We may feel embarrassed, or deficient—and reading Mr. Babbitt's theoretical writings, which strongly resemble his music in convolutedness, may not help calm our nerves.

Yet the composer's cheerfulness and fecundity in old age make him an implausible absolutist. So does the loose syncopation that often plays under his music, as if his highly elaborate rhythmic system were just a better way to jitterbug. And so does his delight in punning titles: "Whirled Series," "Around the Horn," "The Virginal Book" (for contralto and piano). Part of what identifies him as a particularly American artist is how he unites earnestness with a determination to have fun, how he goes on enjoying the business of making discoveries along his chosen route and for his favorite media: the solo piano and the chamber ensemble. He wrote his Sixth String Quartet three years ago; a Clarinet Quintet is due for performance in October; and his Piano Quartet—commissioned by the Library of Congress to mark his eightieth birthday, which fell in May—had its first performances recently in Washington and Princeton.

Three of the four players for whom he wrote the Piano Quartet had been associated with his music for some years: the violinist Rolf Schulte, the cellist Fred Sherry, and the pianist Robert Taub (whose decade-old recording of major works, on Harmonia Mundi, is still the best introduction to Mr. Babbitt's music). Toby Appel, the viola player, was an enthusiastic newcomer. The Quartet is a big piece, playing continuously for twenty minutes, and a tough one: there's more of Mr. Babbitt's resolution, authority, dignity, and daring in it than of his wit. In his words, the music's components are "ultimately internally genidentical," by which I guess he means they share the same genes, like the cells of a body.

The ultimate sameness of the material—a sameness not so much of notes as of relationships—is what gives Mr. Babbitt's compositions unity, even while at almost any moment it seems that almost anything might happen. In the case of the new Piano Quartet, there's frequently an urgent feeling of recommencement, which comes especially from short, high, loud gestures in the violin part, and even more especially from the way Mr. Schulte plays them. (One wonders how much Mr. Babbitt was thinking of his dedicated dedicatees: of Mr. Schulte's fine line and assertiveness, Mr. Sherry's generous bow, Mr. Taub's skill in matching dissimilar shapes.) But what is recommencing is always the same thing, or, to put it another way, the music keeps turning somersaults—constantly the same yet constantly different. The strenuous, ongoing energy of a composer like Brahms is somehow combined with—and not just combined with but made to need—an alert openness to the gifts of new possibilities.



Babbitt's new Piano Quartet: a force in the world of time.

These possibilities exist for the instruments as individuals, for their differences are, after a first hearing and a brief exposure to the score, more striking than their commonality: one might think oneself listening to three sonatas jammed together. Spots where two or more instruments cohere in any immediately apparent way are fleeting; the impression is of four unruly beasts being held in check by the stern will of the musical process. Texture flickers, with the result that the one gross change of instrumentation—the silence of the viola in several episodes toward the end—is startling and puzzling. So are points where, within the long continuity, one suddenly finds that time has eddied around something small and identifiable. Such points, which gain from their rarity an enormous strength, include a loud attack by all four players simultaneously, passages where the musicians come together in octaves, and places where they stay together repeating something for a short while. As in Mr. Babbitt's music generally, one can't be sure how to take these things. The shock of sudden octaves, for instance, is comparable to that of spotting a recognizable English word on a page of Hungarian: one might be reading with the wrong language in mind. However, an octave is an octave in twelve-tone music as much as it is in Mozart, and Mr. Babbitt has, I think, softened since the old days, when he would disavow the usefulness of tonal listening. Another recent chamber piece of his—"Triad," for clarinet, violin, and piano, which is quite different in character from the Piano Quartet except in matters of intransigence—positively sports with customary chords that don't quite mean what they say.

Even so, the nameable events, which in somebody else's music one might think were important ideas, are in Mr. Babbitt's works the products of other musical interests: they're his puns, which he's delighted to find along the way (as we are), but which are incidental to the larger happening. As to what that larger happening is—well, it's larger. It takes hold of time. It doesn't unfold through its twenty minutes but, rather, makes twenty minutes unfold through it. It isn't an object in the world of time but a force.

As such, it surely exists in order to provide astonishment and pleasure (and, for the players, hard work). But it also has a critical weight to place against the musical culture in which it finds itself—a culture that prefers admiring objects to engaging with unbidden forces. Mr. Babbitt writes ruefully of "the presumably desirable properties of a later hearing," knowing how unlikely this is when performances of his music are infrequent and recordings of it patchy. Very little of his recent music is available on compact disk, and for older pieces one has to go to older compilations. Among the best, after Mr. Taub's selection, are the anthologies on New World (where the main work is the masterly "Philomel," for soprano in a thicket of electronic sound) and CRI (a broader selection, including piano pieces, chamber music, and modern madrigals). We need more. Here is a composer who has provided, and goes on providing, ways not just for us to spend our time better but to meet it head on. ♦

ANDREA VENTURA

SHOUTS & MURMURS

UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES

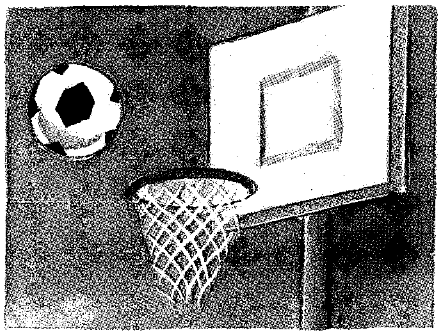
BY BILL BUFORD

LATELY, there has been talk that the game of soccer—or football, as it is known by the rest of the uncivilized world—is catching on in the United States. This seems an unlikely development, but, if true, it is one that should probably be resisted. There are a number of reasons:

REASON 1: You shouldn't watch it on television. Yes, of course, if you're happy enough with the New York/New Jersey Metro Stars (what kind of name is *that*?), or lucky enough to have some exotic cable channel and don't mind getting your commentary in an obscure Swabian dialect, then, technically, you can watch all the football you want on television, but it will not enhance your social standing. I discovered this while watching the European Championship match between England and Holland. I am, I need to admit, an English-football fan, which is another way of saying I like to watch a team that loses. In fact, I don't; I like watching teams that win. It's just that England wins only when it doesn't count—a practice match against the Chinese, for instance. Even so, I harbor powerful feelings for a group of players who are regularly seen stuffing whole Mars bars into their pudgy faces, waddling around drinking beer by the litre, and behaving badly in foreign taverns when someone else is picking up the tab. In short, they're pigs, just like me.

At any rate, it was with the fourth goal—the one that put England up 4–0—that I met my doorman. He had received a call of concern: there was the suggestion of an intruder. My doorman, a burly Neapolitan with a bouncer's easy manner, looked at me with astonishment: Was it possible that all that noise—the table banging, the pounding on the floor, the shouts, the hysterical hooting—was caused by me? He looked around with puppy-dog eyes of bafflement: You mean there's no one else here?

REASON 2: In America, people believe in the democratic idea that everyone is created equal. In football, there is only one side that's created equal—yours. The rest are misshapen, mutant bastards, who deserve to suffer horribly because they are so ugly. To an English fan, every German is a Fritz (unless he's a Nazi); every Italian is a Giuseppe; every Spaniard is a Juan. Alas, the poor Spaniards. After the English defeated the Dutch, they set their sights on Spain, a nation that then received so much abuse that its Ambassador complained. ("Please," you imagine him saying to the British Foreign Secretary, "my name is not Juan.")



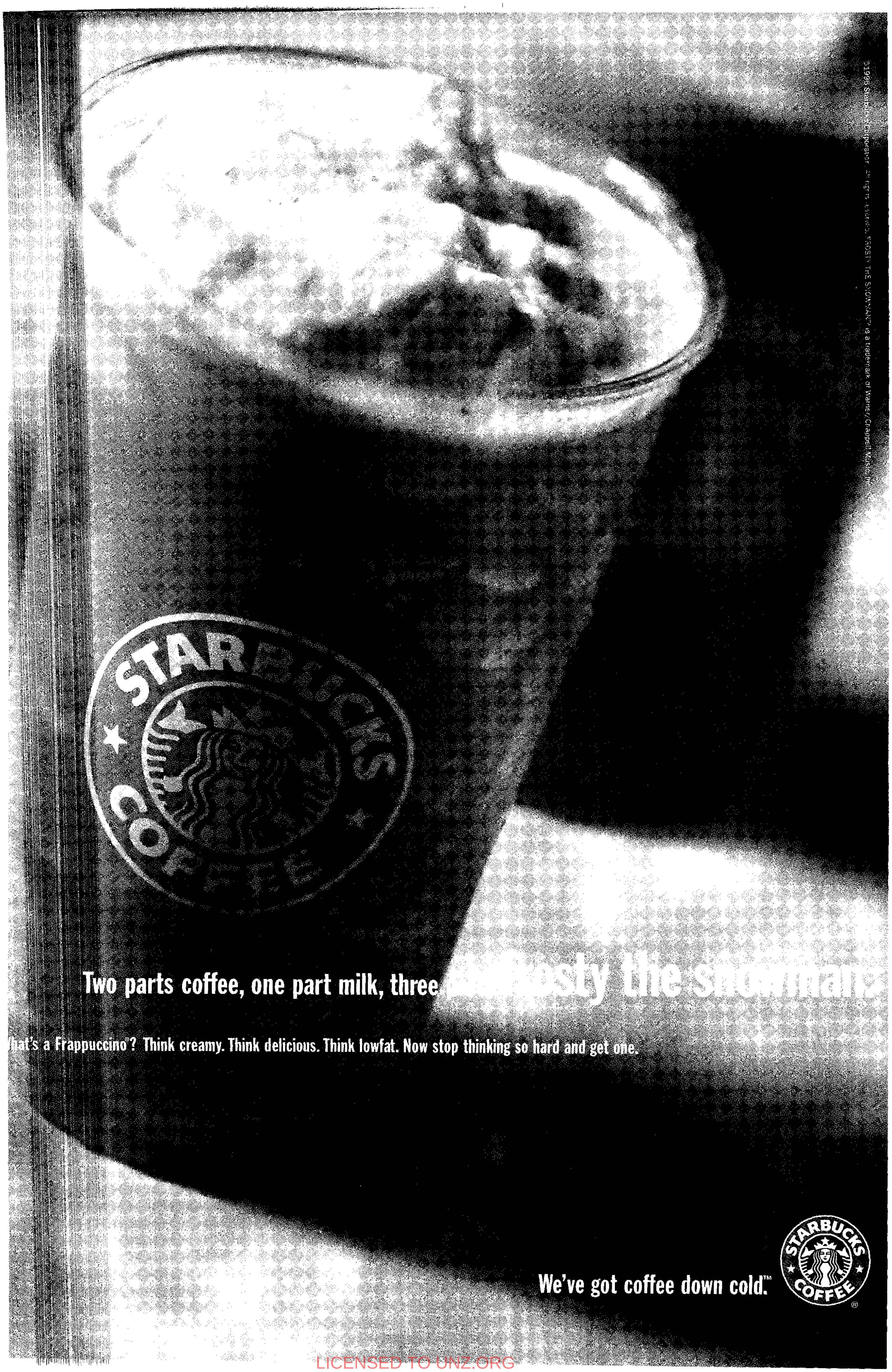
MARCELLUS HALL

REASON 3: Football is painful to watch. This is the game's most important feature, and in it is a world view. Like most Americans, I grew up enjoying Christmas. When I was ten, I got a train set, and I thought this was as it should be. I had waited and waited, and then on Christmas there it was: a train set. A Czech friend of mine (the Czechs come to mind because, unlike the English, they actually reached the final of the European Championship) did not get a train set for Christmas. Like me, he waited and waited, and on Christmas morning he got an orange. Can you imagine talking about reindeer for twelve months and visiting Santa Claus at your shopping mall, and then getting an orange? My Czech friend was being trained to be a football supporter.

In America, we're trained to be relentlessly gratified. The Bulls by twenty points. The Cowboys by twenty-eight. Atlanta with ten runs. To appreciate the pain of being a football supporter, you'd have to take an American game like basketball and move the basket from its regulation height of ten feet to, say, eighty-seven feet. How much fun would it be to watch Michael Jordan then?

REASON 4: Football is really, really painful to watch. I saw the England-Spain match not at home (lesson learned) but at McCormack's, an Irish institution tolerant of its imperialist cousins—about three hundred of them, eager to exercise their legendary English wit (Juan jokes principally, until everything got a little Guinness-blurry, and Juan mysteriously became Giuseppe). In the first half, the fans were docile enough. The second half was different. The ball fell to an England player, Anderton in the penalty area, and the entire pub rose to its feet: "Yes!" But no: Anderton missed. Later, another player, Alan Shearer, had a clear shot on goal, and the pub again rose to its feet: "Yes! Yes!" But Shearer fell down. In extra time, it was Anderton again: "Yes! Yes! Yes!" By now, the man nearest me was on his knees. His fists were clenched. He was screaming, eyes closed, head uplifted to something, but not Heaven, I suspect—probably just the ceiling. He was not having a happy time. But exactly what kind of time was he having, I wondered, when I was struck by a vivid childhood memory: me, aged four, sitting in the back seat of the family car, no exit in sight, badly needing to pee. This man on his knees was undergoing the emotional equivalent of a bladder in crisis: What kind of fun is that? Once the European Championship was concluded, I vowed, I would change my life. I'd do things for pleasure, in the American way.

I'd become a Mets fan. ♦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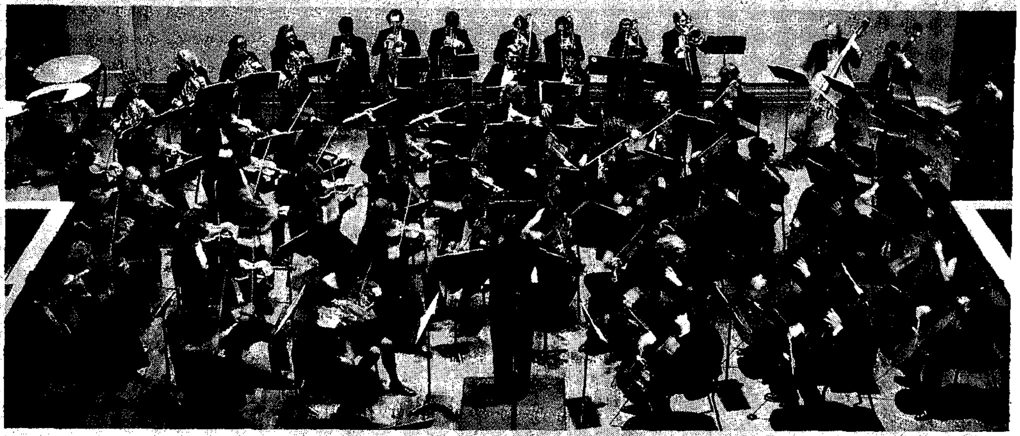

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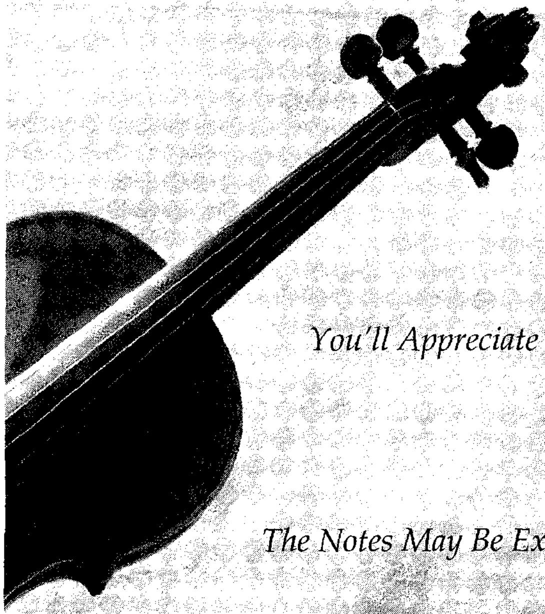

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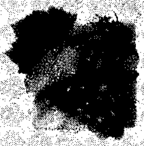

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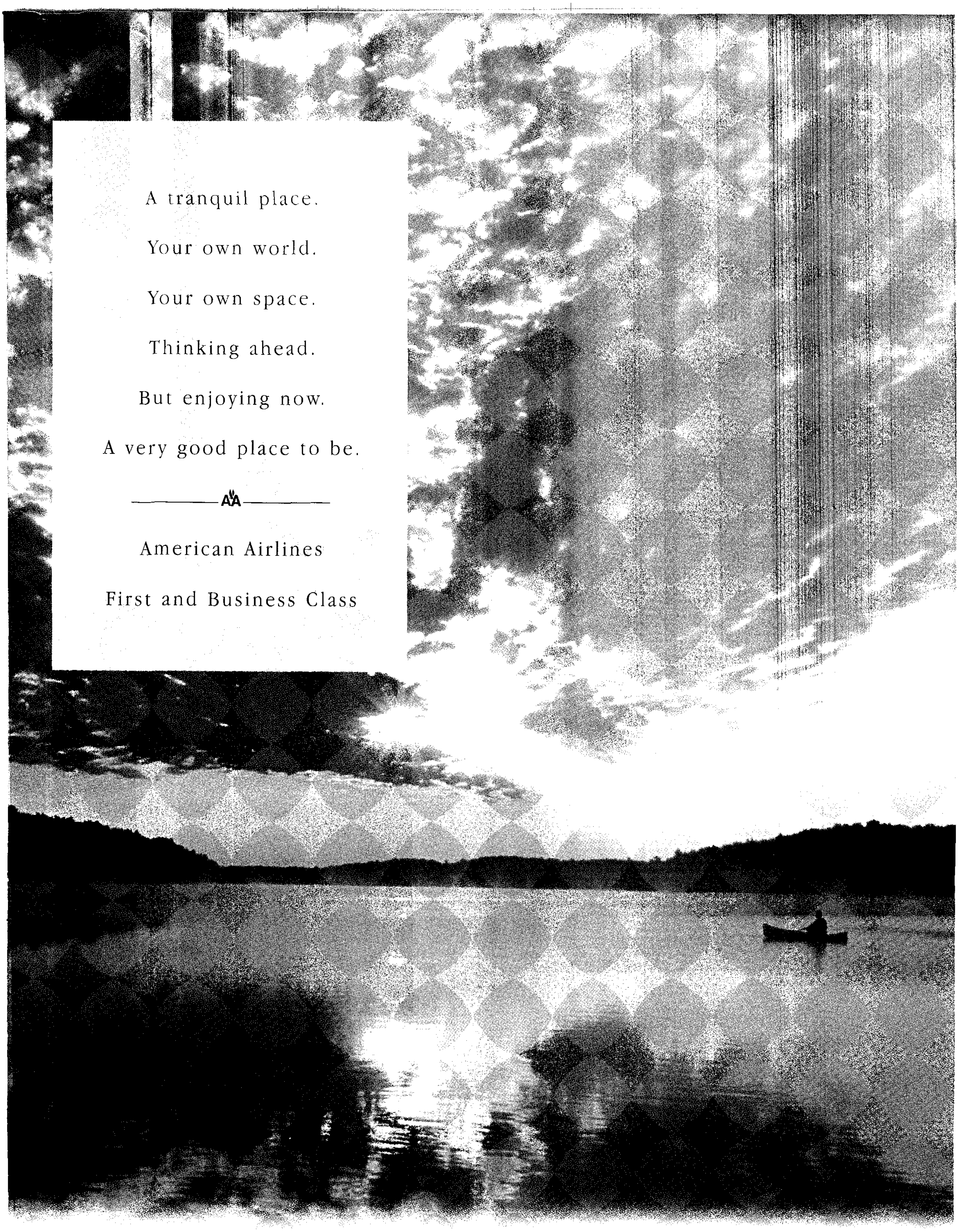

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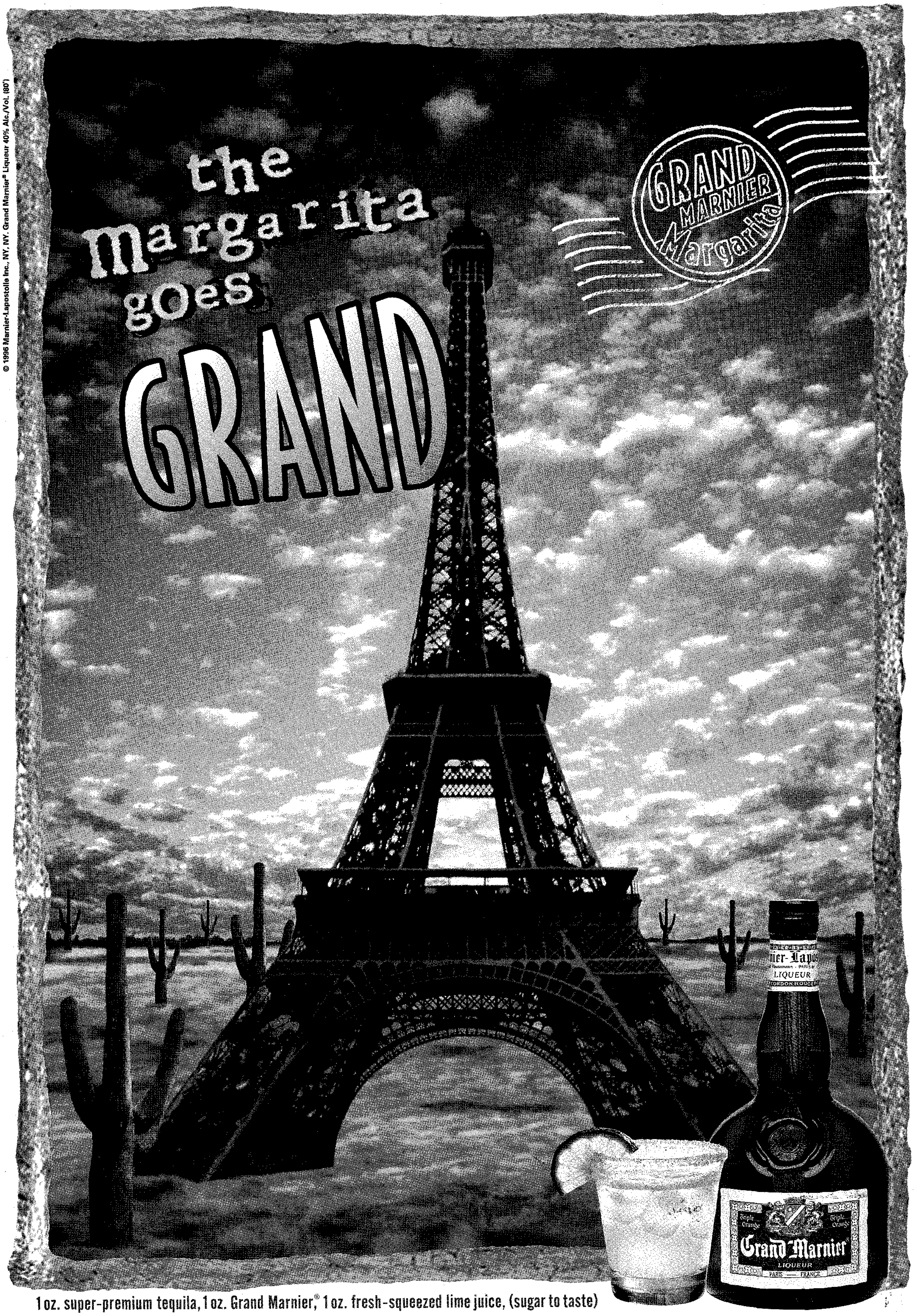
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